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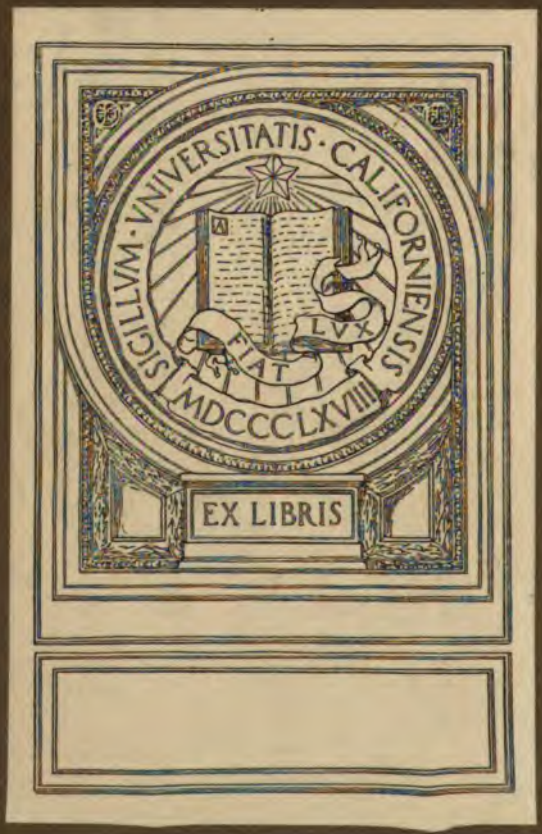
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# THE WORKS OF BEN JONSON.

The Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;
THE SOUL WHICH ANSWER'D BEST TO ALL WELL SAID
BY OTHERS, AND WHICH MOST REQUITAL MADE.

CLEVELAND.

# THE WORKS OF

# Ben Jonson

·WORKS·
9
CALIFORNIA

WITH NOTES CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY
AND A BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR
BY W. GIFFORD ESQ.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND APPENDICES BY

LIEUT.-COL. F. CUNNINGHAM

IN NINE VOLUMES

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# CONTENTS OF VOLUME IX.

UNDERWOODS.—MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

87. Page

APINDARIC ODE ON THE DEATH OF SIR LUCIUS CARY AND SIR H. MORISON . 3

88. An Epigram to William Earl of Newcastle, on his Fencing . 15
*They talk of Fencing and the use of arms.*

89. To the Right Honourable the Lord High Treasurer of England, an Epistle Mendicant, 1631 . . . . . 16
*Poor wretched states, prest by extremities.*

90. To the King on his Birth-day, Nov. 19, 1632. An Epigram Anniversary . . . . . 17
*This is king Charles his day. Speak it, thou Tower.*

91. On the Right Honourable and Virtuous Lord Weston, Lord High Treasurer of England, upon the Day he was made Earl of Portland, Feb. 17, 1632. To the Envious . 18
*Look up, thou seed of envy, and still bring.*

92. To the Right Honourable Hierome, Lord Weston, an Ode Gratulatory, for his Return from his Embassy, 1632 . . . . . 19
*Such pleasure as the teeming earth.*

93. Epithalamion . . . . . 21
*Though thou hast past thy summer-standing, stay.*

94. The humble Petition of poor Ben to the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men, King Charles . 30
—— *Doth most humbly show it.*




714660

Page

95. To the Right Honourable the Lord Treasurer of England. An Epigram . . . . . 31
*If to my mind, great lord, I had a state.*

96. An Epigram to my Muse, the Lady Digby, on her Husband, Sir Kenelm Digby . . . . 33
*Though, happy Muse, thou know my Digby well.*

97. A New-Year's Gift, sung to King Charles, 1635 . 35
*New years expect new gifts: sister, your harp.*

98. On the King's Birth-Day . . . . . 38
*Rouse up thyself, my gentle Muse.*

99. To my Lord the King, on the Christening his second Son James . . . . . 39
*That thou art lov'd of God, this work is done.*

100. An Elegy on the Lady Jane Pawlet, Marchioness of Winton . . . . . 40
*What gentle ghost, besprent with April dew.*

Eupheme: or the Fair Fame left to Posterity of that truly noble Lady, the Lady Venetia Digby, etc. . . . . 47
*Fair Fame, who art ordain'd to crown.*

LEGES CONVIVALES . . . . . 67

Verses placed over the Door at the Entrance into the Apollo . . . . . 73
*Welcome all who lead or follow.*

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN POETS.

Horace, his Art of Poetry . . . . . 75
*If to a woman's head a painter would.*

The Praises of a Country Life. Horat. Lib. v. Od. ii. . . . . 117
*Happy is he, that from all business clear.*

To Venus. Horace, Ode i. Lib. iv. . . . . 121
*Venus, again thou mov'st a war.*

To Lydia. Ode ix. Book iii. . . . . 125
*Whilst, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee.*

Fragment of Petron. Arbiter translated . . 127
*Doing, a filthy pleasure is, and short.*

Epigram of Martial, viii. 77. translated . . 127
*Liber, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care.*

Page

EXPLORATA: OR DISCOVERIES . . . . . 129

1. Fortuna . . . . . 131
2. Casus . . . . . 131
3. Consilia . . . . . 132
4. Fama . . . . . 132
5. Negotia . . . . . 132
6. Amor Patriæ . . . . . 132
7. Ingenia . . . . . 132
8. Applausus . . . . . 133
9. Opinio . . . . . 133
10. Impostura . . . . . 133
11. Jactura Vitæ . . . . . 133
12. Hypocrita . . . . . 133
13. Mutua auxilia . . . . . 134
14. Cognit. univers. . . . . 134
15. Consiliarii adjunct. Probitas, Sapientia . . 134
16. Vita recta . . . . . 135
17. Obsequentia.—Humanitas.—Solicitudo . . 135
18. Modestia.—Parrhesia . . . . . 135
19. Perspicuitas.—Elegantia . . . . . 136
20. Natura non effœta . . . . . 136
21. Non nimiùm credendum antiquitati . . . 136
22. Dissentire licet, sed cum ratione . . . . 137
23. Non mihi credendum sed veritati . . . . 137
24. Scientiæ liberales . . . . . 137
25. Non vulgi sunt . . . . . 138
26. Honesta ambitio . . . . . 138
27. Maritus improbus . . . . . 138
28. Afflictio pia magistra . . . . . 138
29. Deploratis facilis descensus Averni . . . 138
30. Ægidius cursu superat . . . . . 138
31. Prodigo nummi nauci . . . . . 139
32. Munda et sordida . . . . . 139
33. Debitum deploratum . . . . . 139
34. Latro sesquipedalis . . . . . 139

| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 35. | Calumniæ fructus | 139 |
| 36. | Impertinens | 139 |
| 37. | Bellum Scribentium | 140 |
| 38. | Differentia inter Doctos et Sciolos | 140 |
| 39. | Impostorum fucus | 140 |
| 40. | Icuncularum motio | 141 |
| 41. | Principes et Administri | 141 |
| 42. | Scitum Hispanicum | 141 |
| 43. | Non nova res livor | 141 |
| 44. | Nil gratius protervo lib. | 142 |
| 45. | Jam literæ sordent.—Pastus hodiern. Ingen. | 142 |
| 46. | Sed seculi morbus | 143 |
| 47. | Alastoris malitia | 143 |
| 48. | Mali Choragi fuere | 143 |
| 49. | Hear-say news | 144 |
| 50. | Lingua sapientis, potius quàm loquentis | 144 |
| 51. | Optanda.—Thersites Homeri | 145 |
| 52. | Homeri Ulysses.—Demacatus Plutarchi | 145 |
| 53. | Argute dictum | 146 |
| 54. | Acutius cernuntur vitia quam virtutes | 146 |
| 55. | Vulgi expectatio | 147 |
| 56. | Claritas patriæ | 147 |
| 57. | Eloquentia | 147 |
| 58. | Amor et Odium | 148 |
| 59. | Injuria | 148 |
| 60. | Beneficia | 148 |
| 61. | Valor rerum | 149 |
| 62. | Memoria | 149 |
| 63. | Comit. suffragia | 150 |
| 64. | Stare à partibus | 151 |
| 65. | Deus in creaturis | 151 |
| 66. | Veritas proprium hominis | 151 |
| 67. | Nullum vitium sine patrocinio | 152 |
| 68. | De vere argutis | 152 |
| 69. | Censura de poetis | 153 |

Page

70. Cestius.—Cicero.—Heath.—Taylor.—Spenser . 154
71. De Shakspeare nostrat.—Augustus in Hat. . . 155
72. Ingeniorum discrimina. Not. 1 . . . . . 156
" " " 2 . . . . . 156
" " " 3 . . . . . 157
" " " 4 . . . . . 157
" " " 5 . . . . . 157
" " " 6 . . . . . 158
" " " 7 . . . . . 158
" " " 8 . . . . . 158
" " " 9 . . . . . 158
" " " 10 . . . . . 159
73. Ignorantia animæ . . . . . 160
74. Scientia . . . . . 160
75. Otium.—Studiorum . . . . . 161
76. Stili eminentia.—Virgil.—Tully.—Sallust.—Plato . 162
77. De claris Oratoribus . . . . . 162
78. Dominus Verulamius . . . . . 163
79. Scriptorum Catalogus . . . . . 163
80. De Augmentis Scientiarum.—Julius Cæsar.—Lord St. Alban . . . . . 164
81. De Corruptela Morum . . . . . 165
82. De Rebus Mundanis . . . . . 166
83. Vulgi Mores.—Morbus comitialis . . . 166
84. Princeps . . . . . 166
85. De eodem.—Orpheus' Hymn . . . . 167
86. De opt. Rege Jacobo . . . . . 167
87. De Princ. adjunctis.—Lycurgus.—Sylla.—Lysander.—Cyrus . . . . . 167
88. De Malign. Studentium . . . . . 168
89. Controvers. Scriptores.—More Andabatarum, qui clausis oculis pugnant . . . . 169
90. Morbi . . . . . 169
91. Jactantia intempestiva . . . . . 169
92. Adulatio . . . . . 170
93. De vitâ humanâ . . . . . 170

| | | Page |
|---|---|---|
| 94. | De Piis et Probis | 171 |
| 95. | Mores Aulici | 171 |
| 96. | Impiorum querela.—Augustus.—Varus.—Tiberius | 171 |
| 97. | Nobilium ingenia | 172 |
| 98. | Principum varia.—Jus hæreditarium | 172 |
| 99. | Clementia.—Machiavell | 173 |
| 100. | Clementia tutela optima | 173 |
| 101. | Religio. Palladium Homeri.—Euripides | 174 |
| 102. | Tyranni.—Sejanus | 175 |
| 103. | Illiteratus princeps | 175 |
| 104. | Character principis.—Alexander Magnus | 176 |
| 105. | De gratiosis | 177 |
| 106. | Divites.—Heredes ex asse | 177 |
| 107. | Fures publici | 178 |
| 108. | Lewis XI. | 178 |
| 109. | De bonis et malis.—De innocentia | 178 |
| 110. | Amor nummi | 180 |
| 111. | De mollibus et effœminatis | 181 |
| 112. | De stultitiâ | 182 |
| 113. | De sibi molestis | 182 |
| 114. | Periculosa melancholia | 183 |
| 115. | Falsæ species fugiendæ | 183 |
| 116. | Decipimur specie | 184 |
| 117. | Dejectio Aulic. | 184 |
| 118. | Poesis et pictura.—Plutarch | 184 |
| 119. | De Pictura | 185 |
| 120. | De stylo.—Pliny | 185 |
| 121. | De progres. Picturæ | 186 |
| 122. | Parasiti ad mensam | 187 |
| 123. | Imò serviles | 188 |
| 124. | De stylo, et optimo scribendi genere | 190 |
| 125. | Præcipiendi modi | 192 |
| 126. | Fals. querel. fugiend.—Platonis peregrinatio in Italiam | 194 |
| 127. | Præcept. element. | 195 |

Page

128. De orationis dignitate.—Ἐγκυκλοπαιδεια.—Metaphora . . . . . 196
129. Consuetudo.—Virgil.—Lucretius.—Chaucerism . 198
130. De Stylo.—Tacitus.—Suetonius.—Seneca, and Fabianus . . . . . 199
131. Periodi.—Obscuritas *offundit tenebras.*—Superlatio 200
132. Oratio imago animi . . . . . 201
133. Structura et statura, sublimis, humilis, pumila . 202
134. Mediocris plana et placida . . . . . 202
135. Vitiosa oratio, vasta, tumens, enormis—affectata, abjecta . . . . . 202
136. Figura . . . . . 202
137. Cutis sive cortex. Compositio . . . . . 203
138. Carnosa, adipata, redundans . . . . . 203
139. Jejuna, macilenta, strigosa—Ossea, et nervosa . 203
140. Notæ domini Sti. Albani de doctrin. intemper.—Dictator.—Aristoteles . . . . . 204
141. De optimo scriptore.—Cicero . . . . . 205
142. De stylo epistolari.—Inventio . . . . . 206
i. Brevitas . . . . . 207
Quintilian . . . . . 208
ii. Perspicuitas . . . . . 208
iii. Vigor . . . . . 209
iv. Discretio . . . . . 210
143. De Poetica . . . . . 210
144. D. Hieronymus . . . . . 210
145. Remedii votum semper verius erat, quàm spes.—Sexus fœmin. . . . . 211
146. What is a Poet? . . . . . 212
147. What mean you by a Poem? . . . . . 212
148. Horatius.—Lucretius . . . . . 213
149. Epicum.—Dramaticum.—Lyricum.—Elegiacum.—Epigrammat. . . . . 213
150. But how differs a Poem from what we call Poesy? 213
i. Ingenium.—Seneca.—Plato.—Aristotle, &c. . 214
Lipsius.—Petron. in Fragm. . . . . 215
ii. Exercitatio.—Virgil.—Scaliger.—Euripides, &c. 215

Page

iii. Imitatio.—Horatius.—Virgil, &c. . . . 216
iv. Lectio.—Parnassus.—Helicon, &c. . . 216
151. Virorum schola respub.—Lysippus.—Apelles, &c. 218
152. L. Ælius Stilo.—Plautus.—M. Varro . . . 219
153. Sophocles . . . . . 219
154. Demosthenes.—Pericles.—Alcibiades . . . 219
155. Aristotle . . . . . 219
156. Euripides.—Aristophanes . . . . . 220
157. Cens. Scal. in Lil. Germ.—Horace . . . 220
158. Terence.—Menander . . . . . 221
159. The parts of a Comedy and Tragedy . . . 221
160. Aristotle.—Plato.—Homer . . . . . 222
161. The wit of the Old Comedy . . . . . 222
162. Aristophanes.—Plautus . . . . . 222
163. Socrates.—Theatrical Wit . . . . . 223
164. The Cart . . . . . 223
165. What the measure of a Fable is . . . . . 223
166. What we understand by whole . . . . . 224
167. What is the utmost bounds of a Fable . . . 225
168. What by one and entire . . . . . 226
169. Hercules.—Theseus.—Achilles.—Ulysses.—Homer and Virgil, Æneas.—Venus . . 226
170. Theseus.—Hercules.—Juvenal.—Codrus.—Sophocles.—Ajax.—Ulysses . . . . 227
171. The conclusion concerning the Whole and the Parts . . . . . 228

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR . . . . . 229

The First Book, ETYMOLOGY, the true Notation of Words

Chapter I. Of Grammar, and the Parts . . . 233
„ II. Of Letters and their Powers . . . 235
„ III. Of the Vowels . . . . . 237
„ IV. Of the Consonants . . . . . 247
„ V. Of the Diphthongs . . . . . 262
„ VI. Of the Syllabes . . . . . 263

Page

Chapter VII. Of the Accent . . . . . 266
„ VIII. The Notation of a Word . . . . 268
„ IX. Of the Parts of Speech . . . . . 269
„ X. Of the Nouns . . . . . 270
„ XI. Of the Diminution of Nouns . . . 272
„ XII. Of Comparisons . . . . . 273
„ XIII. Of the First Declension . . . . 274
„ XIV. Of the Second Declension . . . . 275
„ XV. Of Pronouns . . . . . 276
„ XVI. Of a Verb . . . . . 277
„ XVII. Of the First Conjugation . . . 279
„ XVIII. Of the Second Conjugation . . . 280
„ XIX. Of the Third Conjugation . . . 284
„ XX. Of the Fourth Conjugation . . . 286
„ XXI. Of Adverbs . . . . . 287
„ XXII. Of Conjunctions . . . . . 289

The Second Part, SYNTAX, the right Ordering of Words.

Chapter I. Of Apostrophus . . . . . 291
„ II. Of the Syntax of one Noun with Another 293
„ III. Of the Syntax of a Pronoun with a Noun 297
„ IV. Of the Syntax of Adjectives . . . 303
„ V. Of the Syntax of a Verb with a Noun . 304
„ VI. Of the Syntax of a Verb with a Verb . 307
„ VII. Of the Syntax of Adverbs . . . 309
„ VIII. Of the Syntax of Conjunctions . . 313
„ IX. Of the Distinction of Sentences . . 316

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES AND CONVERSATIONS . . . 321

Charles Cavendish to his Posterity . . . 324
*Sons, seek not me among these polished stones.*

Epitaph on Lady Katherine Ogle . . . 324
*She was the light, without reflex.*

'Ο ζεὺς κατεῖδε χρόνιος εἰς τας διφθέρας . . . 325
*'Tis a record in heaven. You that were.*

Epitaph on the Lady Jane . . . . . 326
*I could begin with that grand form* Here lies.

Page

AN INTERLUDE, ETC. . . . . 327

A Song of the Moon . . . . . 337
*To the wonders of the Peak.*

A Song . . . . . 338
*Fresh as the day, and new as are the hours.*

To the most Noble and above his Titles, Robert, Earle of Somerset. [Sent to him on his Wedding-day, 1613.] . . . . . 338
*They are not those, are present with their face.*

An Epigram to my jovial good Friend, Mr. Robert Dover, on his great Instauration of his Hunting and Dancing at Cotswold . . 340
*I cannot bring my muse to drop* vies.

Prefixed to Farnaby's Juvenal . . . . . 340
*Temporibus lux magna fuit Juvenalis avitis.*

A Fragment of one of the lost Quaternions of Eupheme . . . . . 341
*You worms (my rivals) whiles she was alive.*

Master Wither's Lines . . . . . 342
*Shall I, wasting in despair.*

Master Jonson's Answer . . . . . 343
*Shall I my affections slack.*

Martial. Epig. Lib. x. 47, translated . . 345
*The things that make the happier life are these.*

To my Detractor . . . . . 346
*My verses were* commended, *thou dar'st say.*

To his much and worthily-esteemed Friend, the Author of "Cinthia's Revenge" . . 346
*Who takes thy volume to his virtuous hand.*

From the new English Canaan . . . . . 347
*I sing the adventures of nine worthy wights.*

The Ghyrlond of the Blessed Virgin Marie . . 350
*Here are five letters in this blessed name.*

The Reverse, on the Back Side . . . . . 351
*These Mysteries do point to three more great.*

Cock Lorrel's Song . . . . . 352
*Then broiled and broacht on a butcher's prick* [*skewer*].

Ode ἀλληγορική . . . . . 353
*Who saith our times nor have nor can.*

Page

On the Author, Works, and Translator. Prefixed to the Translation of "The Spanish Rogue," by James Mabbe, 1623 . . . . . 358

From "The Spanish Tragedy." 1602. . . . 359
*Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak.*

CONVERSATIONS WITH WILLIAM DRUMMOND . . . 363

JONSONUS VIRBIUS: or, the Memory of Ben Jonson. Revived by the Friends of the Muses, 1638 . 419

Lucius Cary, Viscount Falkland . . . . 423

Richard Sackville, Lord Buckhurst . . . 432

Sir John Beaumont, Bart. . . . . 432

Sir Thomas Hawkins . . . . . 434

Henry King, [afterwards Bishop of Chichester] . 436

Henry Coventry . . . . . 438

Thomas May . . . . . 440

Dudley Digges . . . . . 441

George Fortescue . . . . . 443

William Habington . . . . . 444

Edmund Waller . . . . . 446

James Howell . . . . . 447

John Vernon of the Inner Temple . . . 447

J. C. [John Cleveland] . . . . . 449

John Cleveland . . . . . 449

Jasper Mayne . . . . . 450

William Cartwright . . . . . 454

Joseph Rutter . . . . . 460

Owen Feltham . . . . . 461

George Donne . . . . . 464

Shackerley Marmion . . . . . 465

John Ford . . . . . 467

Ralph Brideoake [afterwards Bishop of Chichester] 469

Richard West . . . . . 471

Robert Meade . . . . . 474

H. Ramsay . . . . . 475

Sir Francis Wortley . . . . . 477

Page

Thomas Terrent . . . . . 478
Robert Waring . . . . . 480
William Bew . . . . . 485
Samuel Evans . . . . . 486
Ralph Brideoake . . . . . 486
Anonymous [Greek] . . . . . 487

ADDITIONAL NOTES . . . . . 489

GLOSSARIAL INDEX . . . . . 503

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# UNDERWOODS.

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# A PINDARIC ODE

TO THE IMMORTAL MEMORY AND FRIENDSHIP OF

THAT NOBLE PAIR,

SIR LUCIUS CARY,

AND

SIR H. MORISON.

A PINDARIC ODE, &c.] In that MS. volume, which I have supposed to be compiled by order of the earl of Newcastle, there is a letter to him from Jonson, enclosing a few poems on himself. "My noblest lord, (he says,) and my patron by excellence, I have here obeyed your commands, and sent you a packet of mine own praises, which I should not have done, if I had any stock of modesty in store:—'but obedience is better than sacrifice;' and you command it."

Two of the inclosures are from (lord Falkland) sir Lucius Cary. The first he calls "An Anniversary Epistle on sir Henry Morison, with an Apostrophe to my father Jonson."

"Noble Father,

"I must imitate master Gamaliel Du: both in troubling you with ill verses, and the intention of professing my service to you by them: It is an Anniversary to sir Henry Morison, in which, because there is something concerns some way an antagonist of your's,[1] I have applied it to you. Though he may be angry at it, I am yet certain that *tale temperamentum sequar ut de iis queri non poterit si de se bene sentiat.* What is ill in them (which I fear is all) belongs only to myself: if there be any thing tolerable, it is somewhat you dropt negligently one day at the Dog, and I took up.

"'*Tu tantum accipies ego te legisse putabo*
*Et tumidus Gallæ credulitate fruar.*'

"Sir, I am,

"Your son and servant."

It appears that this was the third "Anniversary" which sir Lucius had written; and as Jonson's letter is fortunately dated, (Feb. 4th, 1631,) we are authorised to place the death of young Morison in 1629, which must also be the date of the Ode.

Nothing can exceed the affectionate warmth with which sir Lucius speaks of his friend, who appears, indeed, to have deserved all his kindness.

"He had an infant's innocence and truth,
The judgment of gray hairs, the wit of youth,
Not a young rashness, nor an ag'd despair,
The courage of the one, the other's care;
And both of them might wonder, to discern
His ableness to teach, his skill to learn," &c.

---

[1] This antagonist is Quarles. It does not appear why he was hostile to Jonson. Sir Henry says little more than that the subdued and careless tone of his divine poetry is suitable to the expression of sorrow.

Among other topics of praise, his friendship and respect for our author are noticed:

> "And next his admiration fix'd on thee,
> Our Metropolitan in poetry," &c.

The second inclosure of sir Lucius is a poetical "Epistle to his noble father Ben." In this he gives the commencement of their acquaintance, in an elegant application to himself of the fable of the fox, who first feared the lion, then grew familiar with him, &c.

> "I thought you proud, for I did surely know,
> Had I Ben Jonson been, I had been so:
> Now I recant, and doubt whether your store
> Of ingenuity,[2] or ingine be more."

and he adds a wish, which was probably accompanied with some token of his kindness:

> "I wish your wealth were equal to them both;
> You have deserv'd it: and I should be loth
> That want should a quotidian trouble be,
> To such a Zeno in philosophy."

At what period the acquaintance of this "noble pair" begun I know not. They seem to have travelled together. Not long after the return of sir Lucius Cary to England, their intimacy was still more closely cemented by his growing attachment to Letitia, the sister of sir Henry Morison, and the daughter of sir Richard Morison of Tooley Park, in Leicestershire, whom, to the displeasure of his father (for the lady had no fortune) he subsequently married. The amiable youth did not live to witness this event, which took place in 1630, when Lucius was in his twentieth year. "She was a lady" (lord Clarendon says) "of a most extraordinary wit (sense) and judgment, and of the most signal virtue, and exemplary life, that the age produced, and who brought him many hopeful children in which he took great delight."

The life and death of this most distinguished nobleman are familiar to every reader of English history. Lord Clarendon, who knew him well, having lived, as he says, "on terms of the most unreserved friendship with him from the age of twenty to the hour of his death," has given in the *History of the Rebellion*, a delineation of his character replete with grace, elegance, strength, and beauty, warm with truth, and glowing with genuine admiration; which yet does not go beyond what was said and thought of him by his

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[2] *Of* ingenuity,] i. e. of ingenuousness, candour, frankness: ingine (wit) is used in the large sense of genius and talents; the common acceptation of the word in that age.

contemporaries: and it is quite amusing to find Horace Walpole indulging a hope to counteract the effect of lord Clarendon's description, with a few miserable inuendos and captious quibbles, and persuade us that his friend was little better than a driveller. It is the frog of the fable, waddling after the lordly bull, with a view to efface the print of his footsteps.

Warburton says well in his letters to Hurd that "Walpole (whom he terms a most insufferable coxcomb) after reading Clarendon, would blush, if he had any sense of shame, for his abuse of lord Falkland." But Walpole had no *sense of shame.* He persecuted lord Falkland, as he did the gallant and high-spirited duke of Newcastle, because he was loyal to his prince.

Walpole is particularly severe upon lord Falkland's poetry. Much need not be said of it:—but when it is considered that this illustrious nobleman always speaks of it himself with the greatest modesty, and that his little pieces are nothing more than occasional tributes of love and duty, the sneer of such an Aristarchus will not appear particularly well directed. It is true, that Walpole was only acquainted with the lines in the *Jonsonus Virbius*:—but had he known of those, which are now mentioned, for the first time, he would not have abated of his virulence; for he had adopted the opinion of his "clawback," Pinkerton, respecting Jonson, and any additional praise of him would therefore only call forth additional abuse of the writer.

There is another part of lord Falkland's character particularly obnoxious to the critic. "He (lord Falkland) had naturally," (lord Clarendon says, in the *History of his own Life*) "such a generosity and bounty in him, that he seemed to have his estate in trust for all worthy persons who stood in want of supplies and encouragement, as Ben Jonson and others of that time, whose fortunes required, and whose spirits made them superior to ordinary obligations." Walpole, who never bestowed a sixpence on any worthy object or person, and who continued, to extreme old age, to fumble with his gold, till his fingers, like those of Midas, grew encrusted with it, must have been greatly scandalized at this, and probably drew from it his shrewd conclusion that lord Falkland "had much debility of mind." To have done with this calumniator of true patriotism, loyalty and virtue—though gorged to the throat with sinecures, he was always railing at corruption, and indulging, with the low scribblers whose flattery he purchased with praise, (for he gave nothing else, except the hope of a legacy, which he never intended to realize[3]) in splenetic sneers at kings and cour-

[3] On this point Mr. Pinkerton is peculiarly affecting, in the Preface to his *Walpoliana.*

tiers: he called himself a republican, and uttered many grievous complaints of the loss of liberty, &c., and yet went crying out of the world because the French were putting his hopeful maxims of reform into practice.

*A Pindaric Ode, &c.*] In the edition of 1640, in 12mo. this poem is called *A Pindaric Ode;* a title left out in all subsequent editions, and which I have now restored. For this ode is a true and regular Pindaric, and the first in our language, that hath a just claim to that title. Jonson was perfectly acquainted with the manner of Pindar, and hath followed it with great exactness in the structure of this poem. The terms of art, denoted by the *turn*, the *counter-turn*, and the *stand*, are a translation of the *strophè*, the *antistrophè*, and *epode*, which divided the Greek odes. The English reader may possibly be desirous to have them more particularly explained; what I have to say therefore on this point, I shall take the liberty to borrow from the learned Mr. West's preface to his elegant translation of the *Odes of Pindar*. It is chiefly built upon a passage in the *Scholia on Hephæstion*. "The ancients, says the scholiast, in their odes framed two larger stanzas, and one less: the first of the large stanzas they call *strophè*, singing it on their festivals at the altars of their gods, and dancing at the same time. The second they called *antistrophè*, in which they inverted the dance: the lesser stanza was named the *epode*, which they sung standing still. From this passage, (continues Mr. West,) it appears evident, that these odes were accompanied with dancing, and that they danced one way while the *strophè* was singing, and then danced back again while the *antistrophè* was sung: which shews why these two parts consisted of the same length and measure: then when the dancers were returned to the place whence they set out, before they renewed the dance, they stood still while the *epode* was sung. Such was the structure of the Greek ode, in which the *strophè* and *antistrophè*, i. e. the first and second stanzas, contained always the same number, and the same kind of verses: the *epode* was of a different length and measure: and if the ode ran out into any length, it was always divided into triplets of stanzas; the two first being constantly of the same length and measure; and all the *epodes* in like manner corresponding exactly with each other: from all which the regularity of this kind of compositions is sufficiently evident." Thus far this ingenious gentleman. There is one remark, however, to be made upon the scholiast of Hephæstion; who supposeth the *epode* to be always the lesser stanza, or to contain fewer verses than either the *strophè* or *antistrophè:* but this is not true in fact: the *epodes* of Pindar are various; some of them fall

short of the *strophè*, some have an equal number of verses, and others again exceed it: and Jonson hath made his *stand* to be longer than the *turn* or *counter-turn*, by the addition of a couplet. The reader will, I hope, excuse the prolixity of this note; I have been the more exact in explaining the true nature of the Pindaric ode, as the poem before us does honour to Jonson's learning and knowledge in ancient criticism, and as the idea we have formed from compositions of this kind, by many modern poets, gives us but a very distorted likeness of the great original: a much better copy was taken by our author, than what appears in those collections of lines of all lengths and sizes, which have been passed upon the world as translations or imitations of Pindar. WHAL.

I agree with Whalley. Nothing but ignorance of the existence of this noble Ode can excuse the critics, from Dryden downwards, for attributing the introduction of the Pindaric Ode into our language to Cowley. Cowley mistook the very nature of Pindar's poetry, at least of such as is come down to us, and while he professed to "imitate the style and manner of his Odes," was led away by the ancient allusions to those wild and wonderful strains of which not a line has reached us. The metre of Pindar is regular, that of Cowley is utterly lawless; and his perpetual straining after points of wit, seems to shew that he had formed no correcter notion of his *manner* than of his *style*. It is far worse when he leaves his author, and sets up for a Pindaric writer on his own account:—but I am not about to criticize Cowley.

In Jonson's Ode we have the very soul of Pindar. His artful but unlaboured plan, his regular returns of metre, his interesting pathos, his lofty morality, his sacred tone of feeling occasionally enlivened by apt digression, or splendid illustration.—To be short, there have been Odes more sublime, Odes far more poetical than this before us, but none that in Cowley's words, so successfully "copy the style and manner of the Odes of Pindar." As Jonson was his first, so is he his best, imitator.

LXXXVII.

# A PINDARIC ODE

## ON THE DEATH OF SIR H. MORISON.

### I.

### THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

BRAVE infant of Saguntum, clear
Thy coming forth in that great year,[1]
When the prodigious Hannibal did crown
His rage, with razing your immortal town.
Thou looking then about,
Ere thou wert half got out,

[1] *Brave infant of Saguntum, clear*
*Thy coming forth, &c.*] Saguntum was a city of Spain, memorable for its fidelity to the Romans, and the miseries it underwent when besieged by Hannibal. It was at last taken by storm; but the inhabitants, who before had suffered all extremities, committed themselves and their effects to the flames, rather than fall into the hands of their enemy. The story to which Jonson here refers, is thus told by Pliny; *Est inter exempla, in uterum protinus reversus infans Sagunti, quo anno ab Annibale deleta est.* L. vii. c. 3. WHAL.

It ought to be observed that the word Pindaric was not prefixed by Jonson: in the Museum MS. the poem is simply called "An Ode on the death of sir H. Morison."

Wise child, didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy mother's womb thine urn.
How summ'd a circle didst thou leave mankind
Of deepest lore, could we the centre find!

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

ID wiser nature draw thee back,
From out the horror of that sack;
Where shame, faith, honour, and regard of right,
Lay trampled on? the deeds of death and night,
Urged, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon th' affrighted world;
Fire, famine, and fell fury met,
And all on utmost ruin set:
As, could they but life's miseries foresee,
No doubt all infants would return like thee.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

OR what is life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?
Or masked man, if valued by his face,
Above his fact?
Here's one outliv'd his peers,
And told forth fourscore years:[2]
He vexed time, and busied the whole state;
Troubled both foes and friends;
But ever to no ends:
What did this stirrer but die late?
How well at twenty had he fallen or stood!
For three of his fourscore he did no good.

[2] *Here's one outliv'd his peers,*
*And told forth fourscore years.*] Perhaps this, and what follows in the next stanza, was intended as a character of *Car*, who, taken

II.

## The Strophe, or Turn.

HE enter'd well by virtuous parts,
Got up, and thriv'd with honest arts;
He purchased friends, and fame, and honours then,
And had his noble name advanced with men:
But weary of that flight,
He stoop'd in all men's sight
To sordid flatteries, acts of strife,
And sunk in that dead sea of life,
So deep, as he did then death's waters sup,
But that the cork of title buoy'd him up.

## The Antistrophe, or Counter-turn.

ALAS! but Morison fell young:[3]
He never fell,—thou fall'st, my tongue.
He stood a soldier to the last right end,
A perfect patriot, and a noble friend;
But most, a virtuous son.
All offices were done

into favour by James I., was at length advanced to the earldom of Somerset. The particulars of his history are well known. Whal.

This does not apply to Carr, who could not have *told forth* much above forty years, when the Ode was written. It seems to refer rather to the old earl of Northampton: but, perhaps, no particular person was meant, though the poetical character might be strengthened and illustrated by traits incidentally drawn from real life.

[3] *Alas! but Morison fell young.*] There was then another conformity between the destinies of *the noble pair*, which, however, Jonson did not live to witness; for Lucius himself had scarcely attained his thirty-third year, when he also fell, gloriously fell, in the field of honour, and in the cause of his sovereign and his country, at the battle of Newbury.

By him, so ample, full, and round,
In weight, in measure, number, sound,
As, though his age imperfect might appear,
His life was of humanity the sphere.

### The Epode, or Stand.

GO now, and tell our days summ'd up with fears,
And make them years;
Produce thy mass of miseries on the stage,
To swell thine age:
Repeat of things a throng,
To shew thou hast been long,
Not liv'd; for life doth her great actions spell,
By what was done and wrought
In season, and so brought
To light: her measures are, how well
Each syllabe answer'd, and was form'd, how fair;
These make the lines of life, and that's her air!

### III.

### The Strophe, or Turn.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;[4]
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:

[4] *It is not growing like a tree, &c.*] "The qualities of vivid perception and happy expression" (it is said in the *Life of John Dryden*) "unite in many passages of Shakspeare; but such Jonson —poor Ben's *unarmed head is made a quintain* upon all occasions —"but such Jonson was unequal to produce, and he substituted strange, forced, and most unnatural analogies." p. xi. For the proof of this we are referred to the present ode, which, with the

A lily of a day,
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures, life may perfect be.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

CALL, noble Lucius, then for wine,
And let thy looks with gladness shine:
Accept this Garland, plant it on thy head,
And think, nay know, thy Morison's not dead.
He leap'd the present age,
Possest with holy rage,
To see that bright eternal day;
Of which we priests and poets say
Such truths, as we expect for happy men:
And there, he lives with memory, and Ben.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

JONSON, who sung this of him, ere he went,
Himself, to rest,
Or taste a part of that full joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright asterism!——
Where it were friendship's schism,

rest of Jonson's "Pindarics" (where are they to be found?) is treated with the most sovereign contempt. "In reading Jonson (it is added) we have often to marvel how his conceptions could have occurred to any human being. Shakspeare is like an ancient statue, the beauty of which, &c. Jonson is the representation of a monster, which is at first only surprising, and ludicrous and disgusting ever after." p. xii.

Were not his Lucius long with us to tarry,
To separate these twi-
Lights, the Dioscuri;
And keep the one half from his Harry.
But fate doth so alternate the design,
Whilst that in heaven, this light on earth must shine,—

IV.

THE STROPHE, OR TURN.

AND shine as you exalted are;
Two names of friendship, but one star:
Of hearts the union, and those not by chance
Made, or indenture, or leased out t' advance
The profits for a time.
No pleasures vain did chime,
Of rhymes, or riots, at your feasts,
Orgies of drink, or feign'd protests:
But simple love of greatness and of good,
That knits brave minds and manners, more than blood.

THE ANTISTROPHE, OR COUNTER-TURN.

THIS made you first to know the why
You liked, then after, to apply
That liking; and approach so one the t'other,
Till either grew a portion of the other:
Each styled by his end,
The copy of his friend.
You liv'd to be the great sir-names,
And titles, by which all made claims
Unto the Virtue: nothing perfect done,
But as a Cary, or a Morison.

THE EPODE, OR STAND.

AND such a force the fair example had,
As they that saw
The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
That such a law
Was left yet to mankind;
Where they might read and find
Friendship, indeed, was written not in words;
And with the heart, not pen,
Of two so early men
Whose lines her rolls were, and records:
Who, ere the first down bloomed on the chin,
Had sow'd these fruits, and got the harvest in.

LXXXVIII.

## AN EPIGRAM

TO WILLIAM EARL OF NEWCASTLE,[5] ON HIS FENCING.

THEY talk of Fencing, and the use of arms,
The art of urging and avoiding harms,
The noble science, and the mastering skill
Of making just approaches how to kill;
To hit in angles, and to clash with time:
As all defence or offence were a chime!
I hate such measured, give me mettled, fire,
That trembles in the blaze, but then mounts higher!
A quick and dazzling motion; when a pair
Of bodies meet like rarified air!

[5] Jonson's connection with the family of this distinguished nobleman was close and of long continuance.

[Here followed, in the edition of 1816, a footnote of ten pages, which it has been thought better to transfer to another part of the volume. See *post*, MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.]

Their weapons darted with that flame and force,
As they out-did the lightning in the course;
This were a spectacle, a sight to draw
Wonder to valour! No, it is the law
Of daring not to do a wrong; 'tis true
Valour to slight it, being done to you.
To know the heads of danger, where 'tis fit
To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it;
All this, my lord, is valour: this is yours,[6]
And was your father's, all your ancestors!
Who durst live great 'mongst all the colds and heats
Of human life; as all the frosts and sweats
Of fortune, when or death appear'd, or bands:
And valiant were, with or without their hands.

LXXXIX.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND,[7]

AN EPISTLE MENDICANT, MDCXXXI.

MY LORD,

POOR wretched states, prest by extremities,
Are fain to seek for succours and supplies
Of princes' aids, or good men's charities.
Disease the enemy, and his ingineers,
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd compeers,
Have cast a trench about me, now five years,

[6] *All this, my lord, is valour: this is* yours, *&c.*] This was written many years before the earl of Newcastle, (or, as the MS. terms him, of Mansfield) took up arms in the defence of his king and country. Jonson knew his patrons; and it may be added, to the credit of his discernment, that few of them belied his praises.

[7] Richard, lord Weston. He was appointed to this office in 1628, and was succeeded at his death, in 1634, by a commission,

And made those strong approaches by false brays,
Redouts, half-moons, horn-works, and such close ways,
The muse not peeps out, one of hundred days;

But lies block'd up, and straiten'd, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the bed and boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce breath, as she had never been;

Unless some saving honour of the crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no less renown,
A bed-rid wit, than a besieged town.

XC.

TO THE KING ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 19, MDCXXXII.

AN EPIGRAM ANNIVERSARY.

THIS is king Charles his day. Speak it, thou Tower,
Unto the ships, and they from tier to tier,
Discharge it 'bout the island in an hour,
As loud as thunder, and as swift as fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at sea, half-way,
Repeating all Great Britain's joy and more,
Adding her own glad accents to this day,
Like Echo playing from the other shore.
What drums or trumpets, or great ordnance can,
The poetry of steeples, with the bells,
Three kingdoms mirth, in light and aëry man,
Made lighter with the wine. All noises else,
At bonfires, rockets, fire-works, with the shouts
That cry that gladness which their hearts would pray,
Had they but grace of thinking, at these routs,
On the often coming of this holy-day:

at the head of which was Laud. This Epistle enables us to ascertain the commencement of that illness which, after a tedious and painful conflict of eleven years, terminated the poet's life in 1637.

And ever close the burden of the song,
Still to have such a Charles, but this Charles long.

The wish is great; but where the prince is such,
What prayers, people, can you think too much!

XCI.

ON THE RIGHT HONOURABLE AND VIRTUOUS LORD WESTON, LORD HIGH TREASURER OF ENGLAND, UPON THE DAY HE WAS MADE EARL OF PORTLAND,

FEB. 17, MDCXXXII.

TO THE ENVIOUS.[8]

LOOK up, thou seed of envy, and still bring
Thy faint and narrow eyes to read the king
In his great actions: view whom his large hand
Hath raised to be the PORT unto his LAND!
Weston! that waking man, that eye of state!
Who seldom sleeps! whom bad men only hate!
Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
Thou sluggish spawn, that canst, but wilt not see!
Feed on thyself for spight, and shew thy kind:
To virtue and true worth be ever blind.

[8] *To the Envious.*] Weston had many enemies, and his sudden rise was not seen without jealousy. Charles appears to have entertained an extraordinary regard for him, probably on account of his being warmly recommended by the duke of Buckingham, whose favour, however, he is said to have outlived. The treasurer seems to have been an imprudent, improvident man; with considerable talents for business, but fickle and irresolute. He died, lord Clarendon says, without being lamented, "bitterly mentioned by those who never pretended to love him, and severely censured by those who expected most from him and deserved best of him."

Dream thou couldst hurt it, but before thou wake
To effect it, feel thou'st made thine own heart ache.

XCII.

## TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HIEROME, LORD WESTON,[9]

### AN ODE GRATULATORY,

### FOR HIS RETURN FROM HIS EMBASSY, MDCXXXII.

SUCH pleasure as the teeming earth
Doth take in easy nature's birth,
When she puts forth the life of every thing;
And in a dew of sweetest rain,
She lies deliver'd without pain,
Of the prime beauty of the year, the Spring.

The rivers in their shores do run,
The clouds rack clear before the sun,
The rudest winds obey the calmest air;
Rare plants from every bank do rise,
And every plant the sense surprise,
Because the order of the whole is fair!

The very verdure of her nest,
Wherein she sits so richly drest,
As all the wealth of season there was spread,
Doth shew the Graces and the Hours[1]
Have multiplied their arts and powers,
In making soft her aromatic bed.

[9] The eldest son of the earl of Portland; a young man of amiable manners, and of talents and worth.

[1] *Doth shew the Graces and the* Hours.] The *Hours* are the poetical goddesses, which in common language mean only the seasons; but our poet has the authority of his Greek and Roman predecessors. WHAL.

I do not quite understand what was meant to be said in this note; but I will venture to add to it, that there is a great deal of grace and beauty in this little compliment.

Such joys, such sweets, doth your return
Bring all your friends, fair lord, that burn
With love, to hear your modesty relate,
The business of your blooming wit,
With all the fruit shall follow it,
Both to the honour of the king and state.

O how will then our court be pleas'd,
To see great Charles of travail eas'd,
When he beholds a graft of his own hand,
Shoot up an olive, fruitful, fair,
To be a shadow to his heir,
And both a strength and beauty to his land!

# EPITHALAMION.

## OR A SONG,

Celebrating the NUPTIALS of that noble Gentleman, Mr. HIEROME WESTON, son and heir of the lord WESTON, Lord High Treasurer of England, with the lady FRANCES STEWART, daughter of ESME duke of Lenox, deceased, and sister of the surviving duke of the same name.

EPITHALAMION, &c.] Jerome returned from his embassy in 1632, and became earl of Portland in 1634, so that this poem was probably written in the intermediate year. This marriage was much forwarded by Charles, in compliment (lord Clarendon says) to the treasurer; the bride, who was distantly related to the king, was the youngest daughter of Esme, third duke of Lenox, the friend and patron of Jonson; she is celebrated for her beauty and amiable qualities, and was happy in a husband, altogether worthy of her. In her issue she was less fortunate; her only son, whom lord Clarendon mentions (in his "Life") as a young man of excellent parts, being killed in the action with the Dutch fleet under Opdam in 1665. "He died fighting very bravely." The title fell to his uncle, who died without issue, when it became extinct: and thus was verified the pious and prophetic hope of that rancorous puritan sir Antony Weldon, that "God would reward Weston, and that he and his posterity, which, like a Jonah's gourd, sprang up suddenly from a beggarly estate to much honour and great fortunes, would shortly wither!" *Court of King Charles*, p. 43.

XCIII

## EPITHALAMION.

THOUGH thou hast past thy summer-standing, stay
Awhile with us, bright sun, and help our light;
Thou canst not meet more glory on the way,
Between the tropics, to arrest thy sight,
Than thou shalt see to-day:
We woo thee stay;
And see what can be seen,
The bounty of a king, and beauty of his queen.

See the procession! what a holy day,
Bearing the promise of some better fate,
Hath filled, with caroches, all the way,
From Greenwich hither to Rowhampton gate!
When look'd the year, at best,
So like a feast;
Or were affairs in tune,
By all the spheres consent, so in the heart of June?

What beauty of beauties, and bright youths at charge
Of summers liveries, and gladding green,
Do boast their loves and braveries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seen!
When look'd the earth so fine,
Or so did shine,

In all her bloom and flower,
To welcome home a pair, and deck the nuptial bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,
The month of youth, which calls all creatures forth
To do their offices in nature's chime,
And celebrate, perfection at the worth,
Marriage, the end of life,
That holy strife,
And the allowed war,
Through which not only we, but all our species are.

Hark how the bells upon the waters play
Their sister-tunes from Thames his either side,
As they had learn'd new changes for the day,
And all did ring the approaches of the bride;
The lady Frances drest
Above the rest
Of all the maidens fair;
In graceful ornament of garland, gems, and hair.

See how she paceth forth in virgin-white,
Like what she is, the daughter of a duke,
And sister; darting forth a dazzling light
On all that come her simplesse to rebuke!
Her tresses trim her back,
As she did lack
Nought of a maiden queen,
With modesty so crown'd, and adoration seen.

Stay, thou wilt see what rites the virgins do,
The choicest virgin-troop of all the land!
Porting the ensigns of united two,
Both crowns and kingdoms in their either hand:
Whose majesties appear,
To make more clear
This feast, than can the day,
Although that thou, O sun, at our entreaty stay!

See how with roses, and with lilies shine,
  Lilies and roses, flowers of either sex,
The bright bride's paths, embellish'd more than thine,
  With light of love this pair doth intertex!
    Stay, see the virgins sow,
      Where she shall go,
    The emblems of their way.—
O, now thou smil'st, fair sun, and shin'st, as thou would'st stay!

With what full hands, and in how plenteous showers
  Have they bedew'd the earth, where she dōth tread,
As if her airy steps did spring the flowers,
  And all the ground were garden where she led!
    See, at another door,
      On the same floor,
    The bridegroom meets the bride
With all the pomp of youth, and all our court beside!

Our court, and all the grandees! now, sun, look,
  And looking with thy best inquiry, tell,
In all thy age of journals thou hast took,
  Saw'st thou that pair became these rites so well,
    Save the preceding two?[2]
      Who, in all they do,
    Search, sun, and thou wilt find
They are the exampled pair, and mirror of their kind.

[2] *Save the preceding two, &c.*] The king and queen. In *Love's Welcome at Bolsover*, Jonson compliments this illustrious pair on the strictness and purity of their union; if that can be called compliment which is merely truth. In all his domestic relations, Charles I. stood unparalleled; he was an indulgent master, a faithful and affectionate husband, and a tender parent.

This must have been a very splendid ceremony. Both the king and the favourite were to be gratified by assisting at it, and it is probable that few of the young nobility were absent. Charles himself acted as father to the bride, and gave her away.

Force from the Phœnix, then, no rarity
Of sex, to rob the creature; but from man,
The king of creatures, take his parity
With angels, muse, to speak these: nothing can
Illustrate these, but they
Themselves to-day,
Who the whole act express;
All else, we see beside, are shadows, and go less.

It is their grace and favour that makes seen,
And wonder'd at the bounties of this day;
All is a story of the king and queen:
And what of dignity and honour may
Be duly done to those
Whom they have chose,
And set the mark upon,
To give a greater name and title to! their own!

Weston, their treasure, as their treasurer,
That mine of wisdom, and of counsels deep,
Great say-master of state, who cannot err,
But doth his caract, and just standard keep,
In all the prov'd assays,
And legal ways
Of trials, to work down
Men's loves unto the laws, and laws to love the crown.

And this well mov'd the judgment of the king
To pay with honours to his noble son
To-day, the father's service; who could bring
Him up, to do the same himself had done:
That far all-seeing eye
Could soon espy
What kind of waking man
He had so highly set; and in what Barbican.[3]

[3] *He had so highly set; and in what* Barbican.] An old word for a beacon, fortress, or watch-tower:

Stand there; for when a noble nature's rais'd,
It brings friends joy, foes grief, posterity fame;
In him the times, no less than prince, are prais'd,
And by his rise, in active men, his name
Doth emulation stir;
To the dull a spur
It is, to the envious meant
A mere upbraiding grief, and torturing punishment.

See now the chapel opens, where the king
And bishop stay to consummate the rites;
The holy prelate prays, then takes the ring,
Asks first, who gives her?—I, Charles—then he plights
One in the other's hand,
Whilst they both stand
Hearing their charge, and then
The solemn choir cries, Joy! and they return, *Amen!*

O happy bands! and thou more happy place,
Which to this use wert built and consecrate!
To have thy God to bless, thy king to grace,
And this their chosen bishop celebrate,
And knit the nuptial knot,
Which time shall not,
Or canker'd jealousy,
With all corroding arts, be able to untie!

"Within the *Barbican* a porter sate,
Day and night, duly keeping watch and ward."
*Fairy Queen*, b. ii. cant. 9. WHAL.

One of the streets of London takes its name from an edifice of that kind, anciently standing there. Stow thus describes it: "On the north-west side of this city, near unto Red-cross street, there was a tower commonly called *Barbican*, or *Burhkenning*, for that the same being placed on a high ground, and also being builded of some good height, was in old time used as a watch-tower for the city." Ed. 4to. 1603, p. 70.

The chapel empties, and thou mayst be gone
Now, sun, and post away the rest of day:
These two, now holy church hath made them one,
Do long to make themselves so' another way:
There is a feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad parents taught
One to the other, long ere these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious sun, and send them night
Some hours before it should, that these may know
All that their fathers and their mothers might
Of nuptial sweets, at such a season, owe,
To propagate their names,
And keep their fames
Alive, which else would die;
For fame keeps virtue up, and it posterity.

The ignoble never lived, they were awhile
Like swine, or other cattle here on earth:
Their names are not recorded on the file
Of life, that fall so; Christians know their birth
Alone, and such a race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitful spreading vine,
But dare not ask our wish in language Fescennine.

Yet, as we may, we will,—with chaste desires,
The holy perfumes of the marriage-bed,
Be kept alive, those sweet and sacred fires
Of love between you and your lovely-head!
That when you both are old,
You find no cold
There; but renewed, say,
After the last child born, This is our wedding-day.

Till you behold a race to fill your hall,
A Richard, and a Hierome, by their names
Upon a Thomas, or a Francis call;
A Kate, a Frank, to honour their grand-dames,
And 'tween their grandsires' thighs,
Like pretty spies,
Peep forth a gem; to see
How each one plays his part, of the large pedigree!

And never may there want one of the stem,
To be a watchful servant for this state;
But like an arm of eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching virtue early and late!
Whilst the main tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this sun's noonsted's made
So great; his body now alone projects the shade.

They both are slipp'd to bed; shut fast the door,
And let him freely gather love's first-fruits.
He's master of the office; yet no more
Exacts than she is pleased to pay: no suits,
Strifes, murmurs, or delay,
Will last till day;
Night and the sheets will show
The longing couple all that elder lovers know.

XCIV.

## THE HUMBLE PETITION OF POOR BEN;

### TO THE BEST OF MONARCHS, MASTERS, MEN,

### KING CHARLES.

—— Doth most humbly show it,
To your majesty, your poet:

THAT whereas your royal father,
James the blessed, pleas'd the rather,
Of his special grace to letters,
To make all the Muses debtors
To his bounty; by extension
Of a free poetic pension,
A large hundred marks annuity,
To be given me in gratuity
For done service, and to come:
And that this so accepted sum,
Or dispens'd in books or bread,
(For with both the muse was fed)
Hath drawn on me from the times,
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the ratling pit-pat noise
Of the less poetic boys,
When their pot-guns aim to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me they judg'd decay'd;
But we last out still unlay'd.
Please your majesty to make
Of your grace, for goodness sake,
Those your father's marks, your pounds:[4]
Let their spite, which now abounds,

[4] *Those your father's marks, your pounds.*] The petition succeeded; the reader has, annexed to our poet's life, a copy of the

Then go on, and do its worst;
This would all their envy burst:
And so warm the poet's tongue,
You'd read a snake in his next song.

## XCV.

## To the Right Honourable the Lord Treasurer of England.

### An Epigram.

IF to my mind, great lord, I had a state,[5]
I would present you now with curious plate
Of Noremberg or Turky; hang your rooms,
Not with the Arras, but the Persian looms:
I would, if price or prayer could them get,
Send in what or Romano, Tintoret,
Titian, or Raphael, Michael Angelo,
Have left in fame to equal, or out-go
The old Greek hands in picture, or in stone.
This I would do, could I think Weston one
Catch'd with these arts, wherein the judge is wise
As far as sense, and only by the eyes.

warrant creating him poet laureat, with a salary of £100 *per annum.* WHAL.

The warrant is dated March 1630, the Petition must therefore be referred to the beginning of that year.

[5] *If to my mind, great lord, I had a state.*] The learned reader may compare this with the 8th ode of the fourth book of Horace, as it seems to be copied from it. Our poet, as we find by some verses wrote by no well-wisher to him, received forty pounds for this Epigram. Let the reader judge which was greatest, the generosity of the treasurer, or the genius and address of Jonson. WHAL.

Whalley has strange notions of *copying.* Jonson has taken a hint from the opening of the Ode to Censorinus, and that is all.

The verses to which Whalley alludes are in the 4to. and 12mo.

But you, I know, my lord, and know you can
Discern between a statue and a man;

editions, 1640, in which this Epigram also appears; in Eliot's Poems, they are thus prefixed.

"To Ben Jonson, upon his verses to the earl of Portland, lord Treasurer.

"Your verses are commended, and 'tis true,
That they were very good, I mean to you;
For they return'd you, Ben, as I was told,
A certain sum of forty pound in gold;
The verses then being rightly understood,
His lordship, not Ben Jonson, made them good." p. 27.

This poor simpleton, who appears to have earned a wretched subsistence by harassing the charitable with doggrel petitions for meat and clothes, was answered (according to his folly) by some one in Jonson's name; for the lines, though published in the small edition so often quoted, were not written by him.

TO MY DETRACTOR.

"My *verses were commended*, thou dost say,
And *they were very good*, yet thou thinkst nay.
For thou objectest, as thou hast been told,
Th' envy'd return of forty pound in gold.
Fool, do not rate my rhymes; I have found thy vice
Is to make cheap the lord, the lines, the price.
But bark thou on; I pity thee, poor cur,
That thou shouldst lose thy noise, thy foam, thy stur,
To be known what thou art, thou blatant beast:
But writing against me, thou thinkst at least
I now would write on thee; no, wretch, thy name
Cannot work out unto it such a fame:
No man will tarry by thee, as he goes,
To ask thy name, if he have half a nose,
But flee thee like the pest. Walk not the street
Out in the dog-days, lest the killer meet
Thy noddle with his club, and dashing forth
Thy dirty brains, men see thy want of worth." p. 119.

The question proposed by Whalley for the exercise of the reader's judgment seems very unnecessary. Forty pounds was a very considerable present in those days, and whether bestowed on want or worth, or both, argues a liberal and a noble spirit. The "Epigram" was probably written in 1632.

Can do the things that statues do deserve,
And act the business which they paint or carve.
What you have studied, are the arts of life;
To compose men and manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring subjects; make the nations know
What worlds of blessings to good kings they owe:
And mightiest monarchs feel what large increase
Of sweets and safeties they possess by peace.
These I look up at with a reverent eye,
And strike religion in the standers-by;
Which, though I cannot, as an architect,
In glorious piles or pyramids erect
Unto your honour; I can tune in song
Aloud; and, haply, it may last as long.

XCVI.

## AN EPIGRAM

TO MY MUSE, THE LADY DIGBY,

ON HER HUSBAND, SIR KENELM DIGBY.

THOUGH, happy Muse, thou know my Digby well,
Yet read him in these lines: He doth excel
In honour, courtesy, and all the parts
Court can call hers, or man could call his arts.
He's prudent, valiant, just and temperate:
In him all virtue is beheld in state;
And he is built like some imperial room
For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
His breast is a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic ample thoughts do meet:
Where nature such a large survey hath ta'en,
As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane:

Witness his action done at Scanderoon,
Upon his birth-day, the eleventh of June ;[6]

[6] *Witness his action done at Scanderoon,*
*Upon* his *birth-day, the eleventh of June.*] This refers to an action in the bay of Scanderoon in 1628, wherein he beat certain vessels belonging to the states of Venice. "This onset was made," says Antony Wood, "as 'tis reported on the *eleventh of June*, (his birth day as Ben Jonson will have it,) yet a pamphlet that was published the same year, giving an account of all the transactions of that fight, tells us, *it was on the 16th of the same month;* which, if true, then the fortune of that day is again marred." To all which we must answer, that this same pamphlet or letter, which gives the relation of this action, was dated indeed on the *16th of June*, but it expressly says that the action happened on the 11th of the same month; and this is confirmed likewise by Mr. Ferrar's *Epitaph on the death of sir Kenelm Digby*, which makes the *11th of June* memorable for his birth-day, the day of his victory, and the day of his death. The epitaph is as follows:

> "Under this stone the matchless Digby lies,
> Digby the great, the valiant, and the wise:
> This age's wonder for his noble parts,
> Skill'd in six tongues, and learn'd in all the arts:
> Born on the day he died, *th' eleventh of June*,
> On which he bravely fought at Scanderoon;
> 'Tis rare that one and self-same day should be
> His day of birth, of death, and victory."

It is remarkable that Antony Wood refers us to this epitaph, and quotes two verses from it, and yet disputes the authority of our poet for the time of his birth. WHAL.

Wood was probably influenced by Aubrey, who observes on the couplet quoted by Whalley, "Mr. Elias Ashmole assures me from *two or three nativities* by Dr. Napier, that Ben Jonson was mistaken, and did it for the rhyme sake." We have here a couple of dreamers —but they are not worth an argument: it is more to the purpose to observe from the latter, that "sir Kenelm Digby was held to be the most accomplished cavalier of his time, the Mirandola of his age, that he understood ten or twelve languages, and was well versed in all kinds of learning, very generous and liberal to deserving persons, and a great patron to Ben Jonson, who has some excellent verses on him," &c. *Letters by Eminent Persons*, vol. ii. p. 326.

Sir Kenelm Digby was one of our poet's adopted sons: he is now more remembered for his chemical reveries, his sympathetic powder, &c., than for his talents, and accomplishments. He was, however, an eminent man, and a benefactor to the literature of his country. He died in 1665.

When the apostle Barnaby the bright
Unto our year doth give the longest light,
In sign the subject, and the song will live,
Which I have vow'd posterity to give.
Go, Muse, in, and salute him. Say he be
Busy, or frown at first, when he sees thee,
He will clear up his forehead; think thou bring'st
Good omen to him in the note thou sing'st:
For he doth love my verses, and will look
Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book,[7]
And praise them too. O what a fame 'twill be,
What reputation to my lines and me,
When he shall read them at the Treasurer's board,
The knowing Weston, and that learned lord
Allows them! then, what copies shall be had,
What transcripts begg'd! how cried up, and how glad
Wilt thou be, Muse, when this shall them befall!
Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

XCVII.

## A New-year's Gift, sung to king Charles,

MDCXXXV.

### *Prelude.*

NEW years expect new gifts: sister, your harp,
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are call'd to-day;
Your change of notes, the flat, the mean, the sharp,
To shew the rites, and usher forth the way

[7] *For he doth love my verses, and will look*
*Upon them, next to Spenser's noble book.*] Sir Kenelm had a great affection for the *Fairy Queen*, and wrote a commentary on a single stanza of that poem. It is called, *Observations on the 22d stanza in the 9th canto of the 2d book of Spenser's Fairy Queen, Lond.* 1644. *Octavo.* Whal.

Of the new year, in a new silken warp,
To fit the softness of your year's-gift; when
We sing the best of monarchs, masters, men;
For had we here said less, we had sung nothing then.

*Chorus of* Nymphs *and* Shepherds.

*Rector Cho.* To-day old Janus opens the new year,
And shuts the old: Haste, haste, all loyal swains,
That know the times and seasons when t' appear,
And offer your just service on these plains;
Best kings expect first fruits of your glad gains.

1 *Shep.* Pan is the great preserver of our bounds.
2 *Shep.* To him we owe all profits of our grounds.
3 *Shep.* Our milk.
4 *Shep.* Our fells.
5 *Shep.* Our fleeces.
6 *Shep.* And first lambs.
7 *Shep.* Our teeming ewes.
8 *Shep.* And lusty mounting rams.
9 *Shep.* See where he walks, with Mira by his side.
*Cho.* Sound, sound his praises loud, and with his hers divide.

Of Pan we sing, the best of hunters, Pan,
That drives the hart to seek unused ways
*Shep.* And in the chase, more than Sylvanus can;
*Cho.* Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his praise.

Of brightest Mira do we raise our song,
Sister of Pan, and glory of the spring;
*Nym.* Who walks on earth, as May still went along.
*Cho.* Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.
Of Pan we sing, the chief of leaders, Pan,
*Cho. of Shep.* That leads our flocks and us, and calls both forth

To better pastures than great Pales can:
Hear, O ye groves, and, hills, resound his worth.

Of brightest Mira is our song; the grace
*Cho. of Nym.* Of all that nature yet to life did bring;
And were she lost, could best supply her place:
Rivers and valleys, echo what we sing.

1 *Shep.* Where'er they tread the enamour'd ground,
The fairest flowers are always found:
2 *Shep.* As if the beauties of the year
Still waited on them where they were.
1 *Shep.* He is the father of our peace;
2 *Shep.* She to the crown hath brought increase.
1 *Shep.* We know no other power than his;
Pan only our great shepherd is,
*Cho.* Our great, our good. Where one's so drest
In truth of colours, both are best.

*Rect. Cho.* Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler swains,
That have a flock or herd upon these plains:
This is the great preserver of our bounds,
To whom you owe all duties of your grounds;
Your milks, your fells, your fleeces, and first lambs,
Your teeming ewes, as well as mounting rams.
Whose praises let's report unto the woods,
That they may take it echo'd by the floods.
*Cho.* 'Tis he, 'tis he; in singing he,
And hunting, Pan, exceedeth thee:
He gives all plenty and increase,
He is the author of our peace.

*Rect. Cho.* Where-e'er he goes, upon the ground
The better grass and flowers are found.
To sweeter pastures lead he can,
Than ever Pales could, or Pan:

He drives diseases from our folds,
The thief from spoil his presence holds:
Pan knows no other power than his,
This only the great shepherd is.
*Cho.* 'Tis he, 'tis he; &c.[8]

XCVIII.

## On the King's Birth-day.[9]

ROUSE up thyself, my gentle Muse,
Though now our green conceits be gray,
And yet once more do not refuse
To take thy Phrygian harp, and play
In honour of this cheerful day:
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

Make first a song of joy and love,
Which chastly flames in royal eyes,
Then tune it to the spheres above,
When the benignest stars do rise,
And sweet conjunctions grace the skies.
Long may, &c.

To this let all good hearts resound,
Whilst diadems invest his head;
Long may he live, whose life doth bound
More than his laws, and better led
By high example, than by dread.
Long may, &c.

[8] In the old copy, several love verses are ridiculously tacked to this chorus: they have already appeared, and the circumstance is only noted here, to mark the carelessness or ignorance of those who had the ransacking of the poet's study, after his death.

[9] This is probably Ben's last tribute of duty to his royal master: it is not his worst; it was, perhaps, better as it came from the poet, for a stanza has apparently been lost, or confounded with the opening one.

Long may he round about him see
His roses and his lilies blown:
Long may his only dear and he
Joy in ideas of their own,
And kingdom's hopes so timely sown.
Long may they both contend to prove,
That best of crowns is such a love.

XCIX.

## To my lord the King,

### on the christening his second son James.[1]

THAT thou art lov'd of God, this work is done,
Great king, thy having of a second son:
And by thy blessing may thy people see
How much they are belov'd of God in thee.
Would they would understand it! princes are
Great aids to empire, as they are great care
To pious parents, who would have their blood
Should take first seisin of the public good,
As hath thy James; cleans'd from original dross,
This day, by baptism, and his Saviour's cross.
Grow up, sweet babe, as blessed in thy name,
As in renewing thy good grandsire's fame:
Methought Great Britain in her sea, before
Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
At land she triumphs in the triple shade,
Her rose and lily inter-twined, have made.

*Oceano secura meo, securior umbris.*

[1] James II. was born October 15, 1633, and the ceremony, here mentioned, took place in the succeeding month. In the *Diary of Laud's Life*, (fol. 1695, p. 49,) is the following memorandum by the archbishop. "November 24, 1633. Sunday in the afternoon, I christened king Charles his second son, James duke of York, at St. James's."

C.

## AN ELEGY ON THE LADY JANE PAWLET, MARCHIONESS OF WINTON.[2]

WHAT gentle ghost, besprent with April dew,
Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew,[3]
And beckoning woos me, from the fatal tree
To pluck a garland for herself or me?
I do obey you, beauty! for in death
You seem a fair one. O that you had breath
To give your shade a name! Stay, stay, I feel
A horror in me, all my blood is steel;
Stiff, stark! my joints 'gainst one another knock!
Whose daughter?—Ha! great Savage of the Rock.[4]

[2] *An Elegy on the lady Jane Pawlet, &c.*] The folio reads lady *Anne*, though Jane, the true name, occurs, as Whalley observes, just below. This wretched copy is so full of errors, that the reader's attention would be too severely proved, if called to notice the tithe of them; in general, they have been corrected in silence.

This lady Jane was the first wife of that brave and loyal nobleman, John, fifth marquis of Winchester. He was one of the greatest sufferers by the Usurpation; but he lived to see the restoration of the royal family, and died full of years and honour in 1674. The marchioness died in 1631, which is therefore the date of the Elegy.

[3] *What gentle ghost besprent with April dew,*
*Hails me so solemnly to yonder yew?*] Pope seems to have imitated the first lines of this elegy, in his poem to the *Memory of an unfortunate Lady:*

> "What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
> Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?" WHAL.

Pope's imitation, however, falls far short of the picturesque and awful solemnity of the original.

[4] *Great* Savage *of the* Rock.] The seat of that family in

He's good as great. I am almost a stone,
And ere I can ask more of her, she's gone!—
Alas, I am all marble! write the rest
Thou would'st have written, Fame, upon my breast:
It is a large fair table, and a true,
And the disposure will be something new,
When I, who would the poet have become,
At least may bear the inscription to her tomb.
She was the Lady Jane, and marchionisse
Of Winchester; the heralds can tell this.
Earl Rivers' grand-child—'serve not forms, good Fame,
Sound thou her virtues, give her soul a name.
Had I a thousand mouths, as many tongues,
And voice to raise them from my brazen lungs,
I durst not aim at that; the dotes were such
Thereof, no notion can express how much
Their caract was: I or my trump must break,
But rather I, should I of that part speak;
It is too near of kin to heaven, the soul,
To be described! Fame's fingers are too foul
To touch these mysteries: we may admire
The heat and splendor, but not handle fire.
What she did here, by great example, well,
T'inlive posterity, her Fame may tell;
And calling Truth to witness, make that good
From the inherent graces in her blood!
Else who doth praise a person by a new
But a feign'd way, doth rob it of the true.
Her sweetness, softness, her fair courtesy,
Her wary guards, her wise simplicity,
Were like a ring of Virtues 'bout her set,

Cheshire, from which the lady was descended. Camden gives us the following account of it: "The Wever flows between Frodsham, a castle of ancient note, and Clifton, at present called *Rock Savage*, a new house of the Savages, who by marriage have got a great estate here." *Brit.* p. 563. WHAL.

And Piety the centre where all met.
A reverend state she had, an awful eye,
A dazzling, yet inviting, majesty:
What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
Could sum to a perfection, was her act!
How did she leave the world, with what contempt
Just as she in it lived, and so exempt
From all affection! when they urg'd the cure
Of her disease, how did her soul assure
Her sufferings, as the body had been away!
And to the torturers, her doctors, say,
Stick on your cupping-glasses, fear not, put
Your hottest caustics to, burn, lance, or cut:
'Tis but a body which you can torment,
And I into the world all soul was sent.
Then comforted her lord, and blest her son,[5]
Cheer'd her fair sisters in her race to run,
With gladness temper'd her sad parents' tears,
Made her friends' joys to get above their fears,
And in her last act taught the standers-by
With admiration and applause to die!
Let angels sing her glories, who did call
Her spirit home to her original;
Who saw the way was made it, and were sent

[5] *Then comforted her lord, and blest her son, &c.*] Warton calls this a "pathetic Elegy," and indeed this passage has both pathos and beauty. It is a little singular that Jonson makes no allusion to her dying in childbed, which, it would appear from Milton's Epitaph, she actually did. He speaks of a disease: she was delivered of a dead child; and some surgical operation appears to have been performed, or attempted, without success. There can be no doubt of Jonson's accuracy; for he was living on terms of respectful friendship with the marquis of Winchester.

Jonson principally dwells on the piety of this lady; she seems also to have been a person of rare endowments and accomplishments. Howell (p. 182) puts her in mind that he taught her Spanish, and sends her a sonnet which he had translated into that language from one in English by her ladyship, with the music, &c., and Cartwright returns her thanks, in warm language, "for two

To carry and conduct the compliment
'Twixt death and life, where her mortality
Became her birth-day to eternity!
And now through circumfused light she looks,
On Nature's secret there, as her own books:
Speaks heaven's language, and discourseth free
To every order, every hierarchy!
Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
What the beginnings of all beauties be;
And all beatitudes that thence do flow:
Which they that have the crown are sure to know!
  Go now, her happy parents, and be sad,
If you not understand what child you had.
If you dare grudge at heaven, and repent
T' have paid again a blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be call'd for every day!
If you can envy your own daughter's bliss,
And wish her state less happy than it is;
If you can cast about your either eye,
And see all dead here, or about to die!
The stars, that are the jewels of the night,
And day, deceasing, with the prince of light,
The sun, great kings, and mightiest kingdoms fall;
Whole nations, nay, mankind! the world, with all
That ever had beginning there, t' have end!
With what injustice should one soul pretend
T' escape this common known necessity?

most beautiful pieces, wrought by herself in needle-work, and presented to the University of Oxford, the one being the story of the Nativity, the other of the Passion of our Saviour."

> "Blest mother of the church, he, in the list,
> Reckon'd from hence the she-Evangelist;
> Nor can the style be profanation, when
> The needle may convert more than the pen;
> When faith may come by seeing, and each leaf,
> Rightly perus'd, prove gospel to the deaf," &c.
>
> *Poems*, p. 196.

When we were all born, we began to die;
And, but for that contention, and brave strife
The Christian hath t' enjoy the future life,[6]
He were the wretched'st of the race of men:
But as he soars at that, he bruiseth then

[6] Sir John Beaumont has also an elegy on the death of this lady, beginning with these lines:

"Can my poor lines no better office have,
But lie like scritch-owls still about the grave?
When shall I take some pleasure for my pain,
Commending them that can commend again?" WHAL.

It may also be added that Eliot has an "Elegy on the lady Jane Paulet, marchioness of Winchester," &c., in which he follows Milton, as to the immediate cause of her death. Though the poem, which is very long, is in John's best manner, I should not have mentioned it, had it not afforded me an opportunity of explaining a passage in Shakspeare which has sorely puzzled the commentators:

"Either (says the gallant Henry V.)
Either our history shall, with full mouth,
Speak freely of our acts, or else, our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph." A. i. S. 2.

Steevens says that the allusion is "to the ancient custom of writing on waxen tablets," and Malone proves, at the expense of two pages, that his friend has mistaken the poet's meaning, and that he himself is—just as wide of it.

In many parts of the continent, it is customary, upon the decease of an eminent person, for his friends to compose short laudatory poems, epitaphs, &c., and affix them to the herse, or grave, with pins, wax, paste, &c. Of this practice, which was once prevalent here also, I had collected many notices, which, when the circumstance was recalled to my mind by Eliot's verses, I tried in vain to recover: the fact, however, is certain.

In the bishop of Chichester's verses to the memory of Dr. Donne, is this couplet:

"Each quill can drop his tributary verse,
And *pin* it, like a hatchment, to his herse."

Eliot's lines are these:

"Let others, then, sad Epitaphs invent,
And *paste* them up about thy monument;

The serpent's head ; gets above death and sin,
And, sure of heaven, rides triúmphing in.

While my poor muse contents itself, that she
Vents sighs, not words, unto thy memory."

*Poems*, p. 39.

It is very probable that the beautiful Epitaph on the countess of Pembroke, was attached, with many others, to her herse. We know that she had no monument; and the verses seem to intimate that they were so applied:

" Underneath this *sable herse*
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister," &c.

To this practice Shakspeare alludes. He had, at first, written *paper* epitaph, which he judiciously changed to *waxen*, as less ambiguous, and altogether as familiar to his audience. Henry's meaning therefore is; " I will either have my full history recorded with glory, or lie in an undistinguished grave :—not merely without an inscription sculptured in stone, but unworshipped, (unhonoured,) even by a wàxen epitaph, i. e. by the short-lived compliment of a paper fastened on it."

# EUPHEME.

## OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY

OF THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY,

## THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY,

LATE WIFE OF SIR KENELME DIGBY, KNT.,

A GENTLEMAN ABSOLUTE IN

ALL NUMBERS.

CONSISTING OF THESE TEN PIECES:

The dedication of her CRADLE,
The Song of her DESCENT,
The Picture of her BODY,
——————— her MIND,
Her being chosen a MUSE,
Her fair OFFICES,
Her happy MATCH,
Her hopeful ISSUE,
Her ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, or, Relation to the SAINTS,
Her Inscription, or CROWNING.

*Vivam amare Voluptas, defunctam Religio.* Stat.

CI.

# EUPHEME:

## OR THE FAIR FAME LEFT TO POSTERITY

### OF THAT TRULY NOBLE LADY,

## THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY, ETC.[1]

I.

### THE DEDICATION OF HER CRADLE.

FAIR Fame, who art ordain'd to crown
With ever-green and great renown,
Their heads that Envy would hold down
With her, in shade
Of death and darkness; and deprive
Their names of being kept alive,
By Thee and Conscience, both who thrive
By the just trade

[1] *The lady Venetia Digby, &c.*] This celebrated lady, Venetia Anastatia Stanley, was the daughter of sir Edward Stanley of Tongue Castle, Shropshire. Her story, which is somewhat remarkable, is given at length by Aubrey and Antony Wood, from whom I have taken what follows. "She was a most beautiful creature; and being *matura viro*, was placed by her father at Enston-abbey; (a seat of her grandfather's;) but as private as that place was, it seems her beauty could not lie hid: the young eagles had spied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity, which to abuse was great pity."

"In those days, Richard earl of Dorset lived in the greatest

Of goodness still : vouchsafe to take
This cradle, and for goodness sake,
A dedicated ensign make
Thereof to Time ;

splendor of any nobleman of England. Among other pleasures that he enjoyed, Venus was not the least. This pretty creature's fame quickly came to his ears, who made no delay to catch at such an opportunity. I have forgot who first brought her to town :— but the earl of Dorset aforesaid was her greatest gallant ; he was extremely enamoured of her, and had one, if not more children by her. He settled on her an annuity of £500. per annum. Among other young sparks of that time, sir Kenelm Digby grew acquainted with her, and fell so much in love with her that he married her.

"She had a most lovely sweet-turned face, delicate dark brown hair : she had a perfect healthy constitution, good skin ; well-proportioned ; inclining to a bona-roba.* Her face a short oval, dark browne eye-brow, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eye-lids. The colour of her cheeks was just that of the damask rose, which is neither too hot nor too pale. See Ben Jonson's 2d volume, where he hath made her live in poetry, in his drawing both of her body and her mind." *Letters*, &c. vol. ii. p. 332.

What truth there may be in these aspersions, I know not : that they had some foundation can scarcely be doubted. But whatever was the conduct of this "beautiful creature" before her marriage with sir Kenelm, it was most exemplary afterwards ; and she died universally beloved and lamented.

The amiable and virtuous Habington has a poem on her death addressed to Castara ;

"Weep not, Castara," &c.

This speaks volumes in her praise, for Habington would not have written, nor would his Castara have wept, for an ordinary character. Randolph and Feltham have each an Elegy upon her, as has Rutter, the author of the *Shepherds' Holiday*. In Randolph's poem, I was struck with four lines of peculiar elegance, which I give from recollection :

"Bring all the spices that Arabia yields,
Distil the choicest flowers that paint the fields ;
And when in one their best perfections meet,
Embalm her corse, that she may make them sweet."

---

* Poor Aubrey appears to think *bona-roba* synonymous with *embonpoint*.

That all posterity, as we,
Who read what the Crepundia be,
May something by that twilight see
'Bove rattling rhyme.

For though that rattles, timbrels, toys,
Take little infants with their noise,
As properest gifts to girls and boys,
Of light expense;
Their corals, whistles, and prime coats,
Their painted masks, their paper boats,
With sails of silk, as the first notes
Surprise their sense.

Yet here are no such trifles brought,
No cobweb cawls, no surcoats wrought
With gold, or clasps, which might be bought
On every stall:

Lady Digby was found dead in her bed, with her cheek resting on her hand: to this Habington alludes—

——"She past away
So sweetly from the world, as if her clay
Laid only down to slumber."

"Some (says Aubrey) suspected that she was poisoned. When her head was opened, there was found *but little brain*, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper-wine; but spiteful women would say 'twas a viper-husband, who was jealous of her." This fact of *the little brain* is thus alluded to by Owen Feltham:

"Yet there are those, striving to salve their own
Deep want of skill, have in a fury thrown
Scandal on her, and say *she wanted brain.*
Botchers of nature! your eternal stain
This judgment is," &c.

With respect to the insinuation noticed by Aubrey, it is probably a mere calumny. Sir Kenelm was distractedly fond of his lady, and, as he was a great dabbler in chemistry, is said to have attempted to exalt and perpetuate her beauty by various extracts, cosmetics, &c., to some of which, Pennant suggests, she might probably fall a victim: the better opinion, however, was that she died in a fit. Her death took place in 1633, when she was just turned of 32. She left three sons.

But here's a song of her descent;
And call to the high parliament
Of Heaven; where Seraphim take tent
Of ordering all:

This utter'd by an ancient bard,
Who claims, of reverence, to be heard,
As coming with his harp prepar'd
To chant her 'gree,
Is sung: as als' her getting up,
By Jacob's ladder, to the top
Of that eternal port, kept ope
For such as she.

II.

THE SONG OF HER DESCENT.

I SING the just and uncontroll'd descent
Of dame Venetia Digby, styled the fair:
For mind and body the most excellent
That ever nature, or the later air,
Gave two such houses as Northumberland
And Stanley, to the which she was co-heir.
Speak it, you bold Penates, you that stand
At either stem, and know the veins of good
Run from your roots; tell, testify the grand
Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the flood
Of Virtues in her, as, in short, she grew
The wonder of her sex, and of your blood.
And tell thou, Alde-legh, none can tell more true
Thy niece's line, than thou that gav'st thy name
Into the kindred, whence thy Adam drew
Meschines honour, with the Cestrian fame
Of the first Lupus, to the family
By Ranulph ——

*The rest of this song is lost.*

III.

## The Picture of the Body.

SITTING, and ready to be drawn,
What make these velvets, silks, and lawn,
Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
Where every limb takes like a face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
Some form defective, or decay'd;
This beauty, without falsehood fair,
Needs nought to clothe it but the air.

Yet something to the painter's view,
Were fitly interposed; so new:
He shall, if he can understand,
Work by my fancy, with his hand.

Draw first a cloud, all save her neck,
And, out of that, make day to break;
Till like her face it do appear,
And men may think all light rose there.

Then let the beams of that disperse
The cloud, and shew the universe;
But at such distance, as the eye
May rather yet adore, than spy.

The heaven design'd, draw next a spring,
With all that youth, or it can bring:
Four rivers branching forth like seas,
And Paradise confining these.[2]

[2] *Four rivers branching forth, like seas,*
*And Paradise* confining *these.*] That could never be the case: the land may be confined by the rivers, though not these by the land. And this the sacred historian tells us was the situation of Paradise; for *confining*, therefore, we must read, *confin'd in these.*
WHAL.

Whalley has *prayed* his *pible ill*, and the poet is a better scrip-

Last, draw the circles of this globe,
And let there be a starry robe
Of constellations 'bout her hurl'd;
And thou hast painted Beauty's world.

But, painter, see thou do not sell
A copy of this piece; nor tell
Whose 'tis: but if it favour find,
Next sitting we will draw her mind.

IV.

THE PICTURE OF THE MIND.

PAINTER, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This work I can perform alone;
And give you reasons more than one.

Not that your art I do refuse;
But here I may no colours use,
Beside, your hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot sit.

You could make shift to paint an eye,
An eagle towering in the sky,
The sun, a sea, or soundless pit;[3]
But these are like a mind, not it.

No, to express this mind to sense,
Would ask a heaven's intelligence;
Since nothing can report that flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

tural geographer than the priest. The river that watered Paradise, *branched into four* heads immediately upon quitting it. Paradise therefore, was not inclosed by the four rivers; it merely touched them. Could my predecessor be ignorant that the primitive sense of *confine*, was to *border upon*?

[3] ——— *or* soundless pit,] i. e. *bottomless*, that cannot be fathomed. WHAL.

Sweet Mind, then speak yourself, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our sense you do with knowledge fill,
And yet remain our wonder still.

I call you, Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every line be you;
That all may say, that see the frame,
This is no picture, but the same.

A mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;
And so disdaining any trier,
'Tis got where it can try the fire.

There, high exalted in the sphere,
As it another nature were,
It moveth all; and makes a flight
As circular as infinite.

Whose notions when it will express
In speech; it is with that excess
Of grace, and music to the ear,
As what it spoke, it planted there.

The voice so sweet, the words so fair,
As some soft chime had stroked the air;
And though the sound were parted thence,
Still left an echo in the sense.

But that a mind so rapt, so high,
So swift, so pure, should yet apply
Itself to us, and come so nigh
Earth's grossness; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
And sunk in clay here, it would pull
Us forth, by some celestial sleight,
Up to her own sublimed height?

Or hath she here, upon the ground,
Some Paradise or palace found,
In all the bounds of Beauty, fit
For her t'inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy house, that hast receipt
For this so lofty form, so streight,
So polish'd, perfect, round and even,
As it slid moulded off from heaven.

Not swelling like the ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a cloud,
As smooth as oil pour'd forth, and calm
As showers, and sweet as drops of balm.

Smooth, soft, and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A nest of odorous spice and gums.

In action, winged as the wind;
In rest, like spirits left behind
Upon a bank, or field of flowers,
Begotten by the wind and showers.

In thee, fair mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possest,
Thou, entertaining in thy breast
But such a mind, mak'st God thy guest.[4]

[*A whole quaternion in the midst of this poem is lost, containing entirely the three next pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus.*]

[4] This little piece is highly poetical. Some of the stanzas are exquisitely beautiful, and indeed the whole may be said to be vigorously conceived, and happily expressed.

VIII.

(A FRAGMENT.)

BUT for you, growing gentlemen, the happy branches of two so illustrious houses as these, wherefrom your honoured mother is in both lines descended; let me leave you this last legacy of counsel; which, so soon as you arrive at years of mature understanding, open you, sir, that are the eldest, and read it to your brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful servant and client of your family, with his latest breath expiring it.

BEN JONSON.

## To KENELM, JOHN, GEORGE.[5]

BOAST not these titles of your ancestors,
Brave youths, they're their possessions, none of yours:
When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames;
For they are strong supporters: but, till then,
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.
It is a wretched thing to trust to reeds;
Which all men do, that urge not their own deeds
Up to their ancestors; the river's side
By which you're planted shews your fruit shall bide.

[5] Of these three sons, George probably died young. Kenelm, the eldest, a young man of great abilities and virtues, nobly redeemed the error of his grandfather, and took up arms for his sovereign. He was slain at the battle of St. Neot's in Huntingdonshire, July 7, 1648; and John is said to have succeeded to the family estate, after removing some legal bar interposed, in a moment of displeasure, by his father.

The lines which follow bear a running allusion to the eighth satire of Juvenal; they are evidently a mere fragment.

Hang all your rooms with one large pedigree;
'Tis virtue alone is true nobility:
Which virtue from your father, ripe, will fall;
Study illustrious him, and you have all.

IX.

## ELEGY ON MY MUSE,

### THE TRULY HONOURED LADY, THE LADY VENETIA DIGBY; WHO LIVING, GAVE ME LEAVE TO CALL HER SO.

### BEING HER ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, OR, RELATION TO THE SAINTS.

*Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina dolore.*

WERE time that I dy'd too, now she is dead,
Who was my Muse, and life of all I said;
The spirit that I wrote with, and conceiv'd:
All that was good, or great with me, she weav'd,
And set it forth; the rest were cobwebs fine,
Spun out in name of some of the old Nine,
To hang a window, or make dark the room,
Till swept away, they were cancell'd with a broom!
Nothing that could remain, or yet can stir
A sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
O! had I seen her laid out a fair corse,
By death, on earth, I should have had remorse
On Nature for her; who did let her lie,
And saw that portion of herself to die.
Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
With such a rarity, and not rouze Art,

With all her aids, to save her from the seize
Of vulture Death, and those relentless cleis ?[6]
Thou wouldst have lost the Phœnix, had the kind
Been trusted to thee ; not to itself assign'd.
Look on thy sloth, and give thyself undone,
(For so thou art with me) now she is gone :
My wounded mind cannot sustain this stroke,
It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
The world to ruin with it ; in her fall,
I sum up mine own breaking, and wish all.
Thou hast no more blows, Fate, to drive at one ;
What's left a poet, when his Muse is gone ?
Sure I am dead, and know it not ! I feel
Nothing I do ; but like a heavy wheel,
Am turned with another's powers : my passion
Whirls me about, and, to blaspheme in fashion,
I murmur against God, for having ta'en
Her blessed soul hence, forth this valley vain
Of tears, and dungeon of calamity !
I envy it the angels amity,
The joy of saints, the crown for which it lives,
The glory and gain of rest, which the place gives !
Dare I profane so irreligious be,
To greet or grieve her soft euthanasy !
So sweetly taken to the court of bliss
As spirits had stolen her spirit in a kiss,
From off her pillow and deluded bed ;
And left her lovely body unthought dead !
Indeed she is not dead ! but laid to sleep
In earth, till the last trump awake the sheep

[6] ——— *to save her from the seize*
*Of vulture Death, and those relentless* cleis.] The last word is uncommon : is it a different pronunciation of the word *claws*, adopted by the poet, for the sake of rhyme ? or is it a real corruption of some other word ? WHAL.

*Cleis* is common enough in our old poets : it is a genuine term, and though now confounded with claws, was probably restricted at first to some specific class of animals.

And goats together, whither they must come
To hear their judge, and his eternal doom;
To have that final retribution,
Expected with the flesh's restitution.
For, as there are three natures, schoolmen call
One corporal only, th' other spiritual,
Like single; so there is a third commixt,
Of body and spirit together, placed betwixt
Those other two; which must be judged or crown'd:
This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,
Must come to take a sentence, by the sense
Of that great evidence, the Conscience,
Who will be there, against that day prepared,
T' accuse or quit all parties to be heard!
O day of joy, and surety to the just,
Who in that feast of resurrection trust!
That great eternal holy day of rest
To body and soul, where love is all the guest!
And the whole banquet is full sight of God,
Of joy the circle, and sole period!
All other gladness with the thought is barr'd;
Hope hath her end, and Faith hath her reward!
  This being thus, why should my tongue or pen
Presume to interpel that fulness, when
Nothing can more adorn it than the seat
That she is in, or make it more complete?
Better be dumb than superstitious:
Who violates the Godhead, is most vicious
Against the nature he would worship. He
Will honour'd be in all simplicity,
Have all his actions wonder'd at, and view'd
With silence and amazement; not with rude,
Dull and profane, weak and imperfect eyes,
Have busy search made in his mysteries!
He knows what work he hath done, to call this guest,
Out of her noble body to this feast:

And give her place according to her blood
Amongst her peers, those princes of all good!
Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, with those Hierarchies,
Angels, Arch-angels, Principalities,
The Dominations, Virtues, and the Powers,
The Thrones, the Cherubs, and Seraphic bowers,
That, planted round, there sing before the Lamb
A new song to his praise, and great I AM:
And she doth know, out of the shade of death,
What 'tis to enjoy an everlasting breath!
To have her captived spirit freed from flesh,
And on her innocence, a garment fresh
And white as that put on: and in her hand
With boughs of palm, a crowned victrice stand!
And will you, worthy son, sir, knowing this,
Put black and mourning on? and say you miss
A wife, a friend, a lady, or a love;
Whom her Redeemer honour'd hath above [7]
Her fellows, with the oil of gladness, bright
In heaven's empire, and with a robe of light?
Thither you hope to come; and there to find
That pure, that precious, and exalted mind
You once enjoy'd: a short space severs ye,
Compared unto that long eternity,
That shall rejoin ye. Was she, then, so dear,
When she departed? you will meet her there,
Much more desired, and dearer than before,
By all the wealth of blessings, and the store
Accumulated on her, by the Lord
Of life and light, the son of God, the Word!
There all the happy souls that ever were,
Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;

[7] *Whom her Redeemer, &c.*] The Apotheosis abounds in scriptural allusions, which I have left to the reader; as well as the numerous passages which Milton has adopted from it, and which his editors have as usual overlooked, while running after Dante and Thomas Aquinas.

And each shall know there one another's face,
By beatific virtue of the place.
There shall the brother with the sister walk,
And sons and daughters with their parents talk;
But all of God; they still shall have to say,
But make him All in All, their Theme, that day;
That happy day that never shall see night!
Where he will be all beauty to the sight;
Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;
A music in the ears will ever last;
Unto the scent, a spicery or balm;
And to the touch, a flower like soft as palm.
He will all glory, all perfection be,
God in the Union, and the Trinity!
That holy, great and glorious mystery,
Will there revealed be in majesty!
By light and comfort of spiritual grace;
The vision of our Saviour face to face
In his humanity! to hear him preach
The price of our redemption, and to teach
Through his inherent righteousness, in death,
The safety of our souls, and forfeit breath!
What fulness of beatitude is here?
What love with mercy mixed doth appear,
To style us friends, who were by nature foes?
Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
Had lost ourselves, and prodigally spent
Our native portions, and possessed rent?
Yet have all debts forgiven us, and advance
By' imputed right to an inheritance
In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.
Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive
He that shall be our supreme judge, shall leave
Himself so un-inform'd of his elect,
Who knows the hearts of all, and can dissect

The smallest fibre of our flesh; he can
Find all our atoms from a point t' a span:
Our closest creeks and corners, and can trace
Each line, as it were graphic, in the face.
And best he knew her noble character,
For 'twas himself who form'd and gave it her.
And to that form lent two such veins of blood,
As nature could not more increase the flood
Of title in her! all nobility
But pride, that schism of incivility,
She had, and it became her! she was fit
T' have known no envy, but by suff'ring it!
She had a mind as calm as she was fair;
Not tost or troubled with light lady-air,
But kept an even gait, as some straight tree
Mov'd by the wind, so comely moved she.
And by the awful manage of her eye,
She sway'd all bus'ness in the family.
To one she said, do this, he did it; so
To another, move, he went; to a third, go,
He ran; and all did strive with diligence
T' obey, and serve her sweet commandements.
She was in one a many parts of life;
A tender mother, a discreeter wife,
A solemn mistress, and so good a friend,
So charitable to religious end
In all her petite actions, so devote,
As her whole life was now become one note
Of piety and private holiness.
She spent more time in tears herself to dress
For her devotions, and those sad essays
Of sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy days;
And came forth ever cheered with the rod
Of divine comfort, when she had talk'd with God.
Her broken sighs did never miss whole sense;
Nor can the bruised heart want eloquence:

For prayer is the incense most perfumes
The holy altars, when it least presumes.
And hers were all humility! they beat
The door of grace, and found the mercy-seat.
In frequent speaking by the pious psalms
Her solemn hours she spent, or giving alms,
Or doing other deeds of charity,
To clothe the naked, feed the hungry. She
Would sit in an infirmary whole days
Poring, as on a map, to find the ways
To that eternal rest, where now she hath place
By sure election and predestin'd grace!
She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
Incarnate in the manger, shining bright
On all the world! she saw him on the cross
Suff'ring and dying to redeem our loss:
She saw him rise triumphing over death,
To justify and quicken us in breath;
She saw him too in glory to ascend
For his designed work the perfect end
Of raising, judging and rewarding all
The kind of man, on whom his doom should fall!
All this by faith she saw, and fram'd a plea,
In manner of a daily apostrophe,
To him should be her judge, true God, true Man,
Jesus, the only-gotten Christ! who can,
As being redeemer and repairer too
Of lapsed nature, best know what to do,
In that great act of judgment, which the father
Hath given wholly to the son (the rather
As being the son of man) to shew his power,
His wisdom, and his justice, in that hour,
The last of hours, and shutter up of all;
Where first his power will appear, by call
Of all are dead to life; his wisdom show
In the discerning of each conscience so;

And most his justice, in the fitting parts,
And giving dues to all mankind's deserts!
In this sweet extasy she was rapt hence.
Who reads, will pardon my intelligence,
That thus have ventured these true strains upon,
To publish her a saint. MY MUSE IS GONE!

*In pietatis memoriam*
*quam præstas*
*Venetiæ tuæ illustrissim.*
*Marit. dign. Digbeie*
*Hanc* 'ΑΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, *tibi, tuisque sacro.*

THE TENTH,

BEING HER INSCRIPTION, OR CROWN,

IS LOST.

# LEGES CONVIVALES.

LEGES CONVIVALES.] Nothing can be more pure and elegant than the latinity of these "Laws." In drawing them up, Jonson seems to have had the rules of the Roman entertainments in view; as collected with great industry by Lipsius.

As Whalley printed the old translation of these Rules I have retained it. The poetry, however, has little merit, and the original is not always correctly rendered; but there is no better: a version somewhat anterior to this, appeared in a volume of *Songs and other Poems*, by Alex. Brome, London, 1661.

# LEGES CONVIVALES.

*Quod felix faustumque convivis in Apolline sit.*

1 NEMO ASYMBOLUS, NISI UMBRA, HUC VENITO.
2 IDIOTA, INSULSUS, TRISTIS, TURPIS, ABESTO.
3 ERUDITI, URBANI, HILARES, HONESTI, ADSCISCUNTOR,
4 NEC LECTÆ FŒMINÆ REPUDIANTOR.

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# RULES FOR THE TAVERN ACADEMY

OR,

## LAWS FOR THE BEAUX ESPRITS.

From the Latin of BEN JONSON, engraven in Marble over the Chimney, in the APOLLO of the Old Devil Tavern,[1] at Temple-Bar; that being his Club-Room.

*Non verbum reddere verbo.*

I.

1 As the fund of our pleasure, let each pay his shot,
Except some chance friend, whom a member brings in.
2 Far hence be the *sad*, the *lewd fop*, and the *sot;*
For such have the plagues of good company been.

II.

3 Let the *learned* and *witty*, the *jovial* and *gay*,
The *generous* and *honest*, compose our free state;
4 *And the more to exalt our delight whilst we stay*,
Let none be debarr'd from his choice female mate.

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[1] *Apollo of the Old Devil Tavern.*] The modern revolutions of

5 IN APPARATU QUOD CONVIVIS CORRUGET NARES NIL ESTO.
6 EPULÆ DELECTU POTIUS QUAM SUMPTU PARANTOR.
7 OBSONATOR ET COQUUS CONVIVARUM GULÆ PERITI SUNTO.
8 DE DISCUBITU NON CONTENDITOR.
9 MINISTRI A DAPIBUS, OCULATI ET MUTI,
A POCULIS, AURITI ET CELERES SUNTO.

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III.

5 Let no scent offensive the chamber infest.
6 Let fancy, not cost, prepare all our dishes.
7 Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
And the cook, in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

IV.

8 Let's have no disturbance about taking places,
*To shew your nice breeding, or out of vain pride.*
9 Let the drawers be ready with wine and fresh glasses,
Let the waiters have eyes, though their tongues must be ty'd.

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this tavern, as far as they are known, have been kindly transmitted to me by J. Dent, Esq., one of the principal partners in the banking-house of Child and Co. "Mr. Taylor of the parish of St. Bride's London, Esq., appears by indenture October 1734, to have been the owner of the two messuages or tenements close to the east of Temple Bar, of which the one known by the name of St. Dunstan's, or the old Devil Tavern, was then in the occupation of John Goostrey.—Taylor sold this property to Richard Andrews of St. Dunstan's parish, July 1766.—Andrews parted with it to Mess. Child, in June 1787 for 2800*l.* By these gentlemen the Devil Tavern was pulled down soon after they bought it, and the present buildings in Child's Place erected on its scite. In this tavern was the room known by the name of the Apollo, in which was held the APOLLO CLUB established by the celebrated Ben Jonson. Over the door in gold letters on a black ground were painted his verses beginning 'Welcome all,' &c., and above them was placed a bust of the poet—both these are still in the possession of Messrs. Child. —The Rules of the club, said to have been engraved on black marble, and fixed up in the same room, were no longer there,* when Messrs. Child had possession given them of the premises.

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* They were probably removed by Andrews. The Apollo, of which a print was published in 1774, appears to have been a handsome room, large and lofty, and furnished with a gallery for music. It was frequently used for balls, &c., and here Dr. Kenrick gave, about 1775, his *Lectures on Shakspeare.*

10 VINA PURIS FONTIBUS MINISTRENTOR AUT VAPULET HOSPES.
11 MODERATIS POCULIS PROVOCARE SODALES FAS ESTO.
12 AT FABULIS MAGIS QUAM VINO VELITATIO FIAT.
13 CONVIVÆ NEC MUTI [2] NEC LOQUACES SUNTO.
14 DE SERIIS AC SACRIS POTI ET SATURI NE DISSERUNTO.
15 FIDICEN, NISI ACCERSITUS, NON VENITO.
16 ADMISSO RISU, TRIPUDIIS, CHOREIS, CANTU, SALIBUS,
OMNI GRATIARUM FESTIVITATE SACRA CELEBRANTOR.
17 JOCI SINE FELLE SUNTO.
18 INSIPIDA POEMATA NULLA RECITANTOR.
19 VERSUS SCRIBERE NULLUS COGITOR.

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V.

10 Let our wines without mixture or stum, be all fine,
Or call up the master, and break his dull noddle.
11 Let no sober bigot here think it a sin,
To push on the chirping and moderate bottle.

VI.

12 Let the contests be rather of books than of wine.
13 Let the company be neither noisy nor mute.
14 Let none of things serious, much less of divine,
When belly and head's full, profanely dispute.

VII.

15 Let no saucy fidler presume to intrude,
Unless he is sent for *to vary our bliss.*
16 With *mirth, wit,* and *dancing,* and *singing* conclude,
To regale every sense, with delight in excess.

VIII.

17 Let raillery be without malice or heat.
18 Dull poems to read let none privilege take.
19 Let no poetaster command or intreat
Another extempore verses to make.

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The other tenement above alluded to, was called the King's Arms and Civet Cat, William Wintle tenant:—this was added to the present premises of Messrs. Child and Co. about the year 1796; the bar of this tavern being now part of their kitchen. The original sign (still in existence) of the banking-house, was the full blown marygold exposed to a meridian sun, with this motto round it, *Ainsi mon Ame.* J. D.

[2] Al. CONVIVÆ NON MULTI.

20 ARGUMENTATIONIS TOTIUS STREPITUS ABESTO.
21 AMATORIIS QUERELIS, AC SUSPIRIIS LIBER ANGULUS ESTO.
22 LAPITHARUM MORE SCYPHIS PUGNARE, VITREA COLLIDERE, FENESTRAS EXCUTERE, SUPELLECTILEM DILACERARE, NEFAS ESTO.
23 QUI FORAS VEL DICTA, VEL FACTA ELIMINET, ELIMINATOR.
24 NEMINEM REUM POCULA FACIUNTO.

FOCUS PERENNIS ESTO.

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IX.

20 Let argument bear no unmusical sound,
Nor jars interpose, sacred friendship to grieve.
21 For generous lovers let a corner be found,
Where they in soft sighs may their passions relieve.

X.

22 Like the old Lapithites, with the goblets to fight,
Our own 'mongst offences unpardon'd will rank,
Or breaking of windows, or glasses, for spight,
And spoiling the goods for a rakehelly prank.

XI.

23 Whoever shall publish what's said, or what's done,
Be he banish'd for ever our assembly divine.
24 Let the freedom we take be perverted by none,
To make any guilty by drinking good wine.

## VERSES PLACED OVER THE DOOR AT THE ENTRANCE INTO THE APOLLO.

WELCOME all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo——
Here he speaks out of his pottle,
Or the tripos, his tower bottle:
All his answers are divine,
Truth itself doth flow in wine.
Hang up all the poor hop-drinkers,
Cries old Sim, the king of skinkers;[3]
He the half of life abuses,
That sits watering with the Muses.
Those dull girls no good can mean us;
Wine it is the milk of Venus,[4]
And the poet's horse accounted:
Ply it, and you all are mounted.
'Tis the true Phœbian liquor,
Cheers the brains, makes wit the quicker.
Pays all debts, cures all diseases,
And at once three senses pleases.
Welcome all who lead or follow,
To the Oracle of Apollo.

O RARE BEN JONSON!

[3] *Cries* old Sim, *the king of skinkers.*] *Old Sim* means *Simon Wadloe*, who then kept the Devil tavern; and of him probably is the old catch, beginning,

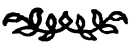
*Old sir Simon the king*——— WHAL.

[4] *Wine it is the milk of Venus.*] From the Greek Anacreontic,

Οινος γαλα Αφροδιτης. WHAL.

# TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN POETS.

## HORACE HIS ART OF POETRY.



HORACE OF THE ART OF POETRY.] This translation, which was probably among the earliest works of Jonson, was not given to the press till some time after his death, when it was published in 1640, with some other pieces in 12mo., by John Benson, with a dedication to lord Winsor, who, as the writer says, "rightly knew the worth and true esteem both of the author and his learning, being more conspicuous in the judgment of your lordship and other sublime spirits than my capacity can describe."

Many transcripts of this version got abroad; these differed considerably from one another, and all perhaps, from the original copy. In the three which have reached us, though all were published nearly at the same time, variations occur in almost every line. To notice them would be both tedious and unprofitable: suffice it to say that I have adopted the text of the folio 1640, as, upon the whole, the most correct, though exceptions may occasionally be met with in the smaller editions.

It was for this poem that our author compiled the vast body of notes which was destroyed in the conflagration of his study. After this, he seems to have lost all thoughts of the press—indeed age and disease were advancing fast upon him, if, as I conjecture, the fire took place about 1623, and left him as little heart as power to venture again before a public not, in general, too partial to his labours.

The small edition is prefaced by several commendatory poems, one of which only appears to be written on occasion of the present version. This is by the celebrated lord Herbert of Cherbury, and is addressed "to his friend master Ben Jonson, on his Translation."

> "'Twas not enough, Ben Jonson, to be thought
> Of English poets best, but to have brought,
> In greater state, to their acquaintance, one
> Made equal to himself and thee; that none
> Might be thy second: while thy glory is
> To be the Horace of our times, and his."

Jonson was followed (at unequal periods) by three writers, who in the century succeeding his death (for I have neither leisure nor inclination to go lower,) published their respective versions of the *Art of Poetry*. It may amuse the reader, perhaps, to listen for a moment to what they say of our poet, and of one another. Roscommon begins—

"I have kept as close as I could both to the meaning, and the words of the author, and done nothing but what I believe he would forgive me if he were alive; and I have often asked myself that question. I know this is a field,

*Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit alumnus,*

but with all respect due to the name of Ben Jonson, to which no man pays more veneration than I; it cannot be denied, that the constraint of rhyme, and a literal translation (to which Horace in his book declares himself an enemy) has made him want a comment in many places."

Oldham follows:

"I doubt not but the reader will think me guilty of an high presumption in venturing upon a translation of the *Art of Poetry*, after two such great hands as have gone before me in the same attempts: I need not acquaint him that I mean Ben Jonson, and the earl of Roscommon; the one being of so established an authority, that whatever he did is held as sacred, the other having lately performed it with such admirable success, as almost cuts off all hope in any after pretenders, of ever coming up to what he has done."

The last is Henry Ames:

"'Tis certain my lord Roscommon has not only excelled in justness of version and elegance of style, but has given his poet all the natural beauties and genteel plainness of the English dress; but his lordship rid with a slack rein, and freed himself at once from all the incumbrance and perplexity of rhyme; and sure it must be confessed some difficulty to be circumscribed to syllables and sounds: Mr. Oldham, indeed, has very skillfully touched the Horatian lyre, and worked it into musical harmony; but so modernized the poem, and reduced it to the standard of his own time, that a peevish reader may not only be disgusted at want of the poetical history, but think himself privileged to except against all such freedoms in any one but Mr. Oldham.

"Ben Jonson, (with submission to his memory,) by transgressing a most useful precept, has widely differed from them both; and trod so close upon the heels of Horace, that he has not only crampt, but made him halt, in (almost) every line."

# HORATIUS DE ARTE POETICA.

*HUMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam*
*Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,*
*Undique collatis membris, ut turpitèr atrum*
*Desinat in piscem mulier formosa supernè;*
*Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?*
*Credite, Pisones, isti tabulæ fore librum*
*Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ*
*Fingentur species: ut nec pes, nec caput uni*
*Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus, atque poëtis*
*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.*
*Scimus; et hanc veniam petimusque, damusque, vicissim:*
*Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia, non ut*
*Serpentes avibus geminentur, tigribus agni.*

# HORACE OF THE ART OF POETRY.[1]

IF to a woman's head a painter would
Set a horse-neck, and divers feathers fold
On every limb, ta'en from a several creature,
Presenting upwards a fair female feature,
Which in some swarthy fish uncomely ends:
Admitted to the sight, although his friends,
Could you contain your laughter? Credit me,
This piece, my Pisos, and that book agree,
Whose shapes, like sick men's dreams, are feign'd so vain,
As neither head, nor feet, one form retain.
But equal power to painter and to poet,
Of daring all, hath still been given; we know it:
And both do crave, and give again, this leave.
Yet, not as therefore wild and tame should cleave
Together; not that we should serpents see
With doves; or lambs with tigers coupled be.

[1] We are not to look for grace and beauty in this translation: the poet's design being to give as close a version of the text, as the different genius of the two languages would admit. But Jonson will be found perfectly to understand his author, and to exhibit his meaning with his usual vigour and conciseness of style. WHAL.

*Incœptis gravibus plerumque, et magna professis*
*Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter*
*Assuitur pannus: cùm lucus, et ara Dianæ,*
*Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,*
*Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus.*
*Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupressum*
*Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes*
*Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur? amphora cœpit*
*Institui; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit?*
*Denique sit, quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.*
*Maxima pars vatum, pater, et juvenes patre digni,*
*Decipimur specie recti: brevis esse laboro,*
*Obscurus fio: sectantem lævia, nervi*
*Deficiunt animique: professus grandia, turget:*
*Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellæ.*
*Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,*
*Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*
*In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.*
*Æmilium circa ludum faber imus, et ungues*
*Exprimet, et molles imitabitur ære capillos;*
*Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum*
*Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem,*
*Non magis esse velim, quàm pravo vivere naso,*
*Spectandum nigris oculis, nigroque capillo.*

In grave beginnings, and great things profest,
Ye have oft-times, that may o'ershine the rest,
A scarlet piece, or two, stitch'd in: when or
Diana's grove, or altar, with the bor-
D'ring circles of swift waters that intwine
The pleasant grounds, or when the river Rhine,
Or rainbow is describ'd. But here was now
No place for these. And, painter, haply thou
Know'st only well to paint a cypress-tree.
What's this? if he whose money hireth thee
To paint him, hath by swimming, hopeless, scap'd,
The whole fleet wreck'd? A great jar to be shap'd,
Was meant at first; why forcing still about
Thy labouring wheel, comes scarce a pitcher out?
In short, I bid, let what thou work'st upon,
Be simple quite throughout, and wholly one.
Most writers, noble sire, and either son,
Are, with the likeness of the truth, undone.
Myself for shortness labour, and I grow
Obscure. This, striving to run smooth, and flow,
Hath neither soul nor sinews. Lofty he
Professing greatness, swells; that, low by lee,
Creeps on the ground; too safe, afraid of storm.
This seeking, in a various kind, to form
One thing prodigiously, paints in the woods
A dolphin, and a boar amid the floods.
So, shunning faults to greater fault doth lead,
When in a wrong and artless way we tread.
The worst of statuaries, here about
Th' Emilian school, in brass can fashion out
The nails, and every curled hair disclose;
But in the main work hapless: since he knows
Not to design the whole. Should I aspire
To form a work, I would no more desire
To be that smith, than live mark'd one of those,
With fair black eyes and hair, and a wry nose.

*Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam*
*Viribus, et versate diù, quid ferre recusent,*
*Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,*
*Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.*
*Ordinis hæc virtus erit, et Venus, aut ego fallor,*
*Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici;*
*Pleraque differat, et præsens in tempus omittat;*
*Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.*
*In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque serendis,*
*Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum*
*Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè necesse est*
*Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;*
*Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis*
*Continget, dabiturque licentia, sumpta pudentèr.*
*Et nova fictaque nupèr habebunt verba fidem, si*
*Græco fonte cadant, parcè detorta. Quid autem*
*Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum*
*Virgilio Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca*
*Si possum, invideor: cùm lingua Catonis, et Ennî*
*Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum*
*Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit,*
*Signatum præsente notâ producere nomen.*
*Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,*
*Prima cadunt; ità verborum vetus interit ætas,*
*Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata, vigentque.*

Take, therefore, you that write, still, matter fit
Unto your strength, and long examine it,
Upon your shoulders: prove what they will bear,
And what they will not. Him, whose choice doth rear
His matter to his pow'r, in all he makes,
Nor language, nor clear order e'er forsakes;
The virtue of which order, and true grace,
Or I am much deceiv'd, shall be to place
Invention: now to speak; and then defer
Much, that mought now be spoke, omitted here
Till fitter season; now, to like of this,
Lay that aside, the epic's office is.
In using also of new words, to be
Right spare, and wary: then thou speak'st to me
Most worthy praise, when words that common grew
Are, by thy cunning placing, made mere new.
Yet if by chance, in utt'ring things abstruse,
Thou need new terms; thou mayst, without excuse,
Feign words unheard of to the well-truss'd race
Of the Cethegi; and all men will grace,
And give, being taken modestly, this leave,
And those thy new and late coin'd words receive,
So they fall gently from the Grecian spring,
And come not too much wrested. What's that thing
A Roman to Cæcilius will allow,
Or Plautus, and in Virgil disavow,
Or Varius? why am I now envy'd so,
If I can give some small increase? when lo,
Cato's and Ennius' tongues have lent much worth,
And wealth unto our language, and brought forth
New names of things. It hath been ever free,
And ever will, to utter terms that be
Stampt to the time. As woods whose change appears
Still in their leaves, throughout the sliding years,
The first-born dying, so the aged state
Of words decays, and phrases born but late,

*Debemur morti nos nostraque; sive receptus*
*Terrâ Neptunus, classes Aquilonibus arcet,*
*Regis opus; sterilisve diù palus, aptaque remis,*
*Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum:*
*Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis;*
*Doctus iter melius. Mortalia facta peribunt,*
*Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.*
*Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidêre, cadentque*
*Quæ nunc sunt in honore, vocabula, si volet usus;*
*Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus, et norma loquendi.*
*Res gestæ regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella*
*Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*
*Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,*
*Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.*
*Quis tamen exiguos elegos emiserit auctor,*
*Grammatici certant, et adhuc sub judice lis est.*
*Musa dedit fidibus divos puerosque deorum,*
*Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum,*
*Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.*
*Archilochum proprio rabies armavit ïambo.*
*Hunc socci cepêre pedem, grandesque cothurni,*
*Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares*
*Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.*
*Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.*
*Indignatur item privatis, ac propè socco*
*Dignis carminibus celebrari cœna Thyestæ.*

Like tender buds shoot up, and freshly grow.
Ourselves, and all that's ours, to death we owe:
Whether the sea receiv'd into the shore,
That from the north the navy safe doth store,
A kingly work; or that long barren fen
Once rowable, but now doth nourish men
In neighbour towns, and feels the weighty plough;
Or the wild river, who hath changed now
His course, so hurtful both to grain and seeds,
Being taught a better way. All mortal deeds
Shall perish: so far off it is, the state,
Or grace of speech, should hope a lasting date.
Much phrase that now is dead, shall be reviv'd,
And much shall die, that now is nobly liv'd,
If custom please; at whose disposing will
The power and rule of speaking resteth still.
The gests of kings, great captains, and sad wars,
What number best can fit, Homer declares.
In verse unequal match'd, first sour laments,
After men's wishes, crown'd in their events,
Were also clos'd: but who the man should be,
That first sent forth the dapper elegy,
All the grammarians strive; and yet in court
Before the judge, it hangs, and waits report.
Unto the lyric strings, the muse gave grace
To chant the gods, and all their god-like race,
The conqu'ring champion, the prime horse in course,
Fresh lovers business, and the wine's free source.
Th' Iambic arm'd Archilochus to rave,
This foot the socks took up, and buskins grave,
As fit t' exchange discourse; a verse to win
On popular noise with, and do business in.
The comic matter will not be exprest[2]
In tragic verse; no less Thyestes' feast
Abhors low numbers, and the private strain
Fit for the sock: each subject should retain

[2] *The comic matter, &c.*] Oldham, who in his translation of this

*Singula quæque locum teneant sortita decenter.*
*Descriptas servare vices operumque colores*
*Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque poëta salutor?*
*Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quàm discere malo?*
*Interdùm tamen, et vocem comœdia tollit,*
*Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore,*
*Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri*
*Telephus, et Peleus, cùm pauper, et exul uterque,*
*Projicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,*
*Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.*
*Non satis est pulchra esse poëmata: dulcia sunto,*
*Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto.*
*Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent*
*Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est*
*Primùm ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent*
*Telephe, vel Peleu: malè si mandata loqueris,*
*Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mœstum*
*Vultum verba decent: iratum, plena minarum:*
*Ludentem, lasciva: severum, seria dictu.*
*Format enim natura priùs nos intùs ad omnem*
*Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,*
*Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, et angit:*
*Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.*

poem removes the scene from Rome to London, has adapted this passage to our author's dramatic characters:

> " *Volpone* and *Morose* will not admit
> Of *Catiline's* high strains, nor is it fit
> To make *Sejanus* on the Stage appear
> In the low dress which comic persons wear."

The place allotted it, with decent thewes.
If now the turns, the colours, and right hues
Of poems here describ'd, I can nor use,
Nor know t'observe: why (i' the muses name)
Am I call'd poet? wherefore with wrong shame,
Perversely modest, had I rather owe
To ignorance still, than either learn or know?
Yet sometime doth the comedy excite
Her voice, and angry Chremes chafes out-right
With swelling throat: and oft the tragic wight
Complains in humble phrase. Both Telephus,
And Peleus, if they seek to heart-strike us
That are spectators, with their misery,
When they are poor, and banish'd, must throw by
Their bombard-phrase, and foot and half-foot words:
'Tis not enough, th' elaborate muse affords
Her poems beauty, but a sweet delight
To work the hearers' minds still to their plight.
Men's faces still, with such as laugh are prone
To laughter; so they grieve with those that moan;
If thou would'st have me weep, be thou first drown'd
Thyself in tears, then me thy loss will wound,
Peleus, or Telephus. If you speak vile
And ill-penn'd things, I shall or sleep, or smile.
Sad language fits sad looks, stuff'd menacings
The angry brow, the sportive wanton things;
And the severe, speech ever serious.
For nature, first within doth fashion us,
To every state of fortune; she helps on,
Or urgeth us to anger: and anon
With weighty sorrow hurls us all along,
And tortures us: and after, by the tongue

Not only the translation, as is said above, but the arrangement of the text, mainly differs in the folio and minor editions. I have left both as I found them, not knowing what part of either proceeded from Jonson.

*Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,*
*Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.*
*Intererit multum, Davusne loquatur, an heros,*
*Maturúsne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ*
*Fervidus: an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix:*
*Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:*
*Colchus, an Assyrius: Thebis nutritus, an Argis.*
*Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge*
*Scriptor. Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillem,*
*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,*
*Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.*
*Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,*
*Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.*
*Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, et audes*
*Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum*
*Qualis ab incœpto processerit, et sibi constet.*
*Difficile est propriè communia dicere; tuque*
*Rectiùs Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,*
*Quàm si proferres ignota, indictaque primus.*
*Publica materies privati juris erit; si*
*Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem:*
*Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus*
*Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,*

Her truchman, she reports the mind's each throe.
If now the phrase of him that speaks, shall flow
In sound, quite from his fortune; both the rout,
And Roman gentry, jeering, will laugh out.
It much will differ, if a god speak, than,
Or an heroë; if a ripe old man,
Or some hot youth, yet in his flourishing course;
Whêr some great lady, or her diligent nurse;
A vent'ring merchant, or a farmer free
Of some small thankful land: whether he be
Of Colchis born, or in Assyria bred;
Or with the milk of Thebes, or Argus, fed.
Or follow fame, thou that dost write, or feign
Things in themselves agreeing: if again
Honour'd Achilles' chance by thee be seiz'd,
Keep him still active, angry, unappeas'd,
Sharp and contemning laws at him should aim,
Be nought so 'bove him but his sword let claim.
Medea make brave with impetuous scorn;
Ino bewail'd, Ixion false, forsworn;
Poor Io wandring, wild Orestes mad:
If something strange, that never yet was had
Unto the scene thou bring'st, and dar'st create
A mere new person; look he keep his state
Unto the last, as when he first went forth,
Still to be like himself, and hold his worth.
'Tis hard to speak things common properly;
And thou may'st better bring a rhapsody
Of Homer's forth in acts, than of thine own,
First publish things unspoken, and unknown.
Yet common matter thou thine own may'st make,
If thou the vile broad trodden ring forsake.
For, being a poet, thou may'st feign, create,
Not care, as thou wouldst faithfully translate,
To render word for word: nor with thy sleight
Of imitation, leap into a streight,

*Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.*
*Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:*
*Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.*
*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*
*Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*
*Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nil molitur ineptè:*
*Dic mihi. Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,*
*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.*
*Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem*
*Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,*
*Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Charybdim:*
*Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri.*
*Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.*
*Semper ad eventum festinat, et in medias res,*
*Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit: et quæ*
*Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit.*
*Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,*
*Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.*
*Tu quid ego, et populus mecum desideret, audi.*
*Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, et usque*
*Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;*
*Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,*
*Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, et annis.*
*Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, et pede certo*
*Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, et iram*
*Colligit, ac ponit temerè, et mutatur in horas.*

From whence thy modesty, or poem's law
Forbids thee forth again thy foot to draw.
Nor so begin, as did that circler late,
I sing a noble war, and Priam's fate.
What doth this promiser such gaping worth
Afford? The mountains travail'd, and brought forth
A scorned mouse! O, how much better his,
Who nought assays unaptly, or amiss?
Speak to me, muse, the man, who after Troy was sack'd,
Saw many towns and men, and could their manners
tract.
He thinks not how to give you smoke from light,
But light from smoke, that he may draw his bright
Wonders forth after: as Antiphates,
Scylla, Charybdis, Polypheme, with these.
Nor from the brand, with which the life did burn
Of Meleager, brings he the return
Of Diomede; nor Troy's sad war begins
From the two eggs that did disclose the twins.
He ever hastens to the end, and so
(As if he knew it) raps his hearer to
The middle of his matter; letting go
What he despairs, being handled, might not show:
And so well feigns, so mixeth cunningly
Falsehood with truth, as no man can espy
Where the midst differs from the first; or where
The last doth from the midst disjoin'd appear.
Hear what it is the people and I desire:
If such a one's applause thou dost require,
That tarries till the hangings be ta'en down,
And sits till th' epilogue says Clap, or crown:
The customs of each age thou must observe,
And give their years and natures, as they swerve,
Fit rights. The child, that now knows how to say,
And can tread firm, longs with like lads to play;
Soon angry, and soon pleas'd, is sweet, or sour,
He knows not why, and changeth every hour.

*Imberbis juvenis tandem custode remoto,*
*Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine campi,*
*Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,*
*Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,*
*Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere pernix.*
*Conversis studiis, ætas, animusque virilis*
*Quærit opes, et amicitias: inservit honori:*
*Commisisse cavet, quod mox mutare laboret.*
*Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda, vel quòd*
*Quærit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti:*
*Vel quòd res omnes timide gelideque ministrat;*
*Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,*
*Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti*
*Se puero: censor, castigatorque minorum.*
*Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum;*
*Multa recedentes adimunt, ne fortè seniles*
*Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles,*
*Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.*
*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur,*
*Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,*
*Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et quæ*
*Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus*
*Digna geri, promes in scenam: multaque tolles*
*Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.*
*Nec pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;*

Th' unbearded youth, his guardian once being gone,
Loves dogs and horses; and is ever one
I' the open field; is wax-like to be wrought
To every vice, as hardly to be brought
To endure counsel: a provider slow
For his own good, a careless letter-go
Of money, haughty, to desire soon mov'd,
And then as swift to leave what he hath lov'd.
These studies alter now, in one grown man;
His better'd mind seeks wealth and friendship; than
Looks after honours, and bewares to act
What straightway he must labour to retract.
The old man many evils do girt round;
Either because he seeks, and, having found,
Doth wretchedly the use of things forbear,
Or does all business coldly, and with fear;
A great deferrer, long in hope, grown numb
With sloth, yet greedy still of what's to come:
Froward, complaining, a commender glad
Of the times past, when he was a young lad;
And still correcting youth, and censuring.
Man's coming years much good with them do bring:
As his departing take much thence, lest then
The parts of age to youth be given, or men
To children; we must always dwell, and stay
In fitting proper adjuncts to each day.
The business either on the stage is done,
Or acted told. But ever things that run
In at the ear, do stir the mind more slow
Than those the faithful eyes take in by show,
And the beholder to himself doth render.
Yet to the stage at all thou may'st not tender
Things worthy to be done within, but take
Much from the sight, which fair report will make
Present anon: Medea must not kill
Her sons before the people, nor the ill-

*Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius Atreus;*
*Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.*
*Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*
*Neve minor, quinto, neu sit productior actu*
*Fabula, quæ posci vult, et spectata reponi.*
*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*
*Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*
*Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile*
*Defendat, neu quid medios intercinat actus,*
*Quod non proposito conducat, et hæreat aptè.*
*Ille bonis faveatque, et conciletur amicè:*
*Et regat iratos, et amet peccare timentes.*
*Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis: ille salubrem*
*Justitiam, legesque, et apertis otia portis.*
*Ille tegat commissa, deosque precetur, et oret,*
*Ut redeat miseris, abeat fortuna superbis.*
*Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalcho vincta, tubæque*
*Emula, sed tenuis, simplex foramine pauco*
*Aspirare, et adesse choris erat utilis, atque*
*Nondùm spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu.*
*Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,*
*Et frugi, castusque verecundusque coïbat.*
*Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, et urbem*
*Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno,*
*Placari Genius festis impunè diebus,*
*Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.*
*Indoctus quid enim saperet, liberque laborum,*

Natur'd and wicked Atreus cook to th' eye
His nephew's entrails; nor must Progne fly
Into a swallow there; nor Cadmus take
Upon the stage the figure of a snake.
What so is shown, I not believe, and hate.
Nor must the fable, that would hope the fate
Once seen, to be again call'd for, and play'd,
Have more or less than just five acts: nor laid,
To have a god come in; except a knot
Worth his untying happen there: and not
Any fourth man, to speak at all, aspire.
An actor's parts, and office too, the quire
Must maintain manly: nor be heard to sing
Between the acts, a quite clean other thing
Than to the purpose leads, and fitly 'grees.
It still must favour good men, and to these
Be won a friend; it must both sway and bend
The angry, and love those that fear t' offend.
Praise the spare diet, wholesome justice, laws,
Peace, and the open ports, that peace doth cause.
Hide faults, pray to the gods, and wish aloud
Fortune would love the poor, and leave the proud.
The hau'boy, not as now with latten bound,
And rival with the trumpet for his sound,
But soft, and simple, at few holds breath'd time
And tune too, fitted to the chorus' rhyme,
As loud enough to fill the seats, not yet
So over-thick, but where the people met,
They might with ease be number'd, being a few
Chaste, thrifty, modest folk, that came to view.
But as they conquer'd and enlarg'd their bound,
That wider walls embrac'd their city round,
And they uncensur'd might at feasts and plays
Steep the glad genius in the wine whole days,
Both in their tunes the license greater grew,
And in their numbers; for alas, what knew
The idiot, keeping holiday, or drudge,

*Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto?*
*Sic priscæ motumque, et luxuriam addidit arti*
*Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem.*
*Sic etiam fidibus voces crevêre severis,*
*Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia præceps.*
*Utiliumque sagax rerum, et divina futuri*
*Sortilegis non descrepuit sententia Delphis.*
*Ignotum Tragicæ genus invenisse Camœnæ*
*Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poëmata Thespis,*
*Quæ canerent agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.*
*Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ*
*Æschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,*
*Et docuit magnumque loqui nitique cothurno.*
*Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum,*
*Mox etiam agrestes satyros nudavit, et asper*
*Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit: eò quòd*
*Illecebris erat, et gratâ novitate morandus*
*Spectator, functusque sacris, et potus, et exlex.*
*Verùm ita risores, ita commendare dicaces*
*Convenient satyros, ità vertere seria ludo:*
*Ne, quicunque deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros,*
*Regali conspectus in auro nuper, et ostro,*
*Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas;*
*Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes, et inania captet.*
*Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus:*
*Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,*

Clown, townsman, base and noble mixt, to judge?
Thus to his ancient art the piper lent
Gesture and Riot, whilst he swooping went
In his train'd gown about the stage: so grew
In time to tragedy, a music new.
The rash and headlong eloquence brought forth
Unwonted language: and that sense of worth
That found out profit, and foretold each thing
Now differed not from Delphic riddling.
Thespis is said to be the first found out
The Tragedy, and carried it about,
Till then unknown, in carts, wherein did ride
Those that did sing, and act: their faces dy'd
With lees of wine. Next Eschylus, more late
Brought in the visor, and the robe of state,
Built a small timber'd stage, and taught them talk
Lofty and grave, and in the buskin stalk.
He too, that did in tragic verse contend
For the vile goat, soon after forth did send
The rough rude satyrs naked, and would try,
Though sour, with safety of his gravity,
How he could jest, because he mark'd and saw
The free spectators subject to no law,
Having well eat and drunk, the rites being done,
Were to be staid with softnesses, and won
With something that was acceptably new.
Yet so the scoffing satyrs to men's view,
And so their prating to present was best,
And so to turn all earnest into jest,
As neither any god were brought in there,
Or semi-god, that late was seen to wear
A royal crown and purple, be made hop
With poor base terms through every baser shop:
Or whilst he shuns the earth, to catch at air
And empty clouds. For tragedy is fair,
And far unworthy to blurt out light rhymes;
But as a matron drawn at solemn times

*Intererit satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.*
*Non ego inornata, et dominantia nomina solum,*
*Verbaque, Pisones, satyrorum scriptor amabo:*
*Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori*
*Ut nihil intersit, Davusne loquatur, an audax*
*Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum;*
*An custos, famulusque dei Silenus alumni.*
*Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi quivis*
*Speret idem: sudet multùm frustraque laboret*
*Ausus idem: tantum series juncturaque pollet:*
*Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris.*
*Silvis deducti caveant, me judice, Fauni,*
*Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses,*
*Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,*
*Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta.*
*Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et res:*
*Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat, et nucis emptor,*
*Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.*
*Successit vetus his Comœdia non sine multâ*
*Laude, sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim*
*Dignam lege regi. Lex est accepta, chorusque*
*Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.*
*Syllaba longa brevi subjecta vocatur Iambus,*
*Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere jussit*
*Nomen Iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,*
*Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem*

To dance, so she should shamefac'd differ far
From what th' obscene and petulant satyrs are.
Nor I, when I write satyrs, will so love
Plain phrase, my Pisos, as alone t' approve
Mere reigning words: nor will I labour so
Quite from all face of tragedy to go,
As not make difference, whether Davus speak,
And the bold Pythias, having cheated weak
Simo, and of a talent wip'd his purse;
Or old Silenus, Bacchus' guard and nurse.
I can out of known geer a fable frame,
And so as every man may hope the same;
Yet he that offers at it may sweat much,
And toil in vain: the excellence is such
Of order and connexion; so much grace
There comes sometimes to things of meanest place.
But let the Fauns, drawn from their groves, beware,
Be I their judge, they do at no time dare,
Like men street-born, and near the hall rehearse
Their youthful tricks in over-wanton verse;
Or crack out bawdy speeches, and unclean.
The Roman gentry, men of birth and mean,
Will take offence at this: nor though it strike
Him that buys chiches blanch'd, or chance to like
The nut-crackers throughout, will they therefore
Receive or give it an applause the more.
To these succeeded the old comedy,
And not without much praise, till liberty
Fell into fault so far, as now they saw
Her license fit to be restrain'd by law:
Which law receiv'd, the chorus held his peace,
His power of foully hurting made to cease.
Two rests, a short and long, th' Iambic frame;
A foot, whose swiftness gave the verse the name
Of Trimeter, when yet it was six-pac'd,
But mere Iambics all, from first to last.
Nor is't long since they did with patience take

*Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,*
*Spondæos stabiles in jura paterna recepit*
*Commodus, et patiens: non ut de sede secunda*
*Cederet, aut quarta socialiter: hic et in Accî*
*Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Ennî.*
*In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,*
*Aut operæ celeris nimium, curaque carentis,*
*Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.*
*Non quivis videt immodulata poëmata judex:*
*Et data Romanis venia est indigna poëtis,*
*Idcircòne vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes*
*Visuros peccata putem mea? tutus, et intra*
*Spem veniæ cautus? vitavi denique culpam,*
*Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca*
*Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.*
*At nostri proavi Plautinos, et numeros, et*
*Laudavere sales: nimium patienter utrumque,*
*Ne dicam stultè, mirati; si modò ego, et vos*
*Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,*
*Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, et aure.*
*Nil intentatum nostri liquere poëtæ,*
*Nec minimum meruêre decus, vestigia Græca*
*Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta:*
*Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuêre togatas.*
*Nec virtute foret, clarisve potentius armis,*

Into their birth-right, and for fitness sake,
The steady Spondees; so themselves do bear
More slow, and come more weighty to the ear:
Provided, ne'er to yield, in any case
Of fellowship, the fourth or second place.
This foot yet, in the famous Trimeters
Of Accius and Ennius, rare appears:
So rare, as with some tax it doth engage
Those heavy verses sent so to the stage,
Of too much haste, and negligence in part,
Or a worse crime, the ignorance of art.
But every judge hath not the faculty
To note in poems breach of harmony;
And there is given too unworthy leave
To Roman poets. Shall I therefore weave
My verse at random, and licentiously?
Or rather, thinking all my faults may spy,
Grow a safe writer, and be wary driven
Within the hope of having all forgiven.
'Tis clear this way I have got off from blame,
But, in conclusion, merited no fame.
Take you the Greek examples for your light,
In hand, and turn them over day and night.
Our ancestors did Plautus' numbers praise,
And jests; and both to admiration raise
Too patiently, that I not fondly say,
If either you or I know the right way
To part scurrility from wit; or can
A lawful verse by th' ear or finger scan.
Our poets too left nought unproved here;
Nor did they merit the less crown to wear,
In daring to forsake the Grecian tracts,
And celebrating our own home-born facts;
Whether the garded tragedy they wrought,
Or 'twere the gowned comedy they taught.
Nor had our Italy more glorious been
In virtue, and renown of arms, than in

*Quàm linguâ, Latium, si non offenderet unum-*
*Quemque poëtarum limæ labor, et mora. Vos, ô*
*Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non*
*Multa dies, et multa litura coërcuit, atque*
*Perfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.*
*Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte*
*Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poëtas*
*Democritus, bona pars non ungues ponere curat,*
*Non barbam; secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.*
*Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenque poetæ,*
*Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam*
*Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,*
*Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam.*
*Non alius faceret meliora poëmata: verùm,*
*Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum*
*Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi.*
*Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;*
*Unde parentur opes: quid alat formetque poëtam:*
*Quid deceat, quid non: quò virtus, quò ferat error.*
*Scribendi rectè sapere est et principium et fons.*
*Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:*
*Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.*
*Qui didicit, patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis:*
*Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus, et hospes:*

Her language, if the stay and care t' have mended,
Had not our every poet like offended.
But you, Pompilius' offspring, spare you not
To tax that verse, which many a day and blot
Have not kept in; and (lest perfection fail)
Not ten times o'er corrected to the nail.
Because Democritus believes a wit
Happier than wretched art, and doth by it
Exclude all sober poets from their share
In Helicon; a great sort will not pare
Their nails, nor shave their beards, but to bye-paths
Retire themselves, avoid the public baths;
For so they shall not only gain the worth,
But fame of poets, they think, if they come forth
And from the barber Licinus conceal
Their heads, which three Anticyras cannot heal.
O I left-witted, that purge every spring
For choler! if I did not, who could bring
Out better poems? but I cannot buy
My title at the rate, I'd rather, I,
Be like a whetstone, that an edge can put
On steel, though't self be dull, and cannot cut.
I writing nought myself, will teach them yet
Their charge and office, whence their wealth to fet,
What nourisheth, what formed, what begot
The poet, what becometh, and what not,
Whither truth may, and whither error bring.
The very root of writing well, and spring
Is to be wise; thy matter first to know,
Which the Socratic writings best can show:
And where the matter is provided still,
There words will follow, not against their will.
He that hath studied well the debt, and knows
What to his country, what his friends he owes,
What height of love a parent will fit best,
What brethren, what a stranger, and his guest,

*Quod sit conscripti, quod judicis officium: quæ*
*Partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profectò*
*Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*
*Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo*
*Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.*
*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè*
*Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere, et arte,*
*Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,*
*Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*
*Graiis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo*
*Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.*
*Romani pueri longis rationibus assem*
*Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat*
*Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est*
*Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse triens: eu,*
*Rem poteris servare tuam: redit uncia: quid fit?*
*Semis: ad hæc animos ærugo, et cura peculî,*
*Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi*
*Posse linenda cedro, at lævi servanda cupresso?*
*Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poëtæ,*
*Aut simul et jucunda, et idonea dicere vitæ.*
*Sylvestres homines sacer, interpresque deorum,*
*Cædibus et victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus,*
*Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones:*
*Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,*
*Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda*

Can tell a statesman's duty, what the arts
And office of a judge are, what the parts
Of a brave chief sent to the wars: he can,
Indeed, give fitting dues to every man.
And I still bid the learned maker look
On life, and manners, and make those his book,
Thence draw forth true expressions. For sometimes,
A poem of no grace, weight, art, in rhymes
With specious places, and being humour'd right,
More strongly takes the people with delight,
And better stays them there than all fine noise
Of verse, mere matterless, and tinkling toys.
The muse not only gave the Greeks a wit,
But a well-compass'd mouth to utter it.
Being men were covetous of nought, but praise:
Our Roman youths they learn the subtle ways
How to divide into a hundred parts
A pound, or piece, by their long compting arts:
There's Albin's son will say, Subtract an ounce
From the five ounces, what remains? pronounce
A third of twelve, you may; four ounces. Glad,
He cries, good boy. thou'lt keep thine own. Now add
An ounce, what makes it then? the half-pound just,
Six ounces. O, when once the canker'd rust,
And care of getting, thus our minds hath stain'd;
Think we, or hope there can be verses feign'd
In juice of cedar worthy to be steep'd,
And in smooth cypress boxes to be keep'd?
Poets would either profit or delight;
Or mixing sweet and fit, teach life the right.
Orpheus, a priest, and speaker of the gods,
First frighted men, that wildly liv'd, at odds,
From slaughters, and foul life; and for the same
Was tigers said, and lions fierce to tame.
Amphion too, that built the Theban towers,
Was said to move the stones by his lute's powers,

*Ducere quo vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,*
*Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis,*
*Concubitu prohibere vago: dare jura maritis,*
*Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.*
*Sic honor, et nomen divinis vatibus, atque*
*Carminibus venit: post hos insignis Homerus,*
*Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella*
*Versibus exacuit: dictæ per carmina sortes,*
*Et vitæ monstrata via est, et gratia regum*
*Pieriis tentata modis, ludusque repertus,*
*Et longorum operum finis: ne fortè pudori*
*Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.*
*Quicquid præcipies esto brevis: ut citò dicta*
*Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.*
*Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*
*Ficta, voluptatis causâ, sint proxima veris.*
*Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:*
*Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat alvo.*
*Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:*
*Celsi prætereunt austera poëmata Rhamnes.*
*Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,*
*Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.*
*Hic meret æra liber Sosiis: hic et mare transit,*
*Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.*
*Sunt delicta tamen quibus ignovisse velimus.*

And lead them with soft songs, where that he would.
This was the wisdom that they had of old,
Things sacred from profane to separate;
The public from the private, to abate
Wild raging lusts; prescribe the marriage good;
Build towns, and carve the laws in leaves of wood.
And thus at first, an honour, and a name
To divine poets, and their verses came.
Next these, great Homer and Tyrtæus set
On edge the masculine spirits, and did whet
Their minds to wars, and rhymes they did rehearse;
The oracles too were given out in verse;
All way of life was shewn; the grace of kings
Attempted by the muses tunes and strings;
Plays were found out, and rest, the end and crown
Of their long labours, was in verse set down:
All which I tell, lest when Apollo's nam'd,
Or muse, upon the lyre, thou chance b' asham'd.
Be brief in what thou wouldst command, that so
The docile mind might soon thy precepts know,
And hold them faithfully; for nothing rests,
But flows out, that o'erswelleth, in full breasts.
Let what thou feign'st for pleasure's sake, be near
The truth; nor let thy fable think whate'er
It would, must be: lest it alive would draw
The child, when Lamia has din'd, out of her maw.
The poems void of profit, our grave men
Cast out by voices; want they pleasure, then
Our gallants give them none, but pass them by;
But he hath every suffrage, can apply
Sweet mixt with sour to his reader, so
As doctrine and delight together go.
This book will get the Sosii money; this
Will pass the seas, and long as nature is,
With honour make the far-known author live.
There are yet faults, which we would well forgive,

*Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus, et*
*mens,*
*Poscentique gravem, persæpe remittit acutum:*
*Nec semper feriet, quodcunque minabitur arcus.*
*Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis*
*Offendar maculis quas aut incuria fudit,*
*Aut humana parum cavit natura: quid ergo?*
*Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,*
*Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; et citharœdus*
*Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem:*
*Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Chœrilus ille,*
*Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror; et idem*
*Indignor: quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*
*Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*
*Ut pictura, poësis erit: quæ, si propius stes,*
*Te capiet magis, et quædam, si longius abstes.*
*Hæc amat obscurum: volet hæc sub luce videri,*
*Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.*
*Hæc placuit semel: hæc decies repetita placebit.*
*O major juvenum, quamvis, et voce paterna*
*Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapis, hoc tibi dictum*
*Tolle memor: certis medium, et tolerabile rebus*
*Rectè concedi: consultus juris, et actor*
*Causarum mediocris, abest virtute diserti*
*Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:*
*Sed tamen in pretio est. Mediocribus esse poëtis*
*Non homines, non dî, non concessere columnæ.*
*Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,*

For neither doth the string still yield that sound
The hand and mind would, but it will resound
Oft-times a sharp, when we require a flat:
Nor always doth the loosed bow hit that
Which it doth threaten. Therefore, where I see
Much in the poem shine, I will not be
Offended with few spots, which negligence
Hath shed, or human frailty not kept thence,
How then? why as a scrivener, if h' offend
Still in the same, and warned will not mend,
Deserves no pardon; or who'd play, and sing
Is laugh'd at, that still jarreth on one string:
So he that flaggeth much, becomes to me
A Cherilus, in whom if I but see
Twice or thrice good, I wonder; but am more
Angry. Sometimes I hear good Homer snore;
But I confess, that in a long work, sleep
May, with some right, upon an author creep.
As painting, so is poesy. Some man's hand
Will take you more, the nearer that you stand;
As some the farther off; this loves the dark;
This fearing not the subtlest judge's mark,
Will in the light be view'd: this once the sight
Doth please, this ten times over will delight.
You, sir, the elder brother, though you are
Informed rightly, by your father's care,
And of yourself too understand; yet mind
This saying: to some things there is assign'd
A mean, and toleration, which does well:
There may a lawyer be, may not excel;
Or pleader at the bar, that may come short
Of eloquent Messala's power in court,
Or knows not what Cacellius Aulus can;
Yet there's a value given to this man.
But neither men, nor gods, nor pillars meant,
Poets should ever be indifferent.
As jarring music doth at jolly feasts,

*Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver,*
*Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:*
*Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,*
*Si paulum a summo discessit, vergit ad imum.*
*Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis,*
*Indoctusque pilæ discive, trochive, quiescit,*
*Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ.*
*Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere: quid nî?*
*Liber, et ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem*
*Summam nummorum, vitioque; remotus ab omni.*
*Tu nihil invitâ dices, facievse Minervâ.*
*Id tibi judicium est, ea mens, si quid tamen olim*
*Scripseris, in Metî descendat judicis aures,*
*Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in annum.*
*Membranis intus positis delere licebit,*
*Quod non edideris. Nescit vox missa reverti.*
*Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,*
*Quæsitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,*
*Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic*
*Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amicè.*
*Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,*
*Multa tulit fecitque puer: sudavit, et alsit,*
*Abstinuit Venere, et vino: qui Pythica cantat*
*Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magistrum.*
*Nunc satis est dixisse, Ego mira poëmata pango:*

Or thick gross ointment but offend the guests:
As poppy, and Sardan honey; 'cause without
These, the free meal might have been well drawn out:
So any poem, fancied, or forth-brought
To bett'ring of the mind of man, in aught,
If ne'er so little it depart the first
And highest, sinketh to the lowest and worst.
He that not knows the games, nor how to use
His arms in Mars his field, he doth refuse;
Or who's unskilful at the coit, or ball,
Or trundling wheel, he can sit still from all;
Lest the throng'd heaps should on a laughter take:
Yet who's most ignorant, dares verses make.
Why not? I'm gentle, and free born, do hate
Vice, and am known to have a knight's estate.
Thou, such thy judgment is, thy knowledge too,
Wilt nothing against nature speak or do;
But if hereafter thou shalt write, not fear
To send it to be judg'd by Metius' ear,
And to your father's, and to mine, though't be
Nine years kept in, your papers by, yo' are free
To change and mend, what you not forth do set.
The writ, once out, never returned yet.
'Tis now inquir'd which makes the nobler verse,
Nature, or art. My judgment will not pierce
Into the profits, what a mere rude brain
Can; nor all toil, without a wealthy vein:
So doth the one the other's help require,
And friendly should unto one end conspire.
He that's ambitious in the race to touch
The wished goal, both did, and suffer'd much
While he was young; he sweat, and freez'd again,
And both from wine and women did abstain.
Who since to sing the Pythian rites is heard,
Did learn them first, and once a master fear'd.
But now it is enough to say, I make
An admirable verse. The great scurf take

*Occupet extremum scabies, mihi turpe relinqui est,*
*Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.*
*Ut præco ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas,*
*Adsentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poëta*
*Dives agris, dives positis in fœnore nummis.*
*Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,*
*Et spondere levi pro paupere, et eripere atris*
*Litibus implicitum; mirabor, si sciet inter-*
*noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.*
*Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,*
*Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum*
*Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, Pulchrè, benè, rectè.*
*Pallescit super his: etiam stillabit amicis*
*Ex oculis rorem, saliet, tundet pede terram.*
*Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt,*
*Et faciunt propè plura dolentibus ex animo: sic*
*Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.*
*Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,*
*Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,*
*An sit amicitiâ dignus: si carmina condes,*
*Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*
*Quintilio, si quid recitares, corrige, sodes,*
*Hoc, aiebat, et hoc: meliùs te posse negares,*
*Bis, terque expertum frustra; delere jubebat,*
*Et malè tornatos incudi reddere versus,*
*Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere malles,*
*Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam sumebat inanem,*

Him that is last, I scorn to come behind,
Or of the things that ne'er came in my mind
To say, I'm ignorant. Just as a crier
That to the sale of wares calls every buyer;
So doth the poet, who is rich in land,
Or great in moneys out at use, command
His flatterers to their gain. But say, he can
Make a great supper, or for some poor man
Will be a surety, or can help him out
Of an entangling suit, and bring't about:
I wonder how this happy man should know,
Whether his soothing friend speak truth or no.
But you, my Piso, carefully beware
(Whether yo'are given to, or giver are)
You do not bring to judge your verses, one,
With joy of what is given him, over-gone:
For he'll cry, Good, brave, better, excellent!
Look pale, distil a shower (was never meant)
Out at his friendly eyes, leap, beat the groun',
As those that hir'd to weep at funerals swoon,
Cry, and do more to the true mourners: so
The scoffer the true praiser doth out-go.
Rich men are said with many cups to ply,
And rack with wine the man whom they would try,
If of their friendship he be worthy or no:
When you write verses, with your judge do so:
Look through him, and be sure you take not mocks
For praises, where the mind conceals a fox.
If to Quintilius you recited aught,
He'd say, Mend this, good friend, and this; 'tis naught.
If you denied you had no better strain,
And twice or thrice had 'ssay'd it, still in vain:
He'd bid blot all, and to the anvil bring
Those ill-torn'd verses to new hammering.
Then if your fault you rather had defend
Than change; no word or work more would he spend

*Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.*
*Vir bonus et prudens, versus reprehendit inertes,*
*Culpabit duros, incomptis allinet atrum*
*Transverso calamo signum, ambitiosa recidet*
*Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget:*
*Arguet ambiguè dictum, mutanda notabit:*
*Fiet Aristarchus, nec dicet, Cur ego amicum*
*Offendam in nugis? hæ nugæ seria ducent*
*In mala, semel derisum, exceptumque sinistrè.*
*Ut mala quem scabies, aut morbus regius urget,*
*Aut fanaticus error, et iracunda Diana,*
*Vesanum tetigisse timent, fugiuntque poetam,*
*Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.*
*Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, et errat;*
*Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps*
*In puteum, foveamve, licet Succurrite, longum*
*Clamet Iò cives! non sit qui tollere curet.*
*Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem,*
*Quî scis, an prudens huc se dejecerit, atque*
*Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ*
*Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi*
*Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam*
*Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poëtis.*
*Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.*

In vain, but you and yours you should love still
Alone, without a rival, by his will.
  A wise and honest man will cry out shame
On artless verse; the hard ones he will blame,
Blot out the careless with his turned pen;
Cut off superfluous ornaments, and when
They're dark, bid clear this: all that's doubtful wrote
Reprove, and what is to be changed note;
Become an Aristarchus. And not say
Why should I grieve my friend this trifling way?
These trifles into serious mischiefs lead
The man once mock'd, and suffer'd wrong to tread.
  Wise sober folk a frantic poet fear;
And shun to touch him, as a man that were
Infected with the leprosy, or had
The yellow jaundice, or were furious mad,
According to the moon. But then the boys
They vex, and follow him with shouts and noise;
The while he belcheth lofty verses out,
And stalketh, like a fowler, round about,
Busy to catch a black-bird, if he fall
Into a pit or hole, although he call
And cry aloud, Help, gentle countrymen!
There's none will take the care to help him then;
For if one should, and with a rope make haste
To let it down, who knows if he did cast
Himself there purposely or no, and would
Not thence be sav'd, although indeed he could?
I'll tell you but the death and the disease
Of the Sicilian poet Empedocles:
He, while he labour'd to be thought a god
Immortal, took a melancholic, odd
Conceit, and into burning Ætna leapt.
Let poets perish, that will not be kept.
He that preserves a man against his will,
Doth the same thing with him that would him kill.
Nor did he do this once; for if you can

*Nec semel hoc fecit: nec si retractus erit, jam*
*Fiet homo: et ponet famosæ mortis amorem.*
*Nec satis apparet, cur versus factitet: utrum*
*Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental*
*Moverit incestus: certè jurit, ac, velut ursus,*
*Objectos caveæ valuit si frangere clathros,*
*Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.*
*Quem verò arripuit, tenet occiditque legendo,*
*Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirudo.*

## HORAT. OD. LIB. V. OD. II.

### VITÆ RUSTICÆ LAUDES.

*BEATUS ille,*[3] *qui procul negotiis,*
*Ut prisca gens mortalium,*
*Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,*
*Solutus omni fœnore:*
*Nec excitatur classico miles truci,*
*Nec horret iratum mare:*
*Forumque vitat, et superba civium*
*Potentiorum limina.*
*Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine*
*Altas maritat populos:*
*Inutilesque falce ramos amputans,*
*Feliciores inseret:*
*Aut in reducta valle mugientium*
*Prospectat errantes greges:*

[3] *Beatus ille, &c.*] This Ode seems to have been a peculiar favourite with the poets of our author's age. It is translated by sir John Beaumont, Randolph and others; but by none of them with much success. Denham had not yet propagated his manly and judicious sentiments on translation, and the grace and freedom of

Recall him yet, he'd be no more a man,
Or love of this so famous death lay by.
  His cause of making verses none knows why,
Whether he piss'd upon his father's grave,
Or the sad thunder-stroken thing he have
Defiled, touch'd; but certain he was mad,
And as a bear, if he the strength but had
To force the grates that hold him in, would fright
All: so this grievous writer puts to flight
Learn'd and unlearn'd, holding whom once he takes,
And there an end of him reciting makes;
Not letting go his hold, where he draws food,
Till he drop off, a horse-leech, full of blood.

## THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

HAPPY is he, that from all business clear,
  As the old race of mankind were,
With his own oxen tills his sire's left lands,
  And is not in the usurer's bands:
Nor soldier-like, started with rough alarms,
  Nor dreads the sea's enraged harms:
But flies the bar and courts, with the proud boards,
  And waiting-chambers of great lords.
The poplar tall he then doth marrying twine
  With the grown issue of the vine;
And with his hook lops off the fruitless race,
  And sets more happy in the place:
Or in the bending vale beholds afar
  The lowing herds there grazing are:

poetry were sacrificed by almost general consent to a strict and rigid fidelity. As these versions have no date, it is not possible to say whether they were the exercises of the school-boy or the productions of riper age. None of them were committed to the press by the poet.

*Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,*
*Aut tondet infirmas oves:*
*Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput*
*Autumnus arvis extulit:*
*Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,*
*Certantem et uvam purpuræ,*
*Quâ muneretur te, Priape, et te, pater*
*Sylvane, tutor finium!*
*Libet jacere modò sub antiqua ilice;*
*Modò in tenaci gramine.*
*Labuntur altis interim ripis aquæ:*
*Queruntur in sylvis aves,*
*Fontesque lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,*
*Somnos quod invitet leves.*
*At cum tonentis annus hibernus Jovis*
*Imbres nivesque comparat;*
*Aut trudit acres hinc, et hinc multâ cane*
*Apros in obstantes plagas:*
*Aut amite levi rara tendit retia;*
*Turdis edacibus dolos;*
*Pavidumque leporem, et advenam laqueo gruem,*
*Jucunda captat præmia:*
*Quis non malarum, quas amor curas habet,*
*Hæc inter obliviscitur?*
*Quòd si pudica mulier in partem juvet*
*Domum, atque dulces liberos,*
*(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus*
*Pernicis uxor Appuli*
*Sacrum vestusti extruat lignis focum*
*Lassi sub adventum viri)*
*Claudensque textis cratibus lætum pecus*
*Distenta siccet ubera;*
*Et horna dulci vina promens dolio*
*Dapes inemptas apparet;*
*Non me Lucrina juverint conchylia,*
*Magisve rhombus, aut scari*

Or the prest honey in pure pots doth keep
Of earth, and shears the tender sheep:
Or when that autumn through the fields lifts round
His head, with mellow apples crown'd,
How plucking pears, his own hand grafted had,
And purple-matching grapes, he's glad!
With which, Priapus, he may thank thy hands,
And, Sylvan, thine, that kept'st his lands!
Then now beneath some ancient oak he may
Now in the rooted grass him lay,
Whilst from the higher banks do slide the floods;
The soft birds quarrel in the woods,
The fountains murmur as the streams do creep,
And all invite to easy sleep.
Then when the thund'ring Jove, his snow and showers
Are gathering by the wintry hours:
Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a hound
Wild boars into his toils pitch'd round:
Or strains on his small fork his subtle nets
For th' eating thrush, or pit-falls sets:
And snares the fearful hare, and new-come crane,
And 'counts them sweet rewards so ta'en.
Who amongst these delights, would not forget
Love's cares so evil and so great?
But if, to boot with these, a chaste wife meet
For household aid, and children sweet;
Such as the Sabines, or a sun-burnt blowse,
Some lusty quick Apulian's spouse,
To deck the hallow'd hearth with old wood fired
Against the husband comes home tired;
That penning the glad flock in hurdles by,
Their swelling udders doth draw dry:
And from the sweet tub wine of this year takes,
And unbought viands ready makes.
Not Lucrine oysters I could then more prize,
Nor turbot, nor bright golden-eyes:

*Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus*
*Hyems ad hoc vertat mare:*
*Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum:*
*Non attagen Ionicus*
*Jucundior, quam lecta de pinguissimis*
*Oliva ramis arborum:*
*Aut herba lapathi prata amantis, et gravi*
*Malvæ salubres corpori;*
*Vel agna festis cæsa terminalibus:*
*Vel hædus ereptus lupo.*
*Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas oves*
*Videre properanteis domum!*
*Videre fessos vomerem inversum boves*
*Collo trahentes languido!*
*Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,*
*Circum renidentes lares!*
*Hæc ubi locutus fœnerator Alphius,*
*Jam jam futurus rusticus,*
*Omnem relegit idibus pecuniam;*
*Quærit calendis ponere.*

## HORACE, ODE I. LIB. IV.

### Ad Venerem.

*INTERMISSA Venus diu,*
*Rursus bella moves: parce precor, precor:*
*Non sumqualis eram bonæ*
*Sub regno Cynaræ: desine dulcium*
*Mater sæva Cupidinum,*
*Circa lustra decem flectere mollibus*
*Jam durum imperiis: abi*
*Quò blandæ juvenum te revocant preces.*
*Tempestivius in domo*
*Pauli purpureis ales oloribus,*

If with bright floods, the winter troubled much,
Into our seas send any such:
The Ionian godwit, nor the ginny-hen
Could not go down my belly then
More sweet than olives, that new-gather'd be
From fattest branches of the tree:
Or the herb sorrel, that loves meadows still,
Or mallows loosing bodies ill:
Or at the feast of bounds, the lamb then slain,
Or kid forc'd from the wolf again,
Among these cates how glad the sight doth come
Of the fed flocks approaching home:
To view the weary oxen draw, with bare
And fainting necks, the turned share!
The wealthy household swarm of bondmen met,
And 'bout the steaming chimney set!
These thoughts when usurer Alphius, now about
To turn mere farmer, had spoke out;
'Gainst the ides, his moneys he gets in with pain,
At the calends puts all out again.

## ODE I. BOOK IV.

### To Venus.

VENUS, again thou mov'st a war
Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
I am not such, as in the reign
Of the good Cynara I was: refrain
Sour mother of sweet Loves, forbear
To bend a man now at his fiftieth year
Too stubborn for commands so slack:
Go where youth's soft entreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maximus:

*Comissabere Maximi,*
*Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum.*
*Namque et nobilis, et decens,*
*Et pro solicitis non tacitus reis.*
*Et centum puer artium,*
*Latè signa feret militiæ tuæ.*
*Et quandoque potentior*
*Largi muneribus riserit æmuli,*
*Albanos prope te lacus*
*Ponet marmoream sub trabe cyprea.*
*Illic plurima naribus*
*Duces tura, lyræque, et Berecynthiâ*
*Delectabere tibiâ*
*Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.*
*Illic bis pueri die,*
*Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum*
*Laudantes, pede candido*
*In morem Salium ter quatient humum.*
*Me nec fœmina nec puer*
*Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,*
*Nec certare juvat mero:*
*Nec vincire novis tempora floribus.*
*Sed cur, heu! Ligurine, cur*
*Manat rara meas lachryma per genas?*
*Cur facunda parum decoro*
*Inter verba cadit lingua silentio?*
*Nocturnis te ego somniis*
*Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor:*
*Te per gramina Martii*
*Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.*

There jest and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit liver thou dost seek to toast;
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
And for the troubled client files his tongue:
Child of a hundred arts, and far
Will he display the ensigns of thy war.
And when he smiling finds his grace
With thee 'bove all his rivals' gifts take place,
He'll thee a marble statue make
Beneath a sweet-wood roof near Alba lake,
There shall thy dainty nostril take
In many a gum, and for thy soft ears' sake
Shall verse be set to harp and lute,
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.
There twice a day in sacred lays,
The youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise:
And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor wanton boy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual joy;
Nor care I now healths to propound,
Or with fresh flowers to girt my temple round.
But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
Flow my thin tears down these pale cheeks of mine?
Or why my well-grac'd words among
With an uncomely silence fails my tongue?
Hard-hearted, I dream every night
I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the light,
Whether in Mars his field thou be,
Or Tyber's winding streams, I follow thee.

## ODE IX. LIB. III. AD LYDIAM.

### Dialogus Horatii et Lydiæ.

Horatii.

*DONEC gratus eram tibi,*[4]
*Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ*
*Cervici juvenis dabat;*
*Persarum vigui rege beatior.*

Lyd. *Donec non alia magis*
*Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,*
*Multi Lydia nominis*
*Romana vigui clarior Ilia.*

Hor. *Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,*
*Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens:*
*Pro qua non metuam mori,*
*Si parcent animæ fata superstiti,*

Lyd. *Me torret face mutua*
*Thurini Calaïs filius Ornithi:*
*Pro quo bis patiar mori,*
*Si parcent puero fata superstiti.*

Hor. *Quid si prisca redit Venus,*
*Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?*
*Si flava excutitur Chloë*
*Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?*

Lyd. *Quamquam sidere pulchrior*
*Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo*
*Iracundior Adria,*
*Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.*

[4] *Donec gratus, &c.*] This little piece has always been a favourite. Granger, whose knowledge of our old writers did not extend much beyond their portraits, tells us that the first English version of this Ode was made by Herrick. The *Hesperides* were

## ODE IX. BOOK III. TO LYDIA.

### Dialogue of Horace and Lydia.

*Horace.*

WHILST, Lydia, I was lov'd of thee,
And 'bout thy ivory neck no youth did fling
His arms more acceptably free,
I thought me richer than the Persian king.

*Lyd.* Whilst Horace lov'd no mistress more,
Nor after Chloe did his Lydia sound;
In name, I went all names before,
The Roman Ilia was not more renown'd.

*Hor.* 'Tis true, I'm Thracian Chloe's, I,
Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning plays,
As, for her, I'ld not fear to die,
So fate would give her life, and longer days.

*Lyd.* And I am mutually on fire
With gentle Calais, Thurine Ornith's son,
For whom I doubly would expire,
So fate would let the boy a long thread run.

*Hor.* But say old love return should make,
And us disjoin'd force to her brazen yoke;
That I bright Chloe off should shake,
And to left Lydia, now the gate stood ope?

*Lyd.* Though he be fairer than a star;
Thou lighter than the bark of any tree,
And than rough Adria angrier far;
Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

not published till 1648, and to say nothing of the translation before us, a dozen, perhaps, had appeared before that period. I have one by Francis Davison as early as 1608, but neither is this the first: —the matter however, is of no great moment.

## Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

*FOEDA est in coitu, et brevis voluptas,*
*Et tædet Veneris statim peractæ.*
*Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,*
*Cæci protinùs irruamus illuc:*
*Nam languescit amor peritque flamma,*
*Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,*
*Et tecum jaceamus osculantes:*
*Hic nullus labor est, ruborque nullus;*
*Hoc juvit, juvat, et diu juvabit:*
*Hoc non deficit, incipitque semper.*

## Epigramma Martialis, Lib. viii. ep. 77.

*LIBER, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,*
*Liber in æterna vivere digne rosa;*
*Si sapis, Assyrio semper tibi crinis amomo*
*Splendeat, et cingant florea serta caput:*
*Candida nigrescant vetulo crystalla Falerno,*
*Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.*
*Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,*
*Longior huic facta est, quam data vita fuit.*

## FRAGMENT OF PETRON. ARBITER TRANSLATED.

DOING, a filthy pleasure is, and short;
And done, we straight repent us of the sport:
Let us not then rush blindly on unto it,
Like lustful beasts that only know to do it:
For lust will languish, and that heat decay.
But thus, thus, keeping endless holiday,
Let us together closely lie and kiss,
There is no labour, nor no shame in this;
This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please; never
Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

## EPIGRAM OF MARTIAL, viii. 77. TRANSLATED.

LIBER, of all thy friends, thou sweetest care,[5]
Thou worthy in eternal flower to fare,
If thou be'st wise, with Syrian oil let shine
Thy locks, and rosy garlands crown thy head;
Dark thy clear glass with old Falernian wine,
And heat with softest love thy softer bed.
He, that but living half his days, dies such,
Makes his life longer than 'twas given him, much.

[5] *Liber, of all thy friends, &c.*] This must be exempted from what in the *Life of Dryden*, are called the "jaw-breaking translations of Ben Jonson." It is, in fact, the most beautiful of all the versions of this elegant poem. Though it numbers only line for line with the original, it clearly and fully expresses the whole of its meaning, and is besides, spirited and graceful in a high degree. It unfortunately escaped the researches of Hurd.

## SYLVA.

*RERUM, et sententiarum, quasi* Ὑλη *dicta a multiplici materia, et varietate, in iis contentâ. Quemadmodùm enim vulgò solemus infinitam arborum nascentium indiscriminatim multitudinem Sylvam dicere: ità etiam libros suos in quibus variæ et diversæ materiæ opuscula temere congesta erant, Sylvas appellabant antiqui,* Timber-trees.

# TIMBER:

OR

# DISCOVERIES MADE UPON MEN AND MATTER.

AS THEY HAVE FLOWED OUT OF HIS DAILY READINGS;
OR HAD THEIR REFLUX TO HIS PECULIAR
NOTION OF THE TIMES:

*Tecum habita, ut nôris quam sit tibi curta supellex.*
PERS. Sat. 4.

DISCOVERIES.] From the fol. 1641. These are among "the last drops of Jonson's quill." A few occasional remarks of an early date may, perhaps, be found here; but there is internal evidence that the greater number of them were made subsequently to 1630, when he was *prest by extremities*, and struggling with want and disease *for breath*.

Those who derive all their knowledge of Jonson from the commentators on Shakspeare, will not (if they should condescend to open these pages,) be unprofitably employed in comparing the manly tone, the strong sense, the solid judgment, the extensive learning, the compressed yet pure and classical diction of the declining poet, with the dull, cold, jejune, pompous and parasitical pedantry of Hurd and others, whom they have been called on to admire, principally, as it should seem, for the supercilious and captious nature of their criticisms on his labours.

# EXPLORATA: OR DISCOVERIES.

I.

*FORTUNA.*—Ill fortune never crush'd that man, whom good fortune deceived not. I therefore have counselled my friends, never to trust to her fairer side, though she seemed to make peace with them: but to place all things she gave them, so as she might ask them again without their trouble; she might take them from them, not pull them; to keep always a distance between her, and themselves. He knows not his own strength, that hath not met adversity. Heaven prepares good men with crosses; but no ill can happen to a good man. Contraries are not mixed. Yet, that which happens to any man, may to every man. But it is in his reason what he accounts it, and will make it.

II.

*Casus.*—Change into extremity is very frequent, and easy. As when a beggar suddenly grows rich, he commonly becomes a prodigal; for to obscure his former obscurity, he puts on riot and excess.

III.

*Consilia.*—No man is so foolish, but may give another good counsel sometimes; and no man is so wise, but may easily err, if he will take no other's counsel, but his own. But very few men are wise by their own counsel; or learned by their own teaching. For he that was only taught by himself,[a] had a fool to his master.

IV.

*Fama.*—A Fame that is wounded to the world, would be better cured by another's apology, than its own: for few can apply medicines well themselves. Besides, the man that is once hated, both his good, and his evil deeds oppress him. He is not easily emergent.

V.

*Negotia.*—In great affairs it is a work of difficulty to please all. And oft-times we lose the occasion of carrying a business well, and thoroughly, by our too much haste. For passions are spiritual rebels, and raise sedition against the understanding.

VI.

*Amor Patriæ.*—There is a necessity all men should love their country: he that professeth the contrary, may be delighted with his words, but his heart is there.

VII.

*Ingenia.*—Natures that are hardened to evil you shall sooner break, than make straight; they are like poles that are crooked and dry; there is no attempting them.

[a] Αυτοδιδασκαλος.

VIII.

*Applausus.*—We praise the things we hear, with much more willingness, than those we see; because we envy the present, and reverence the past; thinking ourselves instructed by the one, and over-laid by the other.

IX.

*Opinio.*—Opinion is a light, vain, crude, and imperfect thing, settled in the imagination; but never arriving at the understanding, there to obtain the tincture of reason. We labour with it more than truth. There is much more holds us, than presseth us. An ill fact is one thing, an ill fortune is another: yet both oftentimes sway us alike, by the error of our thinking.

X.

*Impostura.*—Many men believe not themselves, what they would persuade others; and less do the things, which they would impose on others: but least of all, know what they themselves most confidently boast. Only they set the sign of the cross over their outer doors, and sacrifice to their gut and their groin in their inner closets.

XI.

*Jactura vitæ.*—What a deal of cold business doth a man mispend the better part of life in! in scattering compliments, tendering visits, gathering and venting news, following feasts and plays, making a little winter-love in a dark corner.

XII.

Hypocrita.—*Puritanus hypocrita est hæreticus, quem opinio propriæ perspicaciæ, quâ sibi videtur, cum paucis in ecclesiâ dogmatibus, errores quosdam ani-*

*madvertisse, de statu mentis deturbavit: unde sacro furore percitus, phrenetice pugnat contra magistratus, sic ratus obedientiam præstare Deo.*

XIII.

*Mutua auxilia.*—Learning needs rest: sovereignty gives it. Sovereignty needs counsel: learning affords it. There is such a consociation of offices, between the prince and whom his favour breeds, that they may help to sustain his power, as he their knowledge. It is the greatest part of his liberality, his favour: and from whom doth he hear discipline more willingly, or the arts discours'd more gladly, than from those whom his own bounty, and benefits have made able and faithful?

XIV.

*Cognit. univers.*—In being able to counsel others, a man must be furnished with an universal store in himself, to the knowledge of all nature: that is the matter, and seed plot; there are the seats of all argument, and invention. But especially you must be cunning in the nature of man: there is the variety of things which are as the elements, and letters, which his art and wisdom must rank, and order to the present occasion. For we see not all letters in single words; nor all places in particular discourses. That cause seldom happens, wherein a man will use all arguments.

XV.

*Consiliarii adjunct. Probitas, Sapientia.*—The two chief things that give a man reputation in counsel, are the opinion of his honesty, and the opinion of his wisdom: the authority of those two will persuade, when the same counsels uttered by other persons less qualified, are of no efficacy, or working.

XVI.

*Vita recta.*—Wisdom without honesty is mere craft, and cozenage. And therefore the reputation of honesty must first be gotten; which cannot be but by living well. A good life is a main argument.

XVII.

*Obsequentia.*— *Humanitas.*— *Solicitudo.*— Next a good life, to beget love in the persons we counsel, by dissembling our knowledge of ability in ourselves, and avoiding all suspicion of arrogance, ascribing all to their instruction, as an ambassador to his master, or a subject to his sovereign; seasoning all with humanity and sweetness, only expressing care and solicitude. And not to counsel rashly, or on the sudden, but with advice and meditation: (*Dat nox consilium.*) For many foolish things fall from wise men, if they speak in haste, or be extemporal. It therefore behoves the giver of counsel to be circumspect; especially to beware of those, with whom he is not thoroughly acquainted, lest any spice of rashness, folly, or self-love appear, which will be marked by new persons, and men of experience in affairs.

XVIII.

*Modestia.*—*Parrhesia.*—And to the prince, or his superior, to behave himself modestly, and with respect. Yet free from flattery, or empire. Not with insolence, or precept; but as the prince were already furnished with the parts he should have, especially in affairs of state. For in other things they will more easily suffer themselves to be taught, or reprehended: they will not willingly contend. But hear (with Alexander) the answer the musician gave him, *Absit, ô rex, ut tu meliùs hæc scias, quàm ego.*[b]

[b] Plutarch in vita Alex.

XIX.

*Perspicuitas.—Elegantia.*—A man should so deliver himself to the nature of the subject whereof he speaks, that his hearer may take knowledge of his discipline with some delight: and so apparel fair and good matter, that the studious of elegancy be not defrauded; redeem arts from their rough and brakey seats, where they lay hid, and overgrown with thorns, to a pure, open, and flowery light; where they may take the eye, and be taken by the hand.

XX.

*Natura non effœta.*—I cannot think Nature is so spent and decayed, that she can bring forth nothing worth her former years. She is always the same, like herself; and when she collects her strength, is abler still. Men are decayed, and studies: she is not.

XXI.

*Non nimiùm credendum antiquitati.* — I know nothing can conduce more to letters, than to examine the writings of the ancients, and not to rest in their sole authority, or take all upon trust from them; provided the plagues of judging and pronouncing against them be away; such as are envy, bitterness, precipitation, impudence, and scurril scoffing. For to all the observations of the ancients, we have our own experience; which if we will use, and apply, we have better means to pronounce. It is true they opened the gates, and made the way that went before us; but as guides, not commanders; *Non domini nostri, sed duces fuêre.* Truth lies open to all; it is no man's several. *Patet omnibus veritas; nondum est occupata. Multum ex illâ, etiam futuris relicta est.*

XXII.

*Dissentire licet, sed cum ratione.*—If in some things I dissent from others, whose wit, industry, diligence, and judgment I look up at, and admire; let me not therefore hear presently of ingratitude, and rashness. For I thank those that have taught me, and will ever: but yet dare not think the scope of their labour and inquiry was to envy their posterity, what they also could add, and find out.

XXIII.

*Non mihi credendum sed veritati.*—If I err, pardon me: *Nulla ars simul et inventa est, et absoluta.* I do not desire to be equal to those that went before; but to have my reason examined with theirs, and so much faith to be given them, or me, as those shall evict. I am neither author nor fautor of any sect. I will have no man addict himself to me; but if I have any thing right, defend it as Truth's, not mine, save as it conduceth to a common good. It profits not me to have any man fence or fight for me, to flourish, or take my side. Stand for Truth, and 'tis enough.

XXIV.

*Scientiæ liberales.*—Arts that respect the mind, were ever reputed nobler than those that serve the body: though we less can be without them. As tillage, spinning, weaving, building, &c., without which, we could scarce sustain life a day. But these were the works of every hand; the other of the brain only, and those the most generous and exalted wits and spirits, that cannot rest, or acquiesce. The mind of man is still fed with labour: *Opere pascitur.*

XXV.

*Non vulgi sunt.*—There is a more secret cause: and the power of liberal studies lies more hid, than that it can be wrought out by profane wits. It is not every man's way to hit. They are men, I confess, that see the caract, and value upon things, as they love them; but science is not every man's mistress. It is as great a spite to be praised in the wrong place, and by a wrong person, as can be done to a noble nature.

XXVI.

*Honesta ambitio.*—If divers men seek fame or honour by divers ways; so both be honest, neither is to be blamed: but they that seek immortality, are not only worthy of love, but of praise.

XXVII.

*Maritus improbus.*—He hath a delicate wife, a fair fortune, and family to go to be welcome; yet he had rather be drunk with mine host, and the fiddlers of such a town, than go home.

XXVIII.

*Afflictio pia magistra.*—Affliction teacheth a wicked person some time to pray: prosperity never.

XXIX.

*Deploratis facilis descensus Averni.—The devil take all.*—Many might go to heaven with half the labour they go to hell, if they would venture their industry the right way: but the devil take all (quoth he) that was choak'd in the mill-dam, with his four last words in his mouth.

XXX.

*Aegidius cursu superat.*—A cripple in the way outtravels a footman, or a post out of the way.

XXXI.

*Prodigo nummi nauci.*—Bags of money to a prodigal person, are the same that cherry-stones are with some boys, and so thrown away.

XXXII.

*Munda et sordida.*—A woman, the more curious she is about her face, is commonly the more careless about her house.

XXXIII.

*Debitum deploratum.*—Of this spilt water, there is a little to be gathered up: it is a desperate debt.

XXXIV.

*Latro sesquipedalis.*—The thief[c] that had a longing at the gallows to commit one robbery more, before he was hanged.

And like the German lord,[d] when he went out of Newgate into the cart, took order to have his arms set up in his last herborough: said he was taken, and committed upon suspicion of treason; no witness appearing against him; but the judges entertained him most civilly, discoursed with him, offered him the courtesy of the rack; but he confessed, &c.

XXXV.

*Calumniæ fructus.*—I am beholden to calumny, that she hath so endeavoured, and taken pains to belie me. It shall make me set a surer guard on myself, and keep a better watch upon my actions.

XXXVI.

*Impertinens.*—A tedious person is one a man would leap a steeple from, gallop down any steep hill to

[c] With a great belly. [d] Comes de Schertenhein.

avoid him; forsake his meat, sleep, nature itself, with all her benefits, to shun him. A mere impertinent: one that touched neither heaven nor earth in his discourse. He opened an entry into a fair room, but shut it again presently. I spake to him of garlic, he answered asparagus: consulted him of marriage, he tells me of hanging, as if they went by one and the same destiny.

XXXVII.

*Bellum Scribentium.*—What a sight it is to see writers committed together by the ears for ceremonies, syllables, points, colons, commas, hyphens, and the like? fighting as for their fires and their altars; and angry that none are frighted at their noises, and loud brayings under their asses' skins.

There is hope of getting a fortune without digging in these quarries. *Sed meliore (in omne) ingenio, animoque quàm fortunâ, sum usus.*

*Pingue solum lassat; sed juvat ipse labor.*

XXXVIII.

*Differentia inter Doctos et Sciolos.*—Wits made out their several expeditions then, for the discovery of truth, to find out great and profitable knowledges; had their several instruments for the disquisition of arts. Now there are certain scioli or smatterers, that are busy in the skirts and outsides of learning, and have scarce any thing of solid literature to commend them. They may have some edging or trimming of a scholar, a welt, or so: but it is no more.

XXXIX.

*Impostorum fucus.*—Imposture is a specious thing: yet never worse than when it feigns to be best, and to none discovered sooner than the simplest. For

truth and goodness are plain and open; but imposture is ever ashamed of the light.

XL.

*Icunculorum motio.*—A puppet-play must be shadowed, and seen in the dark: for draw the curtain, *Et sordet gesticulatio.*

XLI.

*Principes, et Administri.* — There is a great difference in the understanding of some princes, as in the quality of their ministers about them. Some would dress their masters in gold, pearl, and all true jewels of majesty: others furnish them with feathers, bells, and ribands; and are therefore esteemed the fitter servants. But they are ever good men, that must make good the times: if the men be naught, the times will be such. *Finis exspectandus est in unoquoque hominum; animali ad mutationem promptissimo.*

XLII.

*Scitum Hispanicum.*—It is a quick saying with the Spaniards, *Artes inter hæredes non dividi.* Yet these have inherited their father's lying, and they brag of it. He is a narrow-minded man, that affects a triumph in any glorious study; but to triumph in a lie, and a lie themselves have forged, is frontless. Folly often goes beyond her bounds; but Impudence knows none.

XLIII.

*Non nova res livor.*—Envy is no new thing, nor was it born only in our times. The ages past have brought it forth, and the coming ages will. So long as there are men fit for it, *quorum odium virtute relictâ placet*, it will never be wanting. It is a barbarous envy, to take from those men's virtues, which

because thou canst not arrive at, thou impotently despairest to imitate. Is it a crime in me that I know that, which others had not yet known, but from me? or that I am the author of many things, which never would have come in thy thought, but that I taught them? It is a new, but a foolish way you have found out, that whom you cannot equal, or come near in doing, you would destroy or ruin with evil speaking: as if you had bound both your wits and natures prentices to slander, and then came forth the best artificers, when you could form the foulest calumnies.

XLIV.

*Nil gratius protervo lib.*—Indeed nothing is of more credit or request now, than a petulant paper, or scoffing verses; and it is but convenient to the times and manners we live with, to have then the worst writings and studies flourish, when the best begin to be despised. Ill arts begin where good end.

XLV.

*Jam literæ sordent.—Pastus hodiern. Ingen.*—The time was when men would learn and study good things, not envy those that had them. Then men were had in price for learning; now letters only make men vile. He is upbraidingly called a poet, as if it were a contemptible nick-name: but the professors, indeed, have made the learning cheap. Railing and tinkling rhymers, whose writings the vulgar more greedily read, as being taken with the scurrility and petulancy of such wits. He shall not have a reader now, unless he jeer and lie. It is the food of men's natures; the diet of the times! gallants cannot sleep else. The writer must lie, and the gentle reader rests happy, to hear the worthiest works misinterpreted, the clearest actions obscured, the inno-

centest life traduced: and in such a license of lying, a field so fruitful of slanders, how can there be matter wanting to his laughter? Hence comes the epidemical infection: for how can they escape the contagion of the writings, whom the virulency of the calumnies hath not staved off from reading?

XLVI.

*Sed seculi morbus.*—Nothing doth more invite a greedy reader, than an unlooked-for subject. And what more unlooked-for, than to see a person of an unblamed life made ridiculous, or odious, by the artifice of lying? but it is the disease of the age: and no wonder if the world, growing old, begin to be infirm: old age itself is a disease. It is long since the sick world began to doat and talk idly: would she had but doated still! but her dotage is now broke forth into a madness, and become a mere frenzy.

XLVII.

*Alastoris malitia.*—This Alastor, who hath left nothing unsearched, or unassailed, by his impudent and licentious lying in his aguish writings; (for he was in his cold quaking fit all the while;) what hath he done more, than a troublesome base cur? barked and made a noise afar off; had a fool or two to spit in his mouth, and cherish him with a musty bone? but they are rather enemies of my fame than me, these barkers.

XLVIII.

*Mali Choragi fuere.*—It is an art to have so much judgment as to apparel a lie well, to give it a good dressing; that though the nakedness would shew deformed and odious, the suiting of it might draw their readers. Some love any strumpet (be she never so shop-like or meretricious) in good clothes

But these, nature could not have formed them better, to destroy their own testimony, and overthrow their calumny.

XLIX.

*Hear-say news.*—That an elephant, in 1630, came hither ambassador from the great Mogul (who could both write and read) and was every day allowed twelve cast of bread, twenty quarts of Canary sack, besides nuts and almonds the citizens' wives sent him. That he had a Spanish boy to his interpreter, and his chief negociation was, to confer or practise with Archy, the principal fool of state, about stealing hence Windsor-castle, and carrying it away on his back if he can.

L.

*Lingua sapientis, potius quàm loquentis.*—A wise tongue should not be licentious and wandering; but moved, and, as it were, governed with certain reins from the heart, and bottom of the breast: and it was excellently said of that philosopher, that there was a wall or parapet of teeth set in our mouth, to restrain the petulancy of our words; that the rashness of talking should not only be retarded by the guard and watch of our heart, but be fenced in, and defended by certain strengths, placed in the mouth itself, and within the lips. But you shall see some so abound with words, without any seasoning or taste of matter, in so profound a security, as while they are speaking for the most part, they confess to speak they know not what.

Of the two (if either were to be wished) I would rather have a plain downright wisdom, than a foolish and affected eloquence. For what is so furious and Bethlem like, as a vain sound of chosen and excellent words, without any subject of sentence or science mixed?

LI.

*Optanda.—Thersites Homeri.*—Whom the disease of talking still once possesseth, he can never hold his peace. Nay, rather than he will not discourse he will hire men to hear him. And so heard, not hearkened unto, he comes off most times like a mountebank, that when he hath praised his medicines, finds none will take them, or trust him. He is like Homer's *Thersites*.

Ἀμετροεπῆς, ἀκριτόμυθος; speaking without judgment or measure.

*Loquax magis, quàm facundus,*
*Satis loquentiæ, sapientiæ parum.*[e]

Γλώσσης τοι θησαυρὸς ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἄριστος
Φειδωλῆς, πλείστη δὲ χάρις κατὰ μέτρον ἰούσης.[f]

*Optimus est homini linguæ thesaurus, et ingens*
*Gratia, quæ parcis mensurat singula verbis.*

LII.

*Homeri Ulysses.—Demacatus Plutarchi.*—Ulysses in Homer, is made a long-thinking man, before he speaks; and Epaminondas is celebrated by Pindar, to be a man, that though he knew much, yet he spoke but little. Demacatus, when on the bench he was long silent, and said nothing; one asking him, if it were folly in him, or want of language? he answered, *A fool could never hold his peace.*[g] For too much talking is ever the indice of a fool.

*Dum tacet indoctus, poterit cordatus haberi;*
*Is morbos animi namque tacendo tegit.*[h]

Nor is that worthy speech of Zeno the philosopher to be past over, with the note of ignorance; who being invited to a feast in Athens, where a great

[e] Salust.
[f] Hesiodus.
[g] Vid. Zeuxidis pict. Serm. ad Megabizum.
[h] Plutarch.

prince's ambassadors were entertained, and was the only person that said nothing at the table; one of them with courtesy asked him, What shall we return from thee, Zeno, to the prince our master, if he asks us of thee? Nothing, he replied, more, but that you found an old man in Athens, that knew to be silent amongst his cups. It was near a miracle to see an old man silent, since talking is the disease of age; but amongst cups makes it fully a wonder.

LIII.

*Argute dictum.*—It was wittily said upon one that was taken for a great and grave man, so long as he held his peace: This man might have been a counsellor of state, till he spoke: but having spoken, not the beadle of the ward. Ἐχεμυθία *Pythag. quàm laudabilis!* γλώσσης πρῶτῶν ἄλλων κράτει θεοῖς ἑπόμενος. *Linguam cohibe, præ aliis omnibus, ad Deorum exemplum.*[i] *Digito compesce labellum.*[k]

LIV.

*Acutius cernuntur vitia quam virtutes.*—There is almost no man but he sees clearlier and sharper the vices in a speaker, than the virtues. And there are many, that with more ease will find fault with what is spoken foolishly, than that can give allowance to that wherein you are wise silently. The treasure of a fool is always in his tongue, said the witty comic poet;[l] and it appears not in any thing more than in that nation, whereof one, when he had got the inheritance of an unlucky old grange, would needs sell it;[m] and to draw buyers, proclaimed the virtues of it. Nothing ever thrived on it, saith he. No owner of it ever died in his bed; some hung, some drowned themselves; some were banished, some starved; the

[i] Vide Apuleium. [k] Juvenal. [l] Plautus.
[m] Trin. Act. ii. Scen. 4.

trees were all blasted; the swine died of the meazles, the cattle of the murrain, the sheep of the rot; they that stood were ragged, bare, and bald as your hand; nothing was ever reared there, not a duckling, or a goose. *Hospitium fuerat calamitatis.*[n] Was not this man like to sell it?

LV.

*Vulgi expectatio.*—Expectation of the vulgar is more drawn and held with newness than goodness; we see it in fencers, in players, in poets, in preachers, in all where fame promiseth any thing; so it be new, though never so naught and depraved, they run to it, and are taken. Which shews, that the only decay, or hurt of the best men's reputation with the people is, their wits have out-lived the people's palates. They have been too much or too long a feast.

LVI.

*Claritas patriæ.*—Greatness of name in the father oft-times helps not forth, but overwhelms the son; they stand too near one another. The shadow kills the growth; so much, that we see the grandchild come more and oftener to be heir of the first, than doth the second: he dies between; the possession is the third's.

LVII.

*Eloquentia.*—Eloquence is a great and diverse thing: nor did she yet ever favour any man so much as to become wholly his. He is happy that can arrive to any degree of her grace. Yet there are who prove themselves masters of her, and absolute lords; but I believe they may mistake their evidence: for it is one thing to be eloquent in the schools, or in the hall; another at the bar, or in the

[n] Mart. lib. i. ep. 85.

pulpit. There is a difference between mooting and pleading; between fencing and fighting. To make arguments in my study, and confute them, is easy; where I answer myself, not an adversary. So I can see whole volumes dispatched by the umbratical doctors on all sides: but draw these forth into the just lists; let them appear *sub dio*, and they are changed with the place, like bodies bred in the shade; they cannot suffer the sun or a shower, nor bear the open air: they scarce can find themselves, that they were wont to domineer so among their auditors: but indeed I would no more choose a rhetorician for reigning in a school, than I would a pilot for rowing in a pond.

LVIII.

*Amor et Odium.*—Love that is ignorant, and hatred have almost the same ends: many foolish lovers wish the same to their friends, which their enemies would: as to wish a friend banished, that they might accompany him in exile; or some great want, that they might relieve him; or a disease, that they might sit by him. They make a causeway to their country by injury, as if it were not honester to do nothing, than to seek a way to do good by a mischief.

LIX.

*Injuria.*—Injuries do not extinguish courtesies: they only suffer them not to appear fair. For a man that doth me an injury after a courtesy, takes not away that courtesy, but defaces it: as he that writes other verses upon my verses, takes not away the first letters, but hides them.

LX.

*Beneficia.*—Nothing is a courtesy, unless it be meant us; and that friendly and lovingly. We owe

no thanks to rivers, that they carry our boats; or winds, that they be favouring and fill our sails; or meats, that they be nourishing. For these are what they are necessarily. Horses carry us, trees shade us, but they know it not. It is true, some men may receive a courtesy, and not know it; but never any man received it from him that knew it not. Many men have been cured of diseases by accidents; but they were not remedies. I myself have known one helped of an ague by falling into a water, another whipped out of a fever: but no man would ever use these for medicines. It is the mind, and not the event, that distinguisheth the courtesy from wrong. My adversary may offend the judge with his pride and impertinences, and I win my cause; but he meant it not me as a courtesy. I scaped pirates by being shipwrecked, was the wreck a benefit therefore? No: the doing of courtesies aright, is the mixing of the respects for his own sake, and for mine. He that doeth them merely for his own sake, is like one that feeds his cattle to sell them: he hath his horse well drest for Smithfield.

LXI.

*Valor rerum.*—The price of many things is far above what they are bought and sold for. Life and health, which are both inestimable, we have of the physician: as learning and knowledge, the true tillage of the mind, from our school-masters. But the fees of the one, or the salary of the other, never answer the value of what we received; but served to gratify their labours.

LXII.

*Memoria.*—Memory, of all the powers of the mind, is the most delicate, and frail: it is the first of our faculties that age invades. Seneca, the father, the

rhetorician, confesseth of himself, he had a miraculous one; not only to receive, but to hold. I myself could, in my youth, have repeated all that ever I had made, and so continued till I was past forty: since, it is much decayed in me. Yet I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with. It was wont to be faithful to me, but shaken with age now, and sloth, which weakens the strongest abilities, it may perform somewhat, but cannot promise much. By exercise it is to be made better, and serviceable. Whatsoever I pawned with it while I was young and a boy, it offers me readily, and without stops: but what I trust to it now, or have done of later years, it lays up more negligently, and oftentimes loses; so that I receive mine own (though frequently called for) as if it were new and borrowed. Nor do I always find presently from it what I seek; but while I am doing another thing, that I laboured for will come: and what I sought with trouble, will offer itself when I am quiet. Now in some men I have found it as happy as nature, who, whatsoever they read or pen, they can say without book presently; as if they did then write in their mind. And it is more a wonder in such as have a swift style, for their memories are commonly slowest; such as torture their writings, and go into council for every word, must needs fix somewhat, and make it their own at last, though but through their own vexation.

LXIII.

*Comit. suffragia.*—Suffrages in parliament are numbered, not weighed: nor can it be otherwise in those public councils, where nothing is so unequal as the equality: for there, how odd soever men's brains or wisdoms are, their power is always even and the same.

LXIV.

*Stare à partibus.*—Some actions, be they never so beautiful and generous, are often obscured by base and vile misconstructions, either out of envy, or ill-nature, that judgeth of others as of itself. Nay, the times are so wholly grown to be either partial or malicious, that if he be a friend, all sits well about him, his very vices shall be virtues; if an enemy, or of the contrary faction, nothing is good or tolerable in him: insomuch that we care not to discredit and shame our judgments, to sooth our passions.

LXV.

*Deus in creaturis.*—Man is read in his face; God in his creatures; but not as the philosopher, the creature of glory, reads him: but as the divine, the servant of humility: yet even he must take care not to be too curious. For to utter truth of God (but as he thinks only) may be dangerous; who is best known by our not knowing. Some things of him, so much as he hath revealed, or commanded, it is not only lawful but necessary for us to know: for therein our ignorance was the first cause of our wickedness.

LXVI.

*Veritas proprium hominis.*—Truth is man's proper good; and the only immortal thing was given to our mortality to use. No good Christian or ethnic, if he be honest, can miss it: no statesman or patriot should. For without truth all the actions of mankind are craft, malice, or what you will, rather than wisdom. Homer says, he hates him worse than hell-mouth, that utters one thing with his tongue, and keeps another in his breast. Which high expression was grounded on divine reason: for a lying mouth is a stinking pit, and murders with the contagion it venteth. Beside, nothing is lasting that is feigned;

it will have another face than it had, ere long. As Euripides saith, "No lie ever grows old."

LXVII.

*Nullum vitium sine patrocinio.*—It is strange there should be no vice without its patronage, that, when we have no other excuse, we will say, we love it; we cannot forsake it. As if that made it not more a fault. We cannot, because we think we cannot, and we love it, because we will defend it. We will rather excuse it, than be rid of it. That we cannot, is pretended; but that we will not, is the true reason. How many have I known, that would not have their vices hid? nay, and to be noted, live like Antipodes to others in the same city? never see the sun rise or set, in so many years; but be as they were watching a corps by torch light; would not sin the common way, but held that a kind of rusticity; they would do it new, or contrary, for the infamy; they were ambitious of living backward; and at last arrived at that, as they would love nothing but the vices, not the vicious customs. It was impossible to reform these natures; they were dried and hardened in their ill. They may say they desired to leave it; but do not trust them: and they may think they desire it, but they may lie for all that: they are a little angry with their follies now and then; marry they come into grace with them again quickly. They will confess they are offended with their manner of living: like enough; who is not? When they can put me in security that they are more than offended, that they hate it, then I will hearken to them; and perhaps believe them: but many now a days love and hate their ill together.

LXVIII.

*De vere argutis.*—I do hear them say often, some

men are not witty; because they are not every where witty; than which nothing is more foolish. If an eye or a nose be an excellent part in the face, therefore be all eye or nose! I think the eye-brow, the forehead, the cheek, chin, lip, or any part else, are as necessary, and natural in the place. But now nothing is good that is natural: right and natural language seems to have least of the wit in it; that which is writhed and tortured, is counted the more exquisite. Cloth of bodkin or tissue must be embroidered; as if no face were fair that were not powdered or painted? no beauty to be had, but in wresting and writhing our own tongue? Nothing is fashionable till it be deformed; and this is to write like a gentleman. All must be affected, and preposterous as our gallants' clothes, sweet bags, and night dressings: in which you would think our men lay in, like ladies, it is so curious.

Poetry

LXIX.

*Censura de poetis.*—Nothing in our age, I have observed, is more preposterous than the running judgments upon poetry and poets; when we shall hear those things commended, and cried up for the best writings, which a man would scarce vouchsafe to wrap any wholesome drug in; he would never light his tobacco with them. And those men almost named for miracles, who yet are so vile, that if a man should go about to examine and correct them, he must make all they have done but one blot. Their good is so entangled with their bad, as forcibly one must draw on the other's death with it. A sponge dipt in ink will do all:—

—— *Comitetur Punica librum*
*Spongia.*——

Et paulò post,

*Non possunt . . multæ . . lituræ*
*. . . . . una litura potest.*[o]

LXX.

*Cestius.— Cicero.— Heath.— Taylor.— Spenser.*— Yet their vices have not hurt them: nay, a great many they have profited; for they have been loved for nothing else. And this false opinion grows strong against the best men; if once it take root with the ignorant. Cestius, in his time, was preferred to Cicero, so far as the ignorant durst. They learned him without book, and had him often in their mouths: but a man cannot imagine that thing so foolish, or rude, but will find, and enjoy an admirer; at least a reader, or spectator. The puppets are seen now in despight of the players: Heath's epigrams, and the Skuller's poems have their applause. There are never wanting, that dare prefer the worst preachers, the worst pleaders, the worst poets; not that the better have left to write, or speak better, but that they that hear them judge worse; *Non illi pejus dicunt, sed hi corruptius judicant.* Nay, if it were put to the question of the water-rhymer's works, against Spenser's, I doubt not but they would find more suffrages; because the most favour common vices, out of a prerogative the vulgar have to lose their judgments, and like that which is naught.

IMP.

Poetry, in this latter age, hath proved but a mean mistress to such as have wholly addicted themselves to her, or given their names up to her family. They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for, and advanced in the way of their own professions (both the law and the gospel) beyond all they could

[o] Mart. lib. iv. epig. 10.

have hoped or done for themselves, without her favour. Wherein she doth emulate the judicious but preposterous bounty of the time's grandees: who accumulate all they can upon the parasite, or freshman in their friendship; but think an old client, or honest servant, bound by his place to write and starve.

Indeed the multitude commend writers, as they do fencers, or wrestlers; who if they come in robustiously, and put for it with a deal of violence, are received for the braver fellows: when many times their own rudeness is a cause of their disgrace; and a slight touch of their adversary gives all that boisterous force the foil. But in these things the unskilful are naturally deceived, and judging wholly by the bulk, think rude things greater than polished; and scattered more numerous than composed: nor think this only to be true in the sordid multitude, but the neater sort of our gallants: for all are the multitude; only they differ in clothes, not in judgment or understanding.

LXXI.

*De Shakspeare nostrat.—Augustus in Hat.*—I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility,

that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so too. Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar thou dost me wrong." He replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

LXXII.

*Ingeniorum discrimina. Not.* 1.—In the difference of wits, I have observed there are many notes: and it is a little maistry to know them; to discern what every nature, every disposition will bear: for, before we sow our land, we should plough it. There are no fewer forms of minds, than of bodies amongst us. The variety is incredible, and therefore we must search. Some are fit to make divines, some poets, some lawyers, some physicians: some to be sent to the plough, and trades.

There is no doctrine will do good, where nature is wanting. Some wits are swelling and high; others low and still: some hot and fiery, others cold and dull; one must have a bridle, the other a spur.

*Not.* 2. There be some that are forward and bold; and these will do every little thing easily; I mean that is hard-by and next them, which they will utter unretarded without any shamefastness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are what they are, on the sudden; they shew presently like grain, that scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but

there is an *ingenistitium*:[p] they stand still at sixteen, they get no higher.

*Not.* 3.—You have others, that labour only to ostentation; and are ever more busy about the colours and surface of a work, than in the matter and foundation: for that is hid, the other is seen.

*Not.* 4.—Others, that in composition are nothing, but what is rough and broken: *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.*[q] And if it would come gently, they trouble it of purpose. They would not have it run without rubs, as if that style were more strong and manly, that struck the ear with a kind of unevenness. These men err not by chance, but knowingly and willingly; they are like men that affect a fashion by themselves, have some singularity in a ruff, cloak, or hat-band; or their beards specially cut to provoke beholders, and set a mark upon themselves. They would be reprehended, while they are looked on. And this vice, one that is authority with the rest, loving, delivers over to them to be imitated; so that oft-times the faults which he fell into, the others seek for: this is the danger, when vice becomes a precedent.

*Not.* 5.—Others there are that have no composition at all; but a kind of tuning and rhyming fall, in what they write. It runs and slides, and only makes a sound. Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors;

*They write a verse as smooth, as soft as cream;*
*In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream.*

You may sound these wits, and find the depth of them with your middle finger. They are cream-bowl, or but puddle-deep.

[p] A Wit-stand. [q] Martial. lib. xi. epig. 91.

*Not.* 6.—Some that turn over all books, and are equally searching in all papers, that write out of what they presently find or meet, without choice; by which means it happens, that what they have discredited and impugned in one week, they have before or after extolled the same in another. Such are all the essayists, even their master Montaigne. These, in all they write, confess still what books they have read last; and therein their own folly, so much, that they bring it to the stake raw and undigested: not that the place did need it neither; but that they thought themselves furnished, and would vent it.

*Not.* 7.—Some again (who after they have got authority, or, which is less, opinion, by their writings, to have read much) dare presently to feign whole books and authors, and lye safely. For what never was, will not easily be found, not by the most curious.

*Not.* 8.—And some, by a cunning protestation against all reading, and false venditation of their own naturals, think to divert the sagacity of their readers from themselves, and cool the scent of their own fox-like thefts; when yet they are so rank, as a man may find whole pages together usurped from one author: their necessities compelling them to read for present use, which could not be in many books; and so come forth more ridiculously, and palpably guilty than those, who because they cannot trace, they yet would slander their industry.

*Not.* 9.—But the wretcheder are the obstinate contemners of all helps and arts; such as presuming on their own naturals (which perhaps are excellent) dare deride all diligence, and seem to mock at the terms, when they understand not the things; thinking that way to get off wittily, with their ignorance.

These are imitated often by such as are their peers in negligence, though they cannot be in nature: and they utter all they can think with a kind of violence and indisposition; unexamined, without relation either to person, place, or any fitness else; and the more wilful and stubborn they are in it, the more learned they are esteemed of the multitude, through their excellent vice of judgment: who think those things the stronger, that have no art; as if to break, were better than to open; or to rent asunder, gentler than to loose.

*Not.* 10.—It cannot but come to pass, that these men who commonly seek to do more than enough, may sometimes happen on something that is good and great; but very seldom: and when it comes, it doth not recompense the rest of their ill. For their jests, and their sentences (which they only and ambitiously seek for) stick out, and are more eminent; because all is sordid, and vile about them; as lights are more discerned in a thick darkness, than a faint shadow. Now because they speak all they can (however unfitly) they are thought to have the greater copy: where the learned use ever election and a mean; they look back to what they intended at first, and make all an even and proportioned body. The true artificer will not run away from nature, as he were afraid of her; or depart from life, and the likeness of truth; but speak to the capacity of his hearers. And though his language differ from the vulgar somewhat, it shall not fly from all humanity, with the Tamer-lanes, and Tamer-chams of the late age, which had nothing in them but the scenical strutting, and furious vociferation, to warrant them to the ignorant gapers. He knows it is his only art, so to carry it, as none but artificers perceive it. In the mean time, perhaps, he is called barren, dull,

lean, a poor writer, or by what contumelious word can come in their cheeks, by these men, who without labour, judgment, knowledge, or almost sense, are received or preferred before him. He gratulates them, and their fortune. Another age, or juster men, will acknowledge the virtues of his studies, his wisdom in dividing, his subtlety in arguing, with what strength he doth inspire his readers, with what sweetness he strokes them; in inveighing, what sharpness; in jest, what urbanity he uses: how he doth reign in men's affections: how invade, and break in upon them; and makes their minds like the thing he writes. Then in his elocution to behold what word is proper, which hath ornaments, which height, what is beautifully translated, where figures are fit, which gentle, which strong, to shew the composition manly: and how he hath avoided faint, obscure, obscene, sordid, humble, improper, or effeminate phrase; which is not only praised of the most, but commended, (which is worse) especially for that it is naught.

LXXIII.

*Ignorantia animæ.*—I know no disease of the soul, but ignorance; not of the arts and sciences, but of itself: yet relating to those it is a pernicious evil, the darkener of man's life, the disturber of his reason, and common confounder of truth; with which a man goes groping in the dark, no otherwise than if he were blind. Great understandings are most racked and troubled with it: nay, sometimes they will rather choose to die, than not to know the things they study for. Think then what an evil it is, and what good the contrary.

LXXIV.

*Scientia.*—Knowledge is the action of the soul, and is perfect without the senses, as having the seeds

of all science and virtue in itself; but not without the service of the senses; by these organs the soul works: she is a perpetual agent, prompt and subtle; but often flexible, and erring, intangling herself like a silk-worm: but her reason is a weapon with two edges, and cuts through. In her indagations oft-times new scents put her by, and she takes in errors into her, by the same conduits she doth truths.

LXXV.

*Otium.—Studiorum.*—Ease and relaxation are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a bow, the stronger by being unbent. But the temper in spirits is all, when to command a man's wit, when to favour it. I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing, he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it, till he fainted; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book; but once got to it, he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease. His whole powers were renewed; he would work out of himself what he desired; but with such excess, as his study could not be ruled; he knew not how to dispose his own abilities, or husband them, he was of that immoderate power against himself. Nor was he only a strong but an absolute speaker, and writer; but his subtlety did not shew itself; his judgment thought that a vice: for the ambush hurts more that is hid. He never forced his language, nor went out of the highway of speaking, but for some great necessity, or apparent profit: for he denied figures to be invented for ornament, but for aid; and still thought it an extreme madness to bind or wrest that which ought to be right.

LXXVI.

*Stili eminentia.—Virgil.—Tully.—Sallust.*—It is no wonder men's eminence appears but in their own way. Virgil's felicity left him in prose, as Tully's forsook him in verse. Sallust's orations are read in the honour of story; yet the most eloquent Plato's speech, which he made for Socrates, is neither worthy of the patron, nor the person defended. Nay, in the same kind of oratory, and where the matter is one, you shall have him that reasons strongly, open negligently; another that prepares well, not fit so well: And this happens not only to brains, but to bodies. One can wrestle well, another run well, a third leap, or throw the bar, a fourth lift, or stop a cart going: each hath his way of strength. So in other creatures, some dogs are for the deer, some for the wild boar, some are fox-hounds, some otter-hounds. Nor are all horses for the coach or saddle, some are for the cart and paniers.

LXXVII.

*De claris Oratoribus.*—I have known many excellent men, that would speak suddenly, to the admiration of their hearers; who upon study and premeditation have been forsaken by their own wits, and no way answered their fame: their eloquence was greater than their reading; and the things they uttered, better than those they knew: their fortune deserved better of them than their care. For men of present spirits, and of greater wits than study, do please more in the things they invent, than in those they bring. And I have heard some of them compelled to speak, out of necessity, that have so infinitely exceeded themselves, as it was better both for them and their auditory, that they were so surprised, not prepared. Nor was it safe then to cross them, for their adversary, their anger made them

more eloquent. Yet these men I could not but love and admire, that they returned to their studies. They left not diligence (as many do) when their rashness prospered; for diligence is a great aid, even to an indifferent wit; when we are not contented with the examples of our own age, but would know the face of the former. Indeed, the more we confer with, the more we profit by, if the persons be chosen.

LXXVIII.

*Dominus Verulamius.*—One, though he be excellent, and the chief, is not to be imitated alone: for no imitator ever grew up to his author; likeness is always on this side truth. Yet there happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. His language (where he could spare or pass by a jest) was nobly censorious. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness, in what he uttered. No member of his speech, but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough, or look aside from him, without loss. He commanded where he spoke; and had his judges angry and pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was, lest he should make an end.

LXXIX.

*Scriptorum Catalogus.*[r]—Cicero is said to be the only wit that the people of Rome had equalled to their empire. *Ingenium par imperio.* We have had

[r] Sir Thomas Moore. Sir Thomas Wiat. Henry, earl of Surrey. Sir Thomas Chaloner. Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas Eliot. Bishop Gardiner. Sir Nicholas Bacon, L. K. Sir Philip Sidney. Master Richard Hooker. Robert earl of Essex. Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Henry Savile. Sir Edwin Sandys. Sir Thomas Egerton, L. C. Sir Francis Bacon, L. C.

many, and in their several ages (to take in but the former *seculum*) sir Thomas Moore, the elder Wiat, Henry earl of Surrey, Chaloner, Smith, Eliot, B. Gardiner, were for their times admirable; and the more, because they began eloquence with us. Sir Nicholas Bacon was singular, and almost alone, in the beginning of queen Elizabeth's time. Sir Philip Sidney, and Mr. Hooker (in different matter) grew great masters of wit and language, and in whom all vigour of invention and strength of judgment met. The earl of Essex, noble and high; and sir Walter Raleigh, not to be contemned, either for judgment or style. Sir Henry Savile, grave, and truly lettered; sir Edwin Sandys, excellent in both; lord Egerton, the chancellor, a grave and great orator, and best when he was provoked. But his learned and able (though unfortunate) successor, is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue, which may be compared or preferred either to insolent Greece, or haughty Rome. In short, within his view, and about his times, were all the wits born, that could honour a language, or help study. Now things daily fall, wits grow downward, and eloquence grows backward: so that he may be named, and stand as the mark and ἀκμή of our language.

LXXX.

*De Augmentis Scientiarum.—Julius Cæsar.—Lord St. Alban.*—I have ever observed it to have been the office of a wise patriot, among the greatest affairs of the state, to take care of the commonwealth of learning. For schools, they are the seminaries of state; and nothing is worthier the study of a statesman, than that part of the republic which we call the advancement of letters. Witness the care of Julius Cæsar, who in the heat of the civil war writ

his books of Analogy, and dedicated them to Tully. This made the late lord St. Alban entitle his work *Novum Organum:* which though by the most of superficial men, who cannot get beyond the title of nominals, it is not penetrated, nor understood, it really openeth all defects of learning whatsoever, and is a book

*Qui longum noto scriptori proroget ævum.*[8]

My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place, or honours: but I have and do reverence him, for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed, that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest.

LXXXI.

*De Corruptela Morum.*—There cannot be one colour of the mind, another of the wit. If the mind be staid, grave, and composed, the wit is so; that vitiated, the other is blown and deflowered. Do we not see, if the mind languish, the members are dull? Look upon an effeminate person, his very gait confesseth him. If a man be fiery, his motion is so; if angry, it is troubled and violent. So that we may conclude wheresoever manners and fashions are corrupted, language is. It imitates the public riot. The excess of feats and apparel are the notes of a sick state; and the wantonness of language, of a sick mind.

[8] Horat. de Art. Poetica.

LXXXII.

*De rebus mundanis.*—If we would consider what our affairs are indeed, not what they are called, we should find more evils belonging to us, than happen to us. How often doth that, which was called a calamity, prove the beginning and cause of a man's happiness? and, on the contrary, that which happened or came to another with great gratulation and applause, how it hath lifted him but a step higher to his ruin? as if he stood before, where he might fall safely.

LXXXIII.

*Vulgi Mores.—Morbus comitialis.*—The vulgar are commonly ill-natured, and always grudging against their governors: which makes that a prince has more business and trouble with them, than ever Hercules had with the bull, or any other beast; by how much they have more heads than will be reined with one bridle. There was not that variety of beasts in the ark, as is of beastly natures in the multitude; especially when they come to that iniquity to censure their sovereign's actions. Then all the counsels are made good, or bad, by the events: and it falleth out, that the same facts receive from them the names, now of diligence, now of vanity, now of majesty, now of fury; where they ought wholly to hang on his mouth, as he to consist of himself, and not others' counsels.

LXXXIV.

*Princeps.*—After God, nothing is to be loved of man like the prince: he violates nature, that doth it not with his whole heart. For when he hath put on the care of the public good, and common safety, I am a wretch, and put off man, if I do not reverence and honour him, in whose charge all things divine

and human are placed. Do but ask of nature, why all living creatures are less delighted with meat and drink that sustains them, than with venery that wastes them? and she will tell thee, the first respects but a private, the other a common good, propagation.

LXXXV.

*De eodem.—Orpheus' Hymn.*—He is the arbiter of life and death: when he finds no other subject for his mercy, he should spare himself. All his punishments are rather to correct than to destroy. Why are prayers with Orpheus said to be the daughters of Jupiter, but that princes are thereby admonished that the petitions of the wretched ought to have more weight with them, than the laws themselves.

LXXXVI.

*De opt. Rege Jacobo.*—It was a great accumulation to his majesty's deserved praise, that men might openly visit and pity those, whom his greatest prisons had at any time received, or his laws condemned.

LXXXVII.

*De Princ. adjunctis.—Sed verè prudens haud concipi possit Princeps, nisi—simul et bonus.—Lycurgus. —Sylla.—Lysander.—Cyrus.*—Wise, is rather the attribute of a prince, than learned or good. The learned man profits others rather than himself; the good man, rather himself than others: but the prince commands others, and doth himself. The wise Lycurgus gave no law but what himself kept. Sylla and Lysander did not so; the one living extremely dissolute himself, inforced frugality by the laws; the other permitted those licenses to others, which himself abstained from. But the prince's prudence is his

chief art and safety. In his counsels and deliberations he foresees the future times: in the equity of his judgment, he hath remembrance of the past, and knowledge of what is to be done or avoided for the present. Hence the Persians gave out their Cyrus to have been nursed by a bitch, a creature to encounter it, as of sagacity to seek out good; shewing that wisdom may accompany fortitude, or it leaves to be, and puts on the name of rashness.

LXXXVIII.

*De Malign. Studentium.*—There be some men are born only to suck out the poison of books: *Habent venenum pro victu; imò, pro deliciis.* And such are they that only relish the obscene and foul things in poets; which makes the profession taxed. But by whom? Men that watch for it; and (had they not had this hint) are so unjust valuers of letters, as they think no learning good but what brings in gain. It shews they themselves would never have been of the professions they are, but for the profits and fees. But if another learning, well used, can instruct to good life, inform manners, no less persuade and lead men, than they threaten and compel, and have no reward; is it therefore the worst study? I could never think the study of wisdom confined only to the philosopher; or of piety to the divine; or of state to the politic: but that he which can feign a commonwealth (which is the poet) can govern it with counsels, strengthen it with laws, correct it with judgments, inform it with religion and morals, is all these. We do not require in him mere elocution, or an excellent faculty in verse, but the exact knowledge of all virtues, and their contraries, with ability to render the one loved, the other hated, by his proper embattling them. The philosophers did insolently, to challenge only to themselves that which the greatest

generals and gravest counsellors never durst. For such had rather do, than promise the best things.

LXXXIX.

*Controvers. Scriptores.—More Andabatarum qui clausis oculis pugnant.*—Some controverters in divinity are like swaggerers in a tavern, that catch that which stands next them, the candlestick, or pots; turn every thing into a weapon: oft-times they fight blindfold, and both beat the air. The one milks a he-goat, the other holds under a sieve. Their arguments are as fluxive as liquor spilt upon a table, which with your finger you may drain as you will. Such controversies, or disputations (carried with more labour than profit) are odious; where most times the truth is lost in the midst, or left untouched. And the fruit of their fight is, that they spit one upon another, and are both defiled. These fencers in religion I like not.

XC.

*Morbi.*—The body hath certain diseases, that are with less evil tolerated, than removed. As if to cure a leprosy a man should bathe himself with the warm blood of a murdered child: so in the church, some errors may be dissimuled with less inconvenience than they can be discovered.

XCI.

*Jactantia intempestiva.*—Men that talk of their own benefits, are not believed to talk of them, because they have done them; but to have done them, because they might talk of them. That which had been great, if another had reported it of them, vanisheth, and is nothing, if he that did it speak of it. For men, when they cannot destroy the deed, will yet be glad to take advantage of the boasting, and lessen it.

XCII.

*Adulatio.*—I have seen that poverty makes men do unfit things; but honest men should not do them; they should gain otherwise. Though a man be hungry, he should not play the parasite. That hour wherein I would repent me to be honest, there were ways enough open for me to be rich. But flattery is a fine pick-lock of tender ears; especially of those whom fortune hath borne high upon their wings, that submit their dignity and authority to it, by a soothing of themselves. For indeed men could never be taken in that abundance with the springes of others flattery, if they began not there; if they did but remember how much more profitable the bitterness of truth were, than all the honey distilling from a whorish voice, which is not praise, but poison. But now it is come to that extreme folly, or rather madness, with some, that he that flatters them modestly, or sparingly, is thought to malign them. If their friend consent not to their vices, though he do not contradict them, he is nevertheless an enemy. When they do all things the worst way, even then they look for praise. Nay, they will hire fellows to flatter them, with suits and suppers, and to prostitute their judgments. They have livery-friends, friends of the dish, and of the spit, that wait their turns, as my lord has his feasts and guests.

XCIII.

*De vitâ humanâ.*—I have considered our whole life is like a play: wherein every man forgetful of himself, is in travail with expression of another. Nay, we so insist in imitating others, as we cannot (when it is necessary) return to ourselves; like children, that imitate the vices of stammerers so long, till at last they become such; and make the habit to another nature, as it is never forgotten.

XCIV.

*De Piis et Probis.*—Good men are the stars, the planets of the ages wherein they live, and illustrate the times. God did never let them be wanting to the world: as Abel, for an example of innocency, Enoch of purity, Noah of trust in God's mercies, Abraham of faith, and so of the rest. These, sensual men thought mad, because they would not be partakers or practicers of their madness. But they, placed high on the top of all virtue, looked down on the stage of the world, and contemned the play of fortune. For though the most be players, some must be spectators.

XCV.

*Mores Aulici.*—I have discovered, that a feigned familiarity in great ones, is a note of certain usurpation on the less. For great and popular men feign themselves to be servants to others, to make those slaves to them. So the fisher provides bait for the trout, roach, dace, &c., that they may be food to him.

XCVI.

*Impiorum querela.—Augustus.—Varus.—Tiberius.*—The complaint of Caligula was most wicked of the condition of his times, when he said, They were not famous for any public calamity, as the reign of Augustus was, by the defeat of Varus and the legions; and that of Tiberius, by the falling of the theatre at Fidenæ; whilst his oblivion was eminent, through the prosperity of his affairs. As that other voice of his was worthier a headsman than a head, when he wished the people of Rome had but one neck. But he found (when he fell) they had many hands. A tyrant, how great and mighty soever he may seem to cowards and sluggards, is but one creature, one animal.

XCVII.

*Nobilium ingenia.*—I have marked among the nobility, some are so addicted to the service of the prince and commonwealth, as they look not for spoil; such are to be honoured and loved. There are others, which no obligation will fasten on; and they are of two sorts. The first are such as love their own ease; or, out of vice, of nature, or self-direction, avoid business and care. Yet these the prince may use with safety. The other remove themselves upon craft and design, as the architects say, with a premeditated thought to their own, rather than their prince's profit. Such let the prince take heed of, and not doubt to reckon in the list of his open enemies.

XCVIII.

*Principum varia.—Firmissima verò omnium basis jus hæreditarium Principis.*—There is a great variation between him that is raised to the sovereignty by the favour of his peers, and him that comes to it by the suffrage of the people. The first holds with more difficulty; because he hath to do with many that think themselves his equals, and raised him for their own greatness and oppression of the rest. The latter hath no upbraiders, but was raised by them that sought to be defended from oppression; whose end is both the easier and the honester to satisfy. Beside, while he hath the people to friend, who are a multitude, he hath the less fear of the nobility, who are but few. Nor let the common proverb (of he that builds on the people builds on the dirt) discredit my opinion: for that hath only place where an ambitious and private person, for some popular end, trusts in them against the public justice and magistrate. There they will leave him. But when a prince governs them, so as they have still need of his ad-

ministration (for that is his art) he shall ever make and hold them faithful.

XCIX.

*Clementia.—Machiavell.*—A prince should exercise his cruelty not by himself, but by his ministers; so he may save himself and his dignity with his people, by sacrificing those when he list, saith the great doctor of state, Machiavell. But I say, he puts off man, and goes into a beast, that is cruel. No virtue is a prince's own, or becomes him more, than this clemency: and no glory is greater than to be able to save with his power. Many punishments sometimes, and in some cases, as much discredit a prince, as many funerals a physician. The state of things is secured by clemency; severity represseth a few, but irritates more.[t] The lopping of trees makes the boughs shoot out thicker; and the taking away of some kind of enemies, increaseth the number. It is then most gracious in a prince to pardon, when many about him would make him cruel; to think then how much he can save, when others tell him how much he can destroy; not to consider what the impotence of others hath demolished, but what his own greatness can sustain. These are a prince's virtues: and they that gave him other counsels, are but the hangman's factors.

C.

*Clementia tutela optima.*—He that is cruel to halves (saith the said St. Nicholas[1]) loseth no less the opportunity of his cruelty than of his benefits: for then to use his cruelty is too late; and to use his favours will be interpreted fear and necessity, and so he

[t] *Haud infima ars in principe, ubi lenitas, ubi severitas—plùs polleat in commune bonum callere.*

[1] i. e. Machiavell.

loseth the thanks. Still the counsel is cruelty. But princes, by hearkening to cruel counsels, become in time obnoxious to the authors, their flatterers, and ministers; and are brought to that, that when they would, they dare not change them; they must go on, and defend cruelty with cruelty; they cannot alter the habit. It is then grown necessary, they must be as ill as those have made them: and in the end they will grow more hateful to themselves than to their subjects. Whereas, on the contrary, the merciful prince is safe in love, not in fear. He needs no emissaries, spies, intelligencers, to entrap true subjects. He fears no libels, no treasons. His people speak what they think, and talk openly what they do in secret. They have nothing in their breasts that they need a cypher for. He is guarded with his own benefits.

CI.

*Religio. Palladium Homeri.— Euripides.*— The strength of empire is in religion. What else is the Palladium (with Homer) that kept Troy so long from sacking? nothing more commends the sovereign to the subject than it. For he that is religious, must be merciful and just necessarily: and they are two strong ties upon mankind. Justice is the virtue that innocence rejoiceth in. Yet even that is not always so safe, but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then innocence is succoured no less than virtue. Nay, often-times virtue is made capital; and through the condition of the times it may happen, that that may be punished with our praise. Let no man therefore murmur at the actions of the prince, who is placed so far above him. If he offend, he hath his discoverer. God hath a height beyond him. But where the prince is good, Euripides saith, "God is a guest in a human body."

CII.

*Tyranni.—Sejanus.*—There is nothing with some princes sacred above their majesty; or profane, but what violates their sceptres. But a prince, with such a council, is like the god Terminus, of stone, his own landmark; or (as it is in the fable) a crowned lion. It is dangerous offending such a one; who being angry, knows not how to forgive: that cares not to do any thing for maintaining or enlarging of empire; kills not men, or subjects; but destroyeth whole countries, armies, mankind, male and female, guilty or not guilty, holy or profane; yea, some that have not seen the light. All is under the law of their spoil and license. But princes that neglect their proper office thus, their fortune is often-times to draw a Sejanus to be near about them, who will at last affect to get above them, and put them in a worthy fear of rooting both them out and their family. For no men hate an evil prince more than they that helped to make him such. And none more boastingly weep his ruin, than they that procured and practised it. The same path leads to ruin, which did to rule, when men profess a license in government. A good king is a public servant.

CIII.

*Illiteratus princeps.*—A prince without letters is a pilot without eyes. All his government is groping. In sovereignty it is a most happy thing not to be compelled; but so it is the most miserable not to be counselled. And how can he be counselled that cannot see to read the best counsellors (which are books); for they neither flatter us, nor hide from us? He may hear, you will say; but how shall he always be sure to hear truth? or be counselled the best things, not the sweetest? They say princes learn no art truly, but the art of horsemanship. The

reason is, the brave beast is no flatterer. He will throw a prince as soon as his groom. Which is an argument, that the good counsellors to princes are the best instruments of a good age. For though the prince himself be of a most prompt inclination to all virtue; yet the best pilots have needs of mariners, besides sails, anchor, and other tackle.

CIV.

*Character principis.—Alexander magnus.*—If men did know what shining fetters, gilded miseries, and painted happiness, thrones and sceptres were, there would not be so frequent strife about the getting or holding of them: there would be more principalities than princes: for a prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to sheer, not to flay his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their fells. Who were his enemies before, being a private man, become his children now he is public. He is the soul of the commonwealth, and ought to cherish it as his own body. Alexander the Great was wont to say, "He hated that gardener that plucked his herbs or flowers up by the roots." A man may milk a beast till the blood come: churn milk, and it yieldeth butter; but wring the nose, and the blood followeth. He is an ill prince that so pulls his subjects' feathers, as he would not have them grow again: that makes his exchequer a receipt for the spoils of those he governs. No, let him keep his own, not affect his subjects': strive rather to be called just than powerful. Not, like the Roman tyrants, affect the surnames that grow by human slaughters: neither to seek war in peace, nor peace in war; but to observe faith given, though to an enemy. Study piety toward the subject; shew care to defend him. Be slow to punish in divers cases; but be a sharp and severe revenger of open crimes. Break no decrees, or dissolve no orders, to slacken

the strength of laws. Choose neither magistrates civil nor ecclesiastical, by favour or price: but with long disquisition and report of their worth, by all suffrages. Sell no honours, nor give them hastily; but bestow them with counsel, and for reward; if he do, acknowledge it (though late), and mend it. For princes are easy to be deceived: and what wisdom can escape, where so many court-arts are studied? But above all, the prince is to remember, that when the great day of account comes, which neither magistrate nor prince can shun, there will be required of him a reckoning for those whom he hath trusted, as for himself, which he must provide. And if piety be wanting in the priests, equity in the judges, or the magistrates be found rated at a price, what justice or religion is to be expected? which are the only two attributes make kings a-kin to God; and is the Delphic sword, both to kill sacrifices, and to chastise offenders.

CV.

*De gratiosis.*—When a virtuous man is raised, it brings gladness to his friends, grief to his enemies, and glory to his posterity. Nay, his honours are a great part of the honour of the times: when by this means he is grown to active men an example, to the slothful a spur, to the envious a punishment.

CVI.

*Divites.—Heredes ex asse.*—He which is sole heir to many rich men, having (beside his father's and uncle's) the estates of divers his kindred come to him by accession, must needs be richer than father or grandfather: so they which are left heirs *ex asse* of all their ancestors' vices; and by their good husbandry improve the old, and daily purchase new, must needs be wealthier in vice, and have a greater revenue or stock of ill to spend on.

CVII.

*Fures publici.*—The great thieves of a state are lightly the officers of the crown; they hang the less still, play the pikes in the pond, eat whom they list. The net was never spread for the hawk or buzzard that hurt us, but the harmless birds; they are good meat:

*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*[u]
*Non rete accipitri tenditur, neque milvio.*[x]

CVIII.

*Lewis XI.*—But they are not always safe though, especially when they meet with wise masters. They can take down all the huff and swelling of their looks; and like dexterous auditors, place the counter where he shall value nothing. Let them but remember Lewis the Eleventh, who to a clerk of the exchequer that came to be lord treasurer, and had (for his device) represented himself sitting on fortune's wheel, told, he might do well to fasten it with a good strong nail, lest turning about, it might bring him where he was again. As indeed it did.

CIX.

*De bonis et malis.—De innocentia.*—A good man will avoid the spot of any sin. The very aspersion is grievous; which makes him choose his way in his life, as he would in his journey. The ill man rides through all confidently; he is coated and booted for it. The oftener he offends, the more openly; and the fouler, the fitter in fashion. His modesty, like a riding coat, the more it is worn, is the less cared for. It is good enough for the dirt still, and the ways he travels in. An innocent man needs no eloquence; his innocence is instead of it: else I had never come

[u] Juvenalis. [x] Plautus.

off so many times from these precipices, whither men's malice hath pursued me. It is true, I have been accused to the lords, to the king, and by great ones: but it happened my accusers had not thought of the accusation with themselves; and so were driven, for want of crimes, to use invention, which was found slander: or too late (being entered so fair) to seek starting-holes for their rashness, which were not given them. And then they may think what accusation that was like to prove, when they that were the ingineers feared to be the authors. Nor were they content to feign things against me, but to urge things feigned by the ignorant against my profession; which though, from their hired and mercenary impudence, I might have passed by, as granted to a nation of barkers, that let out their tongues to lick others sores; yet I durst not leave myself undefended, having a pair of ears unskilful to hear lies, or have those things said of me, which I could truly prove of them. They objected making of verses to me, when I could object to most of them, their not being able to read them, but as worthy of scorn. Nay, they would offer to urge mine own writings against me; but by pieces (which was an excellent way of malice) as if any man's context might not seem dangerous and offensive, if that which was knit to what went before were defrauded of his beginning; or that things by themselves uttered might not seem subject to calumny, which read intire, would appear most free. At last they upbraided my poverty: I confess she is my domestic; sober of diet, simple of habit, frugal, painful, a good counsellor to me, that keeps me from cruelty, pride, or other more delicate impertinences, which are the nurse-children of riches. But let them look over all the great and monstrous wickednesses, they shall never find those in poor families. They are the

issue of the wealthy giants, and the mighty hunters: whereas no great work, or worthy of praise or memory, but came out of poor cradles. It was the ancient poverty that founded commonweals, built cities, invented arts, made wholesome laws, armed men against vices, rewarded them with their own virtues, and preserved the honour and state of nations, till they betrayed themselves to riches.

CX.

*Amor nummi.*—Money never made any man rich, but his mind. He that can order himself to the law of nature, is not only without the sense, but the fear of poverty. O! but to strike blind the people with our wealth and pomp, is the thing! what a wretchedness is this, to thrust all our riches outward, and be beggars within; to contemplate nothing but the little, vile, and sordid things of the world; not the great, noble, and precious? we serve our avarice; and not content with the good of the earth that is offered us, we search and dig for the evil that is hidden. God offered us those things, and placed them at hand, and near us, that he knew were profitable for us; but the hurtful he laid deep and hid. Yet do we seek only the things whereby we may perish; and bring them forth, when God and nature hath buried them. We covet superfluous things, when it were more honour for us, if we would contemn necessary. What need hath nature of silver dishes, multitudes of waiters, delicate pages, perfumed napkins? she requires meat only, and hunger is not ambitious. Can we think no wealth enough, but such a state, for which a man may be brought into a premunire, begged, proscribed, or poisoned? O! if a man could restrain the fury of his gullet, and groin, and think how many fires, how many kitchens, cooks, pastures, and ploughed lands; what orchards, stews,

ponds, and parks, coops and garners he could spare; what velvets, tissues, embroideries, laces he could lack; and then how short and uncertain his life is; he were in a better way to happiness, than to live the emperor of these delights, and be the dictator of fashions: but we make ourselves slaves to our pleasures; and we serve fame and ambition, which is an equal slavery. Have not I seen the pomp of a whole kingdom, and what a foreign king could bring hither? Also to make himself gazed and wondered at, laid forth as it were to the shew, and vanish all away in a day? And shall that which could not fill the expectation of few hours, entertain and take up our whole lives? when even it appeared as superfluous to the possessors, as to me that was a spectator. The bravery was shewn, it was not possessed; while it boasted itself, it perished. It is vile, and a poor thing to place our happiness on these desires. Say we wanted them all. Famine ends famine.

CXI.

*De mollibus et effœminatis.*—There is nothing valiant or solid to be hoped for from such as are always kempt and perfumed, and every day smell of the tailor; the exceedingly curious, that are wholly in mending such an imperfection in the face, in taking away the morphew in the neck, or bleaching their hands at midnight, gumming and bridling their beards, or making the waist small, binding it with hoops, while the mind runs at waste: too much pickedness is not manly. Not from those that will jest at their own outward imperfections, but hide their ulcers within, their pride, lust, envy, ill-nature, with all the art and authority they can. These persons are in danger; for whilst they think to justify their ignorance by impudence, and their persons by clothes and outward ornaments, they

use but a commission to deceive themselves: where, if we will look with our understanding, and not our senses, we may behold virtue and beauty (though covered with rags) in their brightness; and vice and deformity so much the fouler, in having all the splendour of riches to gild them, or the false light of honour and power to help them. Yet this is that wherewith the world is taken, and runs mad to gaze on: clothes and titles, the birdlime of fools.

CXII.

*De stultitiâ.*—What petty things they are we wonder at? like children, that esteem every trifle, and prefer a fairing before their fathers; what difference is between us and them? but that we are dearer fools, coxcombs at a higher rate? They are pleased with cockleshells, whistles, hobby-horses, and such like; we with statues, marble pillars, pictures, gilded roofs, where underneath is lath and lime, perhaps loam. Yet we take pleasure in the lie, and are glad we can cozen ourselves. Nor is it only in our walls and ceilings; but all that we call happiness is mere painting and gilt; and all for money: what a thin membrane of honour that is? and how hath all true reputation fallen, since money began to have any? yet the great herd, the multitude, that in all other things are divided, in this alone conspire and agree; to love money. They wish for it, they embrace it, they adore it: while yet it is possest with greater stir and torment than it is gotten.

CXIII.

*De sibi molestis.*—Some men what losses soever they have, they make them greater: and if they have none, even all that is not gotten is a loss. Can there be creatures of more wretched condition than these, that continually labour under their own misery,

and others' envy? A man should study other things, not to covet, not to fear, not to repent him: to make his base such, as no tempest shall shake him: to be secure of all opinion, and pleasing to himself, even for that wherein he displeaseth others: for the worst opinion gotten for doing well, should delight us. Wouldst not thou be just but for fame, thou oughtest to be it with infamy: he that would have his virtue published, is not the servant of virtue, but glory.

CXIV.

*Periculosa melancholia.*—It is a dangerous thing when men's minds come to sojourn with their affections, and their diseases eat into their strength: that when too much desire and greediness of vice hath made the body unfit, or unprofitable, it is yet gladded with the sight and spectacle of it in others; and for want of ability to be an actor, is content to be a witness. It enjoys the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others' sin; as in dining, drinking, drabbing, &c. Nay, when it cannot do all these, it is offended with his own narrowness, that excludes it from the universal delights of mankind; and often-times dies of a melancholy, that it cannot be vicious enough.

CXV.

*Falsæ species fugiendæ.*—I am glad when I see any man avoid the infamy of a vice; but to shun the vice itself were better. Till he do that, he is but like the prentice, who being loth to be spied by his master coming forth of Black Lucy's, went in again; to whom his master cried, The more thou runnest that way to hide thyself, the more thou art in the place. So are those that keep a tavern all day, that they may not be seen at night. I have known lawyers, divines, yea, great ones, of this heresy.

CXVI.

*Decipimur specie.*—There is a greater reverence had of things remote or strange to us, than of much better, if they be nearer, and fall under our sense. Men, and almost all sort of creatures, have their reputation by distance. Rivers, the farther they run, and more from their spring, the broader they are, and greater. And where our original is known, we are the less confident: among strangers we trust fortune. Yet a man may live as renowned at home, in his own country, or a private village, as in the whole world. For it is virtue that gives glory; that will endenizen a man every where. It is only that can naturalize him. A native, if he be vicious, deserves to be a stranger, and cast out of the commonwealth as an alien.

CXVII.

*Dejectio Aulic.*—A dejected countenance, and mean clothes, beget often a contempt, but it is with the shallowest creatures; courtiers commonly: look up even with them in a new suit, you get above them straight. Nothing is more short-lived than pride; it is but while their clothes last: stay but while these are worn out, you cannot wish the thing more wretched or dejected.

CXVIII.

*Poesis, et pictura.—Plutarch.*—Poetry and picture are arts of a like nature, and both are busy about imitation. It was excellently said of Plutarch, poetry was a speaking picture, and picture a mute poesy. For they both invent, feign, and devise many things, and accommodate all they invent to the use and service of nature. Yet of the two, the pen is more noble than the pencil; for that can speak to the understanding, the other but to the sense. They both behold pleasure and profit, as their common

object; but should abstain from all base pleasures, lest they should err from their end, and while they seek to better men's minds, destroy their manners. They both are born artificers, not made. Nature is more powerful in them than study.

CXIX.

*De Pictura.*—Whosoever loves not picture, is injurious to truth, and all the wisdom of poetry. Picture is the invention of heaven, the most ancient, and most akin to nature. It is itself a silent work, and always of one and the same habit: yet it doth so enter and penetrate the inmost affection (being done by an excellent artificer) as sometimes it overcomes the power of speech and oratory. There are divers graces in it; so are there in the artificers. One excels in care, another in reason, a third in easiness, a fourth in nature and grace. Some have diligence and comeliness; but they want majesty. They can express a human form in all the graces, sweetness, and elegancy; but they miss the authority. They can hit nothing but smooth cheeks; they cannot express roughness or gravity. Others aspire to truth so much, as they are rather lovers of likeness than beauty. Zeuxis and Parrhasius are said to be contemporaries: the first found out the reason of lights and shadows in picture; the other more subtlely examined the line.

CXX.

*De stylo.—Pliny.*—In picture light is required no less than shadow: so in style, height as well as humbleness. But beware they be not too humble; as Pliny pronounced of Regulus's writings. You would think them written not on a child, but by a child. Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words; as occupy, nature, and the like: so the curious industry in some of

having all alike good, hath come nearer a vice than a virtue.

CXXI.

*De progres. Picturæ.*[y]—Picture took her feigning from poetry; from geometry her rule, compass, lines, proportion, and the whole symmetry. Parrhasius was the first won reputation, by adding symmetry to picture: he added subtlety to the countenance, elegancy to the hair, love-lines to the face, and by the public voice of all artificers, deserved honour in the outer lines. Eupompus gave it splendor by numbers, and other elegancies. From the optics it drew reasons, by which it considered how things placed at distance, and afar off, should appear less: how above or beneath the head should deceive the eye, &c. So from thence it took shadows, recessor, light, and heightnings. From moral philosophy it took the soul, the expression of senses, perturbations, manners, when they would paint an angry person, a proud, an inconstant, an ambitious, a brave, a magnanimous, a just, a merciful, a compassionate, an humble, a dejected, a base, and the like; they made all heightnings bright, all shadows dark, all swellings from a plane, all solids from breaking. See where he complains of their painting Chimæras,[z] by the vulgar unaptly called grotesque: saying, that men who were born truly to study and emulate nature, did nothing but make monsters against nature, which Horace so laughed at.[a] The art plastic was moulding in clay, or potters' earth anciently. This is the parent of statuary, sculpture, graving, and picture; cutting in brass and marble, all serve under her.

[y] Parrhasius. Eupompus. Socrates. Parrhasius. Clito. Polygnotus. Aglaophon. Zeuxis. Parrhasius. Raphael de Urbino. Mich. Angelo Buonarota. Titian. Antony de Correg. Sebast. de Venet. Julio Romano. Andrea Sartorio.

[z] Plin. lib. xxxv. c. 2, 5, 6 and 7. Vitruv. lib. viii. and 7.

[a] Horat. in Arte Poet.

Socrates taught Parrhasius, and Clito (two noble statuaries) first to express manners by their looks in imagery. Polygnotus and Aglaophon were ancienter. After them Zeuxis, who was the law-giver to all painters; after, Parrhasius. They were contemporaries, and lived both about Philip's time, the father of Alexander the Great. There lived in this latter age six famous painters in Italy, who were excellent and emulous of the ancients; Raphael de Urbino, Michael Angelo Buonarota, Titian, Antony of Correggio, Sebastian of Venice, Julio Romano, and Andrea Sartorio.

CXXII.

*Parasiti ad mensam.*—These are flatterers for their bread, that praise all my oraculous lord does or says, be it true or false: invent tales that shall please; make baits for his lordship's ears; and if they be not received in what they offer at, they shift a point of the compass, and turn their tale, presently tack about, deny what they confessed, and confess what they denied; fit their discourse to the persons and occasions. What they snatch up and devour at one table, utter at another: and grow suspected of the master, hated of the servants, while they enquire, and reprehend, and compound, and delate business of the house they have nothing to do with: they praise my lord's wine, and the sauce he likes; observe the cook and bottle-man, while they stand in my lord's favour, speak for a pension for them; but pound them to dust upon my lord's least distaste, or change of his palate.

How much better is it to be silent, or at least to speak sparingly! for it is not enough to speak good but timely things. If a man be asked a question, to answer; but to repeat the question before he answer is well, that he be sure to understand it, to avoid absurdity: for it is less dishonour to hear imperfectly,

than to speak imperfectly. The ears are excused, the understanding is not. And in things unknown to a man, not to give his opinion, lest by the affectation of knowing too much, he lose the credit he hath by speaking or knowing the wrong way, what he utters. Nor seek to get his patron's favour, by embarking himself in the factions of the family: to enquire after domestic simulties, their sports or affections. They are an odious and vile kind of creatures, that fly about the house all day, and picking up the filth of the house, like pies or swallows carry it to their nest (the lord's ears) and often-times report the lies they have feigned, for what they have seen and heard.

CXXIII.

*Imò serviles.*—These are called instruments of grace and power, with great persons; but they are indeed the organs of their impotency, and marks of weakness. For sufficient lords are able to make these discoveries themselves. Neither will an honourable person enquire who eats and drinks together, what that man plays, whom this man loves, with whom such a one walks, what discourse they held, who sleeps with whom. They are base and servile natures, that busy themselves about these disquisitions. How often have I seen (and worthily) these censors of the family undertaken by some honest rustic, and cudgelled thriftily? These are commonly the off-scowering and dregs of men that do these things, or calumniate others: yet I know not truly which is worse, he that maligns all, or that praises all. There is as great a vice in praising and as frequent, as in detracting.

It pleased your lordship of late, to ask my opinion touching the education of your sons, and especially to the advancement of their studies. To which,

though I returned somewhat for the present, which rather manifested a will in me, than gave any just resolution to the thing propounded; I have upon better cogitation called those aids about me, both of mind and memory, which shall venture my thoughts clearer, if not fuller, to your lordship's demand. I confess, my lord, they will seem but petty and minute things I shall offer to you, being writ for children, and of them. But studies have their infancy, as well as creatures. We see in men even the strongest compositions had their beginnings from milk and the cradle; and the wisest tarried sometimes about apting their mouths to letters and syllabes. In their education, therefore, the care must be the greater had of their beginnings, to know, examine, and weigh their natures; which though they be proner in some children to some disciplines; yet are they naturally prompt to taste all by degrees, and with change. For change is a kind of refreshing in studies, and infuseth knowledge by way of recreation. Thence the school itself is called a play or game: and all letters are so best taught to scholars. They should not be affrighted or deterred in their entry, but drawn on with exercise and emulation. A youth should not be made to hate study, before he know the causes to love it; or taste the bitterness before the sweet; but called on and allured, intreated and praised: yea, when he deserves it not. For which cause I wish them sent to the best school, and a public, which I think the best. Your lordship, I fear, hardly hears of that, as willing to breed them in your eye, and at home, and doubting their manners may be corrupted abroad. They are in more danger in your own family, among ill servants (allowing they be safe in their school-master) than amongst a thousand boys, however immodest. Would we did not spoil our own children, and overthrow their

manners ourselves by too much indulgence! To breed them at home, is to breed them in a shade; where in a school they have the light and heat of the sun. They are used and accustomed to things and men. When they come forth into the commonwealth, they find nothing new, or to seek. They have made their friendships and aids, some to last their age. They hear what is commanded to others as well as themselves. Much approved, much corrected; all which they bring to their own store and use, and learn as much as they hear. Eloquence would be but a poor thing, if we should only converse with singulars; speak but man and man together. Therefore I like no private breeding. I would send them where their industry should be daily increased by praise; and that kindled by emulation. It is a good thing to inflame the mind, and though ambition itself be a vice, it is often the cause of great virtue. Give me that wit whom praise excites, glory puts on, or disgrace grieves; he is to be nourished with ambition, pricked forward with honour, checked with reprehension, and never to be suspected of sloth. Though he be given to play, it is a sign of spirit and liveliness, so there be a mean had of their sports and relaxations. And from the rod or ferule, I would have them free, as from the menace of them; for it is both deformed and servile.

CXXIV.

*De stylo, et optimo scribendi genere.*—For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries: to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner; he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either.

Then take care in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely, and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be laboured and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the froward conceits, or first words, that offer themselves to us; but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest, that fetch their race largest: or, as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms, to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favour of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things, the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings; they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly: they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter shewed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing; but good writing brings on ready writing: yet, when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it; as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course, as stir his mettle. Again, whether a man's

genius is best able to reach thither, it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself, as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oftimes get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavour by their own faculties: so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves, and are familiar with the best authors, shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves, and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly: and though a man be more prone, and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

CXXV.

*Præcipiendi modi.*—I take this labour in teaching others, that they should not be always to be taught, and I would bring my precepts into practice: for rules are ever of less force and value than experiments; yet with this purpose, rather to shew the right way to those that come after, than to detect any that have slipt before by error, and I hope it will be more profitable. For men do more willingly listen, and with more favour, to precept, than reprehension. Among divers opinions of an art, and most of them contrary in themselves, it is hard to make election; and therefore though a man cannot invent new things after so many, he may do a welcome work yet to help posterity to judge rightly of

the old. But arts and precepts avail nothing, except nature be beneficial and aiding. And therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition, than rules of husbandry to a soil. No precepts will profit a fool, no more than beauty will the blind, or music the deaf. As we should take care that our style in writing be neither dry nor empty; we should look again it be not winding, or wanton with far-fetched descriptions; either is a vice. But that is worse which proceeds out of want, than that which riots out of plenty. The remedy of fruitfulness is easy, but no labour will help the contrary; I will like and praise some things in a young writer; which yet, if he continue in, I cannot but justly hate him for the same. There is a time to be given all things for maturity, and that even your country husbandman can teach; who to a young plant will not put the pruning knife, because it seems to fear the iron, as not able to admit the scar. No more would I tell a green writer all his faults, lest I should make him grieve and faint, and at last despair. For nothing doth more hurt than to make him so afraid of all things, as he can endeavour nothing. Therefore youth ought to be instructed betimes, and in the best things; for we hold those longest we take soonest: as the first scent of a vessel lasts, and the tinct the wool first receives; therefore a master should temper his own powers, and descend to the other's infirmity. If you pour a glut of water upon a bottle, it receives little of it; but with a funnell, and by degrees, you shall fill many of them, and spill little of your own; to their capacity they will all receive and be full. And as it is fit to read the best authors to youth first, so let them be of the openest and clearest.[b]

[b] Livy. Sallust. Sidney. Donne. Gower. Chaucer. Spenser. Virgil. Ennius. Homer. Quintilian. Plautus. Terence.

As Livy before Sallust, Sidney before Donne : and beware of letting them taste Gower, or Chaucer at first, lest falling too much in love with antiquity, and not apprehending the weight, they grow rough and barren in language only. When their judgments are firm, and out of danger, let them read both the old and the new; but no less take heed that their new flowers and sweetness do not as much corrupt as the others' dryness and squalor, if they choose not carefully. Spenser, in affecting the ancients, writ no language; yet I would have him read for his matter, but as Virgil read Ennius. The reading of Homer and Virgil is counselled by Quintilian, as the best way of informing youth, and confirming man. For, besides that the mind is raised with the height and sublimity of such a verse, it takes spirit from the greatness of the matter, and is tincted with the best things. Tragic and lyric poetry is good too, and comic with the best, if the manners of the reader be once in safety. In the Greek poets, as also in Plautus, we shall see the economy and disposition of poems better observed than in Terence; and the latter, who thought the sole grace and virtue of their fable the sticking in of sentences, as ours do the forcing in of jests.

CXXVI.

*Fals. querel. fugiend.—Platonis peregrinatio in Italiam.*—We should not protect our sloth with the patronage of difficulty. It is a false quarrel against nature, that she helps understanding but in a few, when the most part of mankind are inclined by her thither, if they would take the pains; no less than birds to fly, horses to run, &c., which if they lose, it is through their own sluggishness, and by that means become her prodigies, not her children. I confess, nature in children is more patient of labour in study,

than in age; for the sense of the pain, the judgment of the labour is absent, they do not measure what they have done. And it is the thought and consideration that affects us more than the weariness itself. Plato was not content with the learning that Athens could give him, but sailed into Italy, for Pythagoras' knowledge: and yet not thinking himself sufficiently informed, went into Egypt, to the priests, and learned their mysteries. He laboured, so must we. Many things may be learned together, and performed in one point of time; as musicians exercise their memory, their voice, their fingers, and sometimes their head and feet at once. And so a preacher, in the invention of matter, election of words, composition of gesture, look, pronunciation, motion, useth all these faculties at once: and if we can express this variety together, why should not divers studies, at divers hours, delight, when the variety is able alone to refresh and repair us? As when a man is weary of writing, to read; and then again of reading, to write. Wherein, howsoever we do many things, yet are we (in a sort) still fresh to what we begin; we are recreated with change, as the stomach is with meats. But some will say, this variety breeds confusion, and makes, that either we lose all, or hold no more than the last. Why do we not then persuade husbandmen that they should not till land, help it with marle, lime, and compost? plant hop-gardens, prune trees, look to bee-hives, rear sheep, and all other cattle at once? It is easier to do many things and continue, than to do one thing long.

CXXVII.

*Præcept. element.*—It is not the passing through these learnings that hurts us, but the dwelling and sticking about them. To descend to those extreme

anxieties and foolish cavils of grammarians, is able to break a wit in pieces, being a work of manifold misery and vainness, to be *elementarii senes*. Yet even letters are as it were the bank of words, and restore themselves to an author, as the pawns of language: but talking and eloquence are not the same: to speak, and to speak well, are two things. A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks, and out of the observation, knowledge, and the use of things, many writers perplex their readers and hearers with mere nonsense. Their writings need sunshine. Pure and neat language I love, yet plain and customary. A barbarous phrase has often made me out of love with a good sense, and doubtful writing hath wracked me beyond my patience. The reason why a poet is said that he ought to have all knowledges is, that he should not be ignorant of the most, especially of those he will handle. And indeed, when the attaining of them is possible, it were a sluggish and base thing to despair. For frequent imitation of any thing becomes a habit quickly. If a man should prosecute as much as could be said of every thing, his work would find no end.

CXXVIII.

*De orationis dignitate.* — Ενκυκλοπαιδεια. — *Metaphora.*—Speech is the only benefit man hath to express his excellency of mind above other creatures. It is the instrument of society; therefore Mercury, who is the president of language, is called *Deorum hominumque interpres*. In all speech, words and sense are as the body and the soul. The sense is, as the life and soul of language, without which all words are dead. Sense is wrought out of experience, the knowledge of human life and actions, or of the liberal arts, which the Greeks called Ενκυκλοπαιδειαν. Words are the people's, yet there is a choice of them

to be made. For *Verborum delectus origo est eloquentiæ.*[c] They are to be chose according to the persons we make speak, or the things we speak of. Some are of the camp, some of the council-board, some of the shop, some of the sheep-cote, some of the pulpit, some of the bar, &c. And herein is seen their elegance and propriety, when we use them fitly, and draw them forth to their just strength and nature, by way of translation or metaphor. But in this translation we must only serve necessity (*Nam temerè nihil transfertur à prudenti*), or commodity, which is a kind of necessity: that is, when we either absolutely want a word to express by, and that is necessity; or when we have not so fit a word, and that is commodity; as when we avoid loss by it, and escape obsceneness, and gain in the grace and property which helps significance. Metaphors far-fet, hinder to be understood; and affected, lose their grace. Or when the person fetcheth his translations from a wrong place. As if a privy-counsellor should at the table take his metaphor from a dicing-house, or ordinary, or a vintner's vault; or a justice of peace draw his similitudes from the mathematics, or a divine from a bawdy-house, or taverns; or a gentleman of Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, or the Midland, should fetch all the illustrations to his country neighbours from shipping, and tell them of the main-sheet and the boulin. Metaphors are thus many times deformed, as in him that said, *Castratam morte Africani rempublicam.* And another, *Stercus curiæ Glauciam.* And *Canâ nive conspuit Alpes.* All attempts that are new in this kind, are dangerous, and somewhat hard, before they be softened with use. A man coins not a new word without some peril, and less fruit; for if it happen to be received,

[c] Julius Cæsar. Of words, see Hor. de Art. Poet. Quintil. l. viii. Ludov. Vives, pp. 6 and 7.

the praise is but moderate; if refused, the scorn is assured. Yet we must adventure; for things, at first hard and rough, are by use made tender and gentle. It is an honest error that is committed, following great chiefs.

CXXIX.

*Consuetudo.—Perspicuitas, Venustas.—Authoritas.—Virgil.—Lucretius.—Chaucerism.—Paronomasia.*—Custom is the most certain mistress of language, as the public stamp makes the current money. But we must not be too frequent with the mint, every day coining, nor fetch words from the extreme and utmost ages; since the chief virtue of a style is perspicuity, and nothing so vicious in it as to need an interpreter. Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majesty to style, and are not without their delight sometimes. For they have the authority of years, and out of their intermission do win themselves a kind of grace-like newness. But the eldest of the present, and newness of the past language, is the best. For what was the ancient language, which some men so dote upon, but the ancient custom? yet when I name custom, I understand not the vulgar custom; for that were a precept no less dangerous to language than life, if we should speak or live after the manners of the vulgar: but that I call custom of speech, which is the consent of the learned; as custom of life, which is the consent of the good. Virgil was most loving of antiquity; yet how rarely doth he insert *aquai*, and *pictai!* Lucretius is scabrous and rough in these; he seeks them: as some do Chaucerisms with us, which were better expunged and banished. Some words are to be culled out for ornament and colour, as we gather flowers to strow houses, or make garlands; but they are better when they grow to our style; as in a

meadow, where though the mere grass and greenness delight, yet the variety of flowers doth heighten and beautify. Marry we must not play or riot too much with them, as in Paronomasies; nor use too swelling or ill-sounding words; *Quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.* It is true, there is no sound but shall find some lovers, as the bitterest confections are grateful to some palates. Our composition must be more accurate in the beginning and end than in the midst, and in the end more than in the beginning; for through the midst the stream bears us. And this is attained by custom more than care or diligence. We must express readily and fully, not profusely. There is difference between a liberal and prodigal hand. As it is a great point of art, when our matter requires it, to enlarge and veer out all sail; so to take it in and contract it, is of no less praise, when the argument doth ask it. Either of them hath their fitness in the place. A good man always profits by his endeavour, by his help, yea, when he is absent, nay, when he is dead, by his example and memory. So good authors in their style: a strict and succinct style is that, where you can take away nothing without ~~loss~~, and that loss to be manifest.

CXXX.

*De Stylo.—Tacitus.—The Laconic.—Suetonius.—Seneca, and Fabianus.*—The brief ~~style~~ is that which expresseth much in little. The concise style, which expresseth not enough, but leaves somewhat to be understood. The abrupt style, which hath many breaches, and doth not seem to end, but fall. The congruent and harmonious fitting of parts in a sentence hath almost the fastening and force of knitting and connection; as in stones well squared, which will rise strong a great way without mortar.

CXXXI.

*Periodi.—Obscuritas offundit tenebras.—Superlatio.* —Periods are beautiful, when they are not too long; for so they have their strength too, as in a pike or javelin. As we must take the care that our words and sense be clear; so if the obscurity happen through the hearer's or reader's want of understanding, I am not to answer for them, no more than for their not listening or marking; I must neither find them ears nor mind. But a man cannot put a word so in sense, but something about it will illustrate it, if the writer understand himself. For order helps much to perspicuity, as confusion hurts. *Rectitudo lucem adfert; obliquitas et circumductio offuscat.* We should therefore speak what we can the nearest way, so as we keep our gait, not leap; for too short may as well be not let into the memory, as too long not kept in. Whatsoever loseth the grace and clearness, converts into a riddle: the obscurity is marked, but not the value. That perisheth, and is passed by, like the pearl in the fable. Our style should be like a skein of silk, to be carried and found by the right thread, not ravelled and perplexed; then all is a knot, a heap. There are words that do as much raise a style, as others can depress it. Superlation and over-muchness amplifies. It may be above faith, but never above a mean. It was ridiculous in Cestius, when he said of Alexander:

*Fremit oceanus, quasi indignetur, quòd terras relinquas;*

But propitiously from Virgil:

—— *Credas innare revulsas*
*Cycladas.*

He doth not say it was so, but seemed to be so. Although it be somewhat incredible, that is excused

before it be spoken. But there are hyperboles which will become one language, that will by no means admit another. As *Eos esse* P. R. *exercitus, qui cœlum possint perrumpere*,[d] who would say with us, but a madman? Therefore we must consider in every tongue what is used, what received. Quintilian warns us, that in no kind of translation, or metaphor, or allegory, we make a turn from what we began; as if we fetch the original of our metaphor from sea, and billows, we end not in flames and ashes: it is a most foul inconsequence. Neither must we draw out our allegory too long, lest either we make ourselves obscure, or fall into affectation, which is childish. But why do men depart at all from the right and natural ways of speaking? sometimes for necessity, when we are driven, or think it fitter to speak that in obscure words, or by circumstance, which uttered plainly would offend the hearers. Or to avoid obsceneness, or sometimes for pleasure, and variety, as travellers turn out of the highway, drawn either by the commodity of a foot-path, or the delicacy or freshness of the fields. And all this is called ἐσχηματισμένη, or figured language.

CXXXII.

*Oratio imago animi.*—Language most shews a man: Speak, that I may see thee. It springs out of the most retired and inmost parts of us, and is the image of the parent of it, the mind. No glass renders a man's form, or likeness so true as his speech. Nay, it is likened to a man: and as we consider feature and composition in a man, so words in language; in the greatness, aptness, sound, structure, and harmony of it.

[d] Cæsar Comment. circa fin.

CXXXIII.

*Structura et statura, sublimis, humilis, pumila.*—Some men are tall and big, so some language is high and great. Then the words are chosen, their sound ample, the composition full, the absolution plenteous, and poured out, all grave, sinewy, and strong. Some are little and dwarfs; so of speech it is humble and low, the words poor and flat, the members and periods thin and weak, without knitting or number.

CXXXIV.

*Mediocris plana et placida.*—The middle are of a just stature. There the language is plain and pleasing; even without stopping, round without swelling: all well-torned, composed, elegant, and accurate.

CXXXV.

*Vitiosa oratio, vasta—tumens—enormis—affectata—abjecta.*—The vicious language is vast, and gaping, swelling, and irregular: when it contends to be high, full of rock, mountain, and pointedness: as it affects to be low, it is abject, and creeps, full of bogs and holes. And according to their subject these styles vary, and lose their names: for that which is high and lofty, declaring excellent matter, becomes vast and tumorous, speaking of petty and inferior things: so that which was even and apt in a mean and plain subject, will appear most poor and humble in a high argument. Would you not laugh to meet a great counsellor of state in a flat cap, with his trunk hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, his gloves under his girdle, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown, furred with sables? There is a certain latitude in these things, by which we find the degrees.

CXXXVI.

*Figura.*—The next thing to the stature, is the

figure and feature in language; that is, whether it be round and straight, which consists of short and succinct periods, numerous and polished, or square and firm, which is to have equal and strong parts every where answerable, and weighed.

CXXXVII.

*Cutis sive cortex. Compositio.*—The third is the skin and coat, which rests in the well-joining, cementing, and coagmentation of words; when as it is smooth, gentle, and sweet, like a table upon which you may run your finger without rubs, and your nail cannot find a joint; not horrid, rough, wrinkled, gaping, or chapt: after these, the flesh, blood, and bones come in question.

CXXXVIII.

*Carnosa—adipata—redundans.*—We say it is a fleshy style, when there is much periphrasis, and circuit of words; and when with more than enough, it grows fat and corpulent; *arvina orationis*, full of suet and tallow. It hath blood and juice when the words are proper and apt, their sound sweet, and the phrase neat and picked. *Oratio uncta, et benè pasta.* But where there is redundancy, both the blood and juice are faulty and vicious. *Redundat sanguine, quia multò plus dicit, quàm necesse est.* Juice in language is somewhat less than blood; for if the words be but becoming and signifying, and the sense gentle, there is juice; but where that wanteth, the language is thin, flagging, poor, starved, scarce covering the bone, and shews like stones in a sack.

CXXXIX.

*Jejuna, macilenta, strigosa.—Ossea, et nervosa.*—Some men, to avoid redundancy, run into that; and while they strive to have no ill blood or juice, they

lose their good. There be some styles again, that have not less blood, but less flesh and corpulence. These are bony and sinewy; *Ossa habent, et nervos.*

CXL.

*Notæ domini Sti. Albani de doctrin. intemper.— Dictator.— Aristoteles.*— It was well noted by the late lord St. Alban, that the study of words is the first distemper of learning; vain matter the second; and a third distemper is deceit, or the likeness of truth; imposture held up by credulity. All these are the cobwebs of learning and to let them grow in us, is either sluttish, or foolish. Nothing is more ridiculous than to make an author a dictator, as the schools have done Aristotle. The damage is infinite knowledge receives by it; for to many things a man should owe but a temporary belief, and suspension of his own judgment, not an absolute resignation of himself, or a perpetual captivity. Let Aristotle and others have their dues; but if we can make farther discoveries of truth and fitness than they, why are we envied? Let us beware, while we strive to add, we do not diminish, or deface; we may improve, but not augment. By discrediting falsehood, truth grows in request. We must not go about, like men anguished and perplexed, for vicious affectation of praise: but calmly study the separation of opinions, find the errors have intervened, awake antiquity, call former times into question; but make no parties with the present, nor follow any fierce undertakers, mingle no matter of doubtful credit with the simplicity of truth, but gently stir the mould about the root of the question, and avoid all digladiations, facility of credit, or superstitious simplicity, seek the consonancy, and concatenation of truth; stoop only to point of necessity, and what leads to convenience. Then make

exact animadversion where style hath degenerated, where flourished and thrived in choiceness of phrase, round and clean composition of sentence, sweet falling of the clause, varying an illustration by tropes and figures, weight of matter, worth of subject, soundness of argument, life of invention, and depth of judgment. This is *monte potiri*, to get the hill; for no perfect discovery can be made upon a flat or a level.

CXLI.

*De optimo scriptore.—Cicero.*—Now that I have informed you in the knowing these things, let me lead you by the hand a little farther, in the direction of the use, and make you an able writer by practice. The conceits of the mind are pictures of things, and the tongue is the interpreter of those pictures. The order of God's creatures in themselves is not only admirable and glorious, but eloquent: then he who could apprehend the consequence of things in their truth, and utter his apprehensions as truly, were the best writer or speaker. Therefore Cicero said much, when he said, *Dicere rectè nemo potest, nisi qui prudenter intelligit.* The shame of speaking unskilfully were small, if the tongue only thereby were disgraced; but as the image of a king, in his seal ill-represented, is not so much a blemish to the wax, or the signet that sealed it, as to the prince it representeth; so disordered speech is not so much injury to the lips that give it forth, as to the disproportion and incoherence of things in themselves, so negligently expressed. Neither can his mind be thought to be in tune, whose words do jar; nor his reason in frame, whose sentence is preposterous; nor his elocution clear and perfect, whose utterance breaks itself into fragments and uncertainties. Were it not a dishonour to a mighty prince, to have the

majesty of his embassage spoiled by a careless ambassador? and is it not as great an indignity, that an excellent conceit and capacity, by the indiligence of an idle tongue, should be disgraced? Negligent speech doth not only discredit the person of the speaker, but it discrediteth the opinion of his reason and judgment; it discrediteth the force and uniformity of the matter and substance. If it be so then in words, which fly and escape censure, and where one good phrase begs pardon for many incongruities and faults, how shall he then be thought wise, whose penning is thin and shallow? how shall you look for wit from him, whose leisure and head, assisted with the examination of his eyes, yield you no life or sharpness in his writing?

CXLII.

*De stylo epistolari.—Inventio.*—In writing there is to be regarded the invention and the fashion. For the invention, that ariseth upon your business whereof there can be no rules of more certainty, or precepts of better direction given, than conjecture can lay down, from the several occasions of men's particular lives and vocations: but sometimes men make baseness of kindness: As "I could not satisfy myself till I had discharged my remembrance, and charged my letters with commendation to you:" or, "My business is no other than to testify my love to you, and to put you in mind of my willingness to do you all kind offices:" or, "Sir, have you leisure to descend to the remembering of that assurance you have long possest in your servant, and upon your next opportunity make him happy with some commands from you?" or the like; that go a begging for some meaning, and labour to be delivered of the great burden of nothing. When you have invented, and that your business be matter, and not bare form,

or mere ceremony, but some earnest, then are you to proceed to the ordering of it, and digesting the parts, which is had out of two circumstances. One is the understanding of the persons to whom you are to write; the other is the coherence of your sentence. For men's capacity to weigh what will be apprehended with greatest attention or leisure; what next regarded and longed for especially, and what last will leave satisfaction, and (as it were) the sweetest memorial and belief of all that is past in his understanding whom you write to. For the consequence of sentences, you must be sure that every clause do give the Q. one to the other, and be bespoken ere it come. So much for invention and order.

*Modus.*—1. *Brevitas.*—Now for fashion: it consists in four things, which are qualities of your style. The first is brevity: for they must not be treatises, or discourses (your letters) except it be to learned men. And even among them there is a kind of thrift and saving of words. Therefore you are to examine the clearest passages of your understanding, and through them to convey the sweetest and most significant words you can devise, that you may the easier teach them the readiest way to another man's apprehension, and open their meaning fully, roundly, and distinctly; so as the reader may not think a second view cast away upon your letter. And though respect be a part following this, yet now here, and still I must remember it, if you write to a man, whose estate and cense as senses, you are familiar with, you may the bolder (to set a task to his brain) venture on a knot. But if to your superior you are bound to measure him in three farther points: first, with interest in him; secondly, his capacity in your letters; thirdly, his leisure to peruse them. For your interest or favour with him, you are to be the shorter or longer, more familiar or submiss, as

he will afford you time. For his capacity, you are to be quicker and fuller of those reaches and glances of wit or learning, as he is able to entertain them. For his leisure, you are commanded to the greater briefness, as his place is of greater discharges and cares. But with your betters, you are not to put riddles of wit, by being too scarce of words: not to cause the trouble of making breviates by writing too riotous and wastingly. Brevity is attained in matter, by avoiding idle compliments, prefaces, protestations, parentheses, superfluous circuit of figures and digressions: in the composition, by omitting conjunctions [*not only*, but *also; both the one and the other, whereby it cometh to pass*] and such like idle particles, that have no great business in a serious letter but breaking of sentences, as oftentimes a short journey is made long by unnecessary baits.

*Quintilian.*—But, as Quintilian saith, there is a briefness of the parts sometimes that makes the whole long; as, I came to the stairs, I took a pair of oars, they launched out, rowed apace, I landed at the court gate, I paid my fare, went up to the presence, asked for my lord, I was admitted. All this is but, I went to the court, and spake with my lord. This is the fault of some Latin writers, within these last hundred years, of my reading; and perhaps Seneca may be appeached of it; I accuse him not.

2. *Perspicuitas.*—The next property of epistolary style is perspicuity, and is oftentimes by affectation of some wit ill angled for, or ostentation of some hidden terms of art. Few words they darken speech, and so do too many; as well too much light hurteth the eyes, as too little; and a long bill of chancery confounds the understanding, as much as the shortest note; therefore let not your letters be penn'd like English statutes, and this is obtained. These vices are eschewed by pondering your business well and

distinctly concerning yourself, which is much furthered by uttering your thoughts, and letting them as well come forth to the light and judgment of your own outward senses, as to the censure of other men's ears; for that is the reason why many good scholars speak but fumblingly; like a rich man, that for want of particular note and difference, can bring you no certain ware readily out of his shop. Hence it is, that talkative shallow men do often content the hearers more than the wise. But this may find a speedier redress in writing, where all comes under the last examination of the eyes. First mind it well, then pen it, then examine it, then amend it, and you may be in the better hope of doing reasonably well. Under this virtue may come plainness, which is not to be curious in the order as to answer a letter, as if you were to answer to interrogatories. As to the first, first; and to the second, secondly, &c., but both in method to use (as ladies do in their attire) a diligent kind of negligence, and their sportive freedom; though with some men you are not to jest, or practise tricks; yet the delivery of the most important things may be carried with such a grace, as that it may yield a pleasure to the conceit of the reader. There must be store, though no excess of terms; as if you are to name store, sometimes you may call it choice, sometimes plenty, sometimes copiousness, or variety; but ever so, that the word which comes in lieu, have not such difference of meaning, as that it may put the sense of the first in hazard to be mistaken. You are not to cast a ring for the perfumed terms of the time, as *accommodation*, *complement*, *spirit*, &c., but use them properly in their place, as others.

3. *Vigor.*—There followeth life and quickness, which is the strength and sinews, as it were, of your penning by pretty sayings, similitudes, and conceits;

allusions from known history, or other common place, such as are in the *Courtier*, and the second book of Cicero *de oratore*.

4. *Discretio.*—The last is, respect to discern what fits yourself, him to whom you write, and that which you handle, which is a quality fit to conclude the rest, because it doth include all. And that must proceed from ripeness of judgment, which, as one truly saith, is gotten by four means, God, nature, diligence and conversation. Serve the first well, and the rest will serve you

CXLIII.

*De Poetica.*—We have spoken sufficiently of oratory, let us now make a diversion to poetry. Poetry, in the primogeniture, had many peccant humours, and is made to have more now, through the levity and inconstancy of men's judgments. Whereas indeed it is the most prevailing eloquence, and of the most exalted caract. Now the discredits and disgraces are many it hath received, through men's study of depravation or calumny; their practice being to give it diminution of credit, by lessening the professors' estimation, and making the age afraid of their liberty: and the age is grown so tender of her fame, as she calls all writings aspersions.

That is the state word, the phrase of court (Placentia college) which some call Parasites place, the Inn of Ignorance.

CXLIV.

*D. Hieronymus.*—Whilst I name no persons, but deride follies, why should any man confess or betray himself? why doth not that of S. Hierome come into their mind, *Ubi generalis est de vitiis disputatio, ibi nullius esse personæ injuriam?* Is it such an inexpiable crime in poets, to tax vices generally, and

no offence in them, who, by their exception, confess they have committed them particularly? Are we fallen into those times that we must not

*Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero.*[e]

CXLV.

*Remedii votum semper verius erat, quàm spes.*[f]—*Sexus fœmin.*—If men may by no means write freely, or speak truth, but when it offends not; why do physicians cure with sharp medicines, or corrosives? is not the same equally lawful in the cure of the mind, that is in the cure of the body? Some vices, you will say, are so foul, that it is better they should be done than spoken. But they that take offence where no name, character, or signature doth blazon them, seem to me like affected as women, who if they hear anything ill spoken of the ill of their sex, are presently moved, as if the contumely respected their particular: and on the contrary, when they hear good of good women, conclude, that it belongs to them all. If I see any thing that toucheth me, shall I come forth a betrayer of myself presently? No, if I be wise, I'll dissemble it; if honest, I'll avoid it, lest I publish that on my own forehead which I saw there noted without a title. A man that is on the mending hand will either ingenuously confess or wisely dissemble his disease. And the wise and virtuous will never think any thing belongs to themselves that is written, but rejoice that the good are warned not to be such; and the ill to leave to be such. The person offended hath no reason to be offended with the writer, but with himself; and so to declare that properly to belong to him, which was so spoken of all men, as it could be no man's several, but his that would wilfully and desperately claim it.

[e] Per. Sat. 1. [f] Livius.

It sufficeth I know what kind of persons I displease, men bred in the declining and decay of virtue, betrothed to their own vices; that have abandoned or prostituted their good names; hungry and ambitious of infamy, invested in all deformity, enthralled to ignorance and malice, of a hidden and concealed malignity, and that hold a concomitancy with all evil.

CXLVI.

*What is a Poet?*

*Poeta.*—A poet is that which by the Greeks is called κατ' ἐξοχην ὁ Ποιητης, a maker, or a feigner: his art, an art of imitation or feigning; expressing the life of man in fit measure, numbers, and harmony, according to Aristotle; from the word ποιειν, which signifies to make, or feign. Hence he is called a poet, not he which writeth in measure only, but that feigneth and formeth a fable, and writes things like the truth. For the fable and fiction is, as it were, the form and soul of any poetical work, or poem.

CXLVII.

*What mean you by a Poem?*

*Poema.*—A poem is not alone any work, or composition of the poet's in many or few verses; but even one alone verse sometimes makes a perfect poem. As when Æneas hangs up and consecrates the arms of Abas with this inscription:

*Æneas hæc de Danais victoribus arma.*[g]

And calls it a poem, or carmen. Such are those in Martial:

*Omnia, Castor, emis: sic fiet, ut omnia vendas.*[h]

[g] Virg. Æn. lib. iii. [h] Martial, lib. viii. epig. 19.

And,

*Pauper videri Cinna vult, et est pauper.*

CXLVIII.

*Horatius.—Lucretius.*—So were Horace's odes called Carmina, his lyric songs. And Lucretius designs a whole book in his sixth:

*Quod in primo quoque carmine claret.*

CXLIX.

*Epicum.—Dramaticum.—Lyricum.—Elegiacum.—Epigrammat.*—And anciently all the oracles were called Carmina; or whatever sentence was expressed, were it much or little, it was called an Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Elegiac, or Epigrammatic poem.

CL.

*But how differs a Poem from what we call Poesy?*

*Poesis. — Artium regina. — Poet. differentiæ. — Grammatic.—Logic.—Rhetoric.—Ethica.*—A poem, as I have told you, is the work of ~~the~~ poet; the end and fruit of his labour and study. Poesy is his skill or craft of making; the very fiction itself, the reason or form of the work. And these three voices differ, as the thing done, the doing, and the doer; the thing feigned, the feigning, and the feigner; so the poem, the poesy, and the poet. Now the poesy is the habit, or the art; nay, rather the queen of arts, which had her original from heaven, received thence from the Hebrews, and had in prime estimation with the Greeks, transmitted to the Latins and all nations that professed civility. The study of it (if we will trust Aristotle) offers to mankind a certain rule and pattern of living well and happily, disposing us to all civil offices of society. If we will believe Tully,

it nourisheth and instructeth our youth, delights our age, adorns our prosperity, comforts our adversity, entertains us at home, keeps us company abroad, travels with us, watches, divides the times of our earnest and sports, shares in our country recesses and recreations; insomuch as the wisest and best learned have thought her the absolute mistress of manners, and nearest of kin to virtue. And whereas they entitle philosophy to be a rigid and austere poesy; they have, on the contrary, styled poesy a dulcet and gentle philosophy, which leads on and guides us by the hand to action, with a ravishing delight, and incredible sweetness. But before we handle the kinds of poems, with their special differences; or make court to the art itself, as a mistress, I would lead you to the knowledge of our poet, by a perfect information what he is or should be by nature, by exercise, by imitation, by study, and so bring him down through the disciplines of grammar, logic, rhetoric, and the ethics, adding somewhat out of all, peculiar to himself, and worthy of your admittance or reception.

1. *Ingenium. — Seneca. — Plato. — Aristotle. — Helicon. — Pegasus. — Parnassus. — Ovid.* — First, we require in our poet or maker (for that title our language affords him elegantly with the Greek) a goodness of natural wit. For whereas all other arts consist of doctrine and precepts, the poet must be able by nature and instinct to pour out the treasure of his mind; and as Seneca saith, *Aliquando secundum Anacreontem insanire jucundum esse;* by which he understands the poetical rapture. And according to that of Plato, *Frustrà poeticas fores sui compos pulsavit.* And of Aristotle, *Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixturâ dementiæ fuit. Nec potest grande aliquid, et supra cæteros loqui, nisi mota mens.* Then it riseth higher, as by a divine instinct, when

it contemns common and known conceptions. It utters somewhat above a mortal mouth. Then it gets aloft, and flies away with his rider, whither before it was doubtful to ascend. This the poets understood by their Helicon, Pegasus, or Parnassus; and this made Ovid to boast:

*Est deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo:*
*Sedibus æthereis spiritus ille venit.*

*Lipsius. — Petron. in Fragm.* — And Lipsius to affirm: *Scio, poetam neminem præstantem fuisse, sine parte quadam uberiore divinæ auræ.* And hence it is that the coming up of good poets (for I mind not mediocres or imos) is so thin and rare among us. Every beggarly corporation affords the state a mayor, or two bailiffs yearly; but *Solus rex, aut poeta, non quotannis nascitur.* To this perfection of nature in our poet, we require exercise of those parts, and frequent.

2. *Exercitatio. — Virgil. — Scaliger. — Valer. Maximus. — Euripides. — Alcestis.* — If his wit will not arrive suddenly at the dignity of the ancients, let him not yet fall out with it, quarrel or be over-hastily angry; offer to turn it away from study in a humour; but come to it again upon better cogitation; try another time with labour. If then it succeed not, cast not away the quills yet, nor scratch the wainscot, beat not the poor desk; but bring all to the forge and file again; torn it anew. There is no statute law of the kingdom bids you be a poet against your will, or the first quarter; if it come in a year or two, it is well. The common rhymers pour forth verses, such as they are, *ex tempore;* but there never comes from them one sense worth the life of a day. A rhymer and a poet are two things. It is said of the incomparable Virgil, that he brought forth his verses like a bear, and after formed them with licking. Scaliger the father writes it of him,

that he made a quantity of verses in the morning, which afore night he reduced to a less number. But that which Valerius Maximus hath left recorded of Euripides the tragic poet, his answer to Alcestis, another poet, is as memorable as modest: who, when it was told to Alcestis, that Euripides had in three days brought forth but three verses, and those with some difficulty and throes; Alcestis, glorying he could with ease have sent forth an hundred in the space; Euripides roundly replied, Like enough; but here is the difference, thy verses will not last these three days, mine will to all time. Which was as much as to tell him, he could not write a verse. I have met many of these rattles, that made a noise, and buzzed. They had their hum, and no more. Indeed, things wrote with labour deserve to be so read, and will last their age.

3. *Imitatio. — Horatius. — Virgil. — Statius. — Homer.—Horat.—Archil.—Alcæus, &c.* — The third requisite in our poet, or maker, is imitation, to be able to convert the substance or riches of another poet to his own use. To make choice of one excellent man above the rest, and so to follow him till he grow very he, or so like him, as the copy may be mistaken for the principal. Not as a creature that swallows what it takes in crude, raw, or undigested; but that feeds with an appetite, and hath a stomach to concoct, divide, and turn all into nourishment. Not to imitate servilely, as Horace saith, and catch at vices for virtue; but to draw forth out of the best and choicest flowers, with the bee, and turn all into honey, work it into one relish and savour: make our imitation sweet; observe how the best writers have imitated, and follow them. How Virgil and Statius have imitated Homer; how Horace, Archilochus; how Alcæus, and the other lyrics; and so of the rest.

4. *Lectio.— Parnassus.— Helicon.— Ars coron.—*

*M. T. Cicero.—Simylus.—Stob.—Horat.—Aristot.* —But that which we especially require in him, is an exactness of study, and multiplicity of reading, which maketh a full man, not alone enabling him to know the history or argument of a poem, and to report it; but so to master the matter and style, as to shew he knows how to handle, place, or dispose of either with elegancy, when need shall be. And not think he can leap forth suddenly a poet, by dreaming he hath been in Parnassus, or having washed his lips, as they say, in Helicon. There goes more to his making than so: for to nature, exercise, imitation, and study, art must be added, to make all these perfect. And though these challenge to themselves much, in the making up of our maker, it is art only can lead him to perfection, and leave him there in possession, as planted by her hand. It is the assertion of Tully, if to an excellent nature, there happen an accession or conformation of learning and discipline, there will then remain somewhat noble and singular. For, as Simylus saith in Stobæus, Ουτε φυσις ικανη γινεται τεχνης ατερ, ουτε παν τεχνη μη φυσιν κεκτημενη· without art, nature can never be perfect; and without nature, art can claim no being. But our poet must beware, that his study be not only to learn of himself; for he that shall affect to do that, confesseth his ever having a fool to his master. He must read many, but ever the best and choicest: those that can teach him any thing, he must ever account his masters, and reverence: among whom Horace, and (he that taught him) Aristotle, deserved to be the first in estimation. Aristotle was the first accurate critic, and truest judge; nay, the greatest philosopher the world ever had: for he noted the vices of all knowledges, in all creatures; and out of many men's perfections in a science, he formed still one art. So he taught us two offices together, how we ought to judge rightly

of others, and what we ought to imitate specially in ourselves. But all this in vain, without a natural wit, and a poetical nature in chief. For no man, so soon as he knows this, or reads it, shall be able to write the better; but as he is adapted to it by nature, he shall grow the perfecter writer. He must have civil prudence and eloquence, and that whole; not taken up by snatches or pieces, in sentences or remnants, when he will handle business, or carry counsels, as if he came then out of the declaimer's gallery, or shadow furnished but out of the body of the state, which commonly is the school of men.

CLI.

*Virorum schola respub. — Lysippus. — Apelles. — Nævius.* — The poet is the nearest borderer upon the orator, and expresseth all his virtues, though he be tied more to numbers, is his equal in ornament, and above him in his strengths. And (of the kind) the comic comes nearest; because in moving the minds of men, and stirring of affections (in which oratory shews, and especially approves her eminence) he chiefly excels. What figure of a body was Lysippus ever able to form with his graver, or Apelles to paint with his pencil, as the comedy to life expresseth so many and various affections of the mind? There shall the spectator see some insulting with joy, others fretting with melancholy, raging with anger, mad with love, boiling with avarice, undone with riot, tortured with expectation, consumed with fear: no perturbation in common life but the orator finds an example of it in the scene. And then for the elegancy of language, read but this inscription on the grave of a comic poet:

*Immortales mortales si fas esset flere,*
*Flerent divæ Camœnæ Nævium Poetam:*
*Itaque postquam est Orcino traditus thesauro,*
*Obliti sunt Romæ linguâ loqui Latinâ.*

CLII.

*L. Ælius Stilo.—Plautus.—M. Varro.*—Or that modester testimony given by Lucius Ælius Stilo upon Plautus, who affirmed, *Musas, si latinè loqui voluissent, Plautino sermone fuisse loquuturas.* And that illustrious judgment by the most learned M. Varro of him, who pronounced him the prince of letters and elegancy in the Roman language.

CLIII.

*Sophocles.*—I am not of that opinion to conclude a poet's liberty within the narrow limits of laws, which either the grammarians or philosophers prescribe. For before they found out those laws, there were many excellent poets that fulfilled them: amongst whom none more perfect than Sophocles, who lived a little before Aristotle.

CLIV.

*Demosthenes.— Pericles.— Alcibiades.*— Which of the Greeklings durst ever give precepts to Demosthenes? or to Pericles (whom the age surnamed heavenly) because he seemed to thunder and lighten with his language? or to Alcibiades, who had rather nature for his guide, than art for his master?

CLV.

*Aristotle.*—But whatsoever nature at any time dictated to the most happy, or long exercise to the most laborious, that the wisdom and learning of Aristotle hath brought into an art; because he understood the causes of things: and what other men did by chance or custom, he doth by reason; and not only found out the way not to err, but the short way we should take not to err.

CLVI.

*Euripides.—Aristophanes.*—Many things in Euripides hath Aristophanes wittily reprehended, not out of art, but out of truth. For Euripides is sometimes peccant, as he is most times perfect. But judgment when it is greatest, if reason doth not accompany it, is not ever absolute.

CLVII.

*Cens. Scal. in Lil. Germ.—Horace.*—To judge of poets is only the faculty of poets; and not of all poets, but the best. *Nemo infeliciùs de poetis judicavit, quàm qui de poetis scripsit.*[i] But some will say critics are a kind of tinkers, that make more faults than they mend ordinarily. See their diseases and those of grammarians. It is true, many bodies are the worse for the meddling with; and the multitude of physicians hath destroyed many sound patients with their wrong practice. But the office of a true critic or censor is, not to throw by a letter any where, or damn an innocent syllabe, but lay the words together, and amend them; judge sincerely of the author, and his matter, which is the sign of solid and perfect learning in a man. Such was Horace, an author of much civility; and (if any one among the heathen can be) the best master both of virtue and wisdom; an excellent and true judge upon cause and reason; not because he thought so, but because he knew so, out of use and experience.

Cato the grammarian, a defender of Lucilius.[k]

*Cato grammaticus, Latina syren,*
*Qui solus legit, et facit poetas.*

Quintilian of the same heresy, but rejected.[l]

[i] Senec. de Brev. Vit. cap. 13, et epist. 88.
[k] Heins. de Sat. 265. [l] Pag. 267.

Horace his judgment of Chœrillus defended against Joseph Scaliger.[m] And of Laberius against Julius.[n]

But chiefly his opinion of Plautus[o] vindicated against many that are offended, and say, it is a hard censure upon the parent of all conceit and sharpness. And they wish it had not fallen from so great a master and censor in the art; whose bondmen knew better how to judge of Plautus, than any that dare patronize the family of learning in this age, who could not be ignorant of the judgment of the times in which he lived, when poetry and the Latin language were at the height; especially being a man so conversant and inwardly familiar with the censures of great men, that did discourse of these things daily amongst themselves. Again, a man so gracious, and in high favour with the emperor, as Augustus often called him his witty manling; (for the littleness of his stature;) and, if we may trust antiquity, had designed him for a secretary of estate, and invited him to the place, which he modestly prayed off, and refused.

CLVIII.

*Terence.— Menander.*— Horace did so highly esteem Terence's comedies, as he ascribes the art in comedy to him alone among the Latins, and joins him with Menander.

Now let us see what may be said for either, to defend Horace's judgment to posterity, and not wholly to condemn Plautus.

CLIX.

*The parts of a comedy and tragedy.*—The parts of a comedy are the same with a tragedy, and the end is partly the same; for they both delight and

[m] Pag. 270, 271. [n] Pag. 273, et seq.
[o] Pag. in comm. 153, et seq.

teach : the comics are called διδασκαλοι of the Greeks, no less than the tragics.

CLX.

*Aristotle.—Plato.—Homer.*—Nor is the moving of laughter always the end of comedy, that is rather a fowling for the people's delight, or their fooling. For as Aristotle says rightly, the moving of laughter is a fault in comedy, a kind of turpitude, that depraves some part of a man's nature without a disease. As a wry face without pain moves laughter, or a deformed vizard, or a rude clown dressed in a lady's habit, and using her actions; we dislike, and scorn such representations, which made the ancient philosophers ever think laughter unfitting in a wise man. And this induced Plato to esteem of Homer as a sacrilegious person, because he presented the gods sometimes laughing. As also it is divinely said of Aristotle, that to seem ridiculous is a part of dishonesty, and foolish.

CLXI.

*The wit of the old comedy.*—So that what either in the words or sense of an author, or in the language or actions of men, is awry, or depraved, does strangely stir mean affections, and provoke for the most part to laughter. And therefore it was clear, that all insolent and obscene speeches, jests upon the best men, injuries to particular persons, perverse and sinister sayings (and the rather unexpected) in the old comedy did move laughter, especially where it did imitate any dishonesty, and scurrility came forth in the place of wit; which, who understands the nature and genius of laughter, cannot but perfectly know.

CLXII.

*Aristophanes.—Plautus.*—Of which Aristophanes affords an ample harvest, having not only outgone

Plautus, or any other in that kind; but expressed all the moods and figures of what is ridiculous, oddly. In short, as vinegar is not accounted good until the wine be corrupted; so jests that are true and natural seldom raise laughter with the beast the multitude. They love nothing that is right and proper. The farther it runs from reason, or possibility with them, the better it is.

CLXIII.

*Socrates.—Theatrical wit.*—What could have made them laugh, like to see Socrates presented, that example of all good life, honesty, and virtue, to have him hoisted up with a pully, and there play the philosopher in a basket; measure how many foot a flea could skip geometrically, by a just scale, and edify the people from the engine. This was theatrical wit, right stage jesting, and relishing a play-house, invented for scorn and laughter; whereas, if it had savoured of equity, truth, perspicuity, and candour, to have tasten a wise, or a learned palate,—spit it out presently! this is bitter and profitable; this instructs and would inform us: what need we know any thing that are nobly born, more than a horse-race, or a hunting-match, our day to break with citizens, and such innate mysteries?

CLXIV.

*The cart.*—This is truly leaping from the stage to the tumbril again, reducing all wit to the original dung-cart.

CLXV.

*Of the magnitude and compass of any fable, epic or dramatic.*

*What the measure of a fable is.—The fable or plot of a poem defined.—The epic fable, differing from the*

*dramatic.*—To the resolving of this question, we must first agree in the definition of the fable. The fable is called the imitation of one entire and perfect action, whose parts are so joined and knit together, as nothing in the structure can be changed, or taken away, without impairing or troubling the whole, of which there is a proportionable magnitude in the members. As for example: if a man would build a house, he would first appoint a place to build it in, which he would define within certain bounds: so in the constitution of a poem, the action is aimed at by the poet, which answers place in a building, and that action hath his largeness, compass and proportion. But as a court or king's palace requires other dimensions than a private house; so the epic asks a magnitude from other poems: since what is place in the one, is action in the other, the difference is in space. So that by this definition we conclude the fable to be the imitation of one perfect and entire action, as one perfect and entire place is required to a building. By perfect, we understand that to which nothing is wanting; as place to the building that is raised, and action to the fable that is formed. It is perfect perhaps not for a court, or king's palace, which requires a greater ground, but for the structure he would raise; so the space of the action may not prove large enough for the epic fable, yet be perfect for the dramatic, and whole.

CLXVI.

*What we understand by whole.*—Whole we call that, and perfect, which hath a beginning, a midst, and an end. So the place of any building may be whole and entire for that work, though too little for a palace. As to a tragedy or a comedy, the action may be convenient and perfect, that would not fit an epic poem in magnitude. So a lion is a perfect

creature in himself, though it be less than that of a buffalo, or a rhinocerote. They differ but in specie: either in the kind is absolute; both have their parts, and either the whole. Therefore, as in every body, so in every action, which is the subject of a just work, there is required a certain proportionable greatness, neither too vast, nor too minute. For that which happens to the eyes when we behold a body, the same happens to the memory, when we contemplate an action. I look upon a monstrous giant, as Tityus, whose body covered nine acres of land, and mine eye sticks upon every part: the whole that consists of those parts will never be taken in at one entire view. So in a fable, if the action be too great, we can never comprehend the whole together in our imagination. Again, if it be too little, there ariseth no pleasure out of the object; it affords the view no stay; it is beheld, and vanisheth at once. As if we should look upon an ant or pismire, the parts fly the sight, and the whole considered is almost nothing. The same happens in action, which is the object of memory, as the body is of sight. Too vast oppresseth the eyes, and exceeds the memory; too little, scarce admits either.

CLXVII.

*What is the utmost bounds of a fable.*—Now in every action it behoves the poet to know which is his utmost bound, how far with fitness and a necessary proportion he may produce and determine it; that is, till either good fortune change into the worse, or the worse into the better. For as a body without proportion cannot be goodly, no more can the action, either in comedy or tragedy, without his fit bounds: and every bound, for the nature of the subject, is esteemed the best that is largest, till it can increase no more: so it behoves the action in tragedy or

comedy to be let grow, till the necessity ask a conclusion; wherein two things are to be considered; first, that it exceed not the compass of one day; next, that there be place left for digression and art. For the episodes and digressions in a fable are the same that household stuff and other furniture are in a house. And so far from the measure and extent of a fable dramatic.

CLXVIII.

*What by one and entire.*—Now that it should be one, and entire. One is considerable two ways; either as it is only separate, and by itself, or as being composed of many parts, it begins to be one, as those parts grow, or are wrought together. That it should be one the first way alone, and by itself, no man that hath tasted letters ever would say, especially having required before a just magnitude, and equal proportion of the parts in themselves. Neither of which can possibly be, if the action be single and separate, not composed of parts, which laid together in themselves, with an equal and fitting proportion, tend to the same end; which thing out of antiquity itself hath deceived many, and more this day it doth deceive.

CLXIX.

*Hercules.—Theseus.—Achilles.—Ulysses.—Homer and Virgil.—Æneas.—Venus.*—So many there be of old, that have thought the action of one man to be one; as of Hercules, Theseus, Achilles, Ulysses, and other heroes; which is both foolish and false, since by one and the same person many things may be severally done, which cannot fitly be referred or joined to the same end: which not only the excellent tragic poets, but the best masters of the epic, Homer and Virgil saw. For though the argument

of an epic poem be far more diffused, and poured out than that of tragedy; yet Virgil writing of Æneas, hath pretermitted many things. He neither tells how he was born, how brought up, how he fought with Achilles, how he was snatched out of the battle by Venus; but that one thing, how he came into Italy, he prosecutes in twelve books. The rest of his journey, his error by sea, the sack of Troy, are put not as the argument of the work, but episodes of the argument. So Homer laid by many things of Ulysses, and handled no more than he saw tended to one and the same end.

CLXX.

*Theseus.—Hercules.—Juvenal.—Codrus.—Sophocles.—Ajax.—Ulysses.*—Contrary to which, and foolishly, those poets did, whom the philosopher taxeth, of whom one gathered all the actions of Theseus, another put all the labours of Hercules in one work. So did he whom Juvenal mentions in the beginning, "hoarse Codrus," that recited a volume compiled, which he called his Theseide, not yet finished, to the great trouble both of his hearers and himself; amongst which there were many parts had no coherence nor kindred one with another, so far they were from being one action, one fable. For as a house, consisting of divers materials, becomes one structure, and one dwelling; so an action, composed of divers parts, may become one fable, epic or dramatic. For example, in a tragedy, look upon Sophocles his Ajax: Ajax, deprived of Achilles' armour, which he hoped from the suffrage of the Greeks, disdains; and growing impatient of the injury, rageth, and runs mad. In that humour he doth many senseless things, and at last falls upon the Grecian flock, and kills a great ram for Ulysses: returning to his senses, he grows ashamed of the scorn, and kills

himself; and is by the chiefs of the Greeks forbidden burial. These things agree and hang together not as they were done, but as seeming to be done, which made the action whole, entire, and absolute.

CLXXI.

*The conclusion concerning the whole, and the parts. —Which are episodes.—Ajax and Hector.—Homer.*— For the whole, as it consisteth of parts; so without all the parts it is not the whole; and to make it absolute, is required not only the parts, but such parts as are true. For a part of the whole was true; which if you take away, you either change the whole, or it is not the whole. For if it be such a part, as being present or absent, nothing concerns the whole, it cannot be called a part of the whole: and such are the episodes, of which hereafter. For the present here is one example; the single combat of Ajax with Hector, as it is at large described in Homer, nothing belongs to this Ajax of Sophocles.

You admire no poems, but such as run like a brewer's cart upon the stones, hobbling:

*Et, quæ per salebras, altaque saxa cadunt.*
*Accius et quidquid Pacuviusque vomunt,*
*Attonitusque legis terraai, frugiferai.*[p]

[p] Martial, lib. xi. epig. 91.

# THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR,

## MADE BY BEN JONSON,

## FOR THE BENEFIT OF

## ALL STRANGERS,

### OUT OF HIS OBSERVATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, NOW SPOKEN AND IN USE.

*Consuetudo, certissima loquendi magistra, utendumque planè sermone, ut nummo, cui publica forma est.* Quinctil.

*Non obstant hæ disciplinæ per illas euntibus sed circa illas hærentibus.* Quinctil.

*Major adhuc restat labor, sed sanè sit cum veniâ, si gratiâ carebit: boni enim artificis partes sunt, quam paucissima possit omittere.* Scalig. lib. i. c. 25.

*Neque enim optimi artificis est, omnia persequi.* Gallenus.

*Expedire grammatico, etiam, si quædam nesciat.* Quinctil.

THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.] The Grammar which Jonson had prepared for the press was destroyed in the conflagration of his study. What we have here therefore, are rather the materials for a grammar than a perfect work.

Jonson had formed an extensive collection of Grammars, which appears to have been both curious and valuable. Howell writes to him in 1629 that, "according to his desire, he had, with some difficulty, procured Dr. Davies's Welsh Grammar, to add *to those many* which he already had." *Letters*, *Sec.* v. 26; and sir Francis Kynaston, in speaking of the old infinitives *tellen*, &c., says—"Such words ought rather to be esteemed as elegancies, since it appears by a most ancient Grammar written in the Saxon tongue and character, which I once saw in the hands of my most learned and celebrated friend, master Ben Jonson, that the English tongue in Chaucer's time," &c. Much more might be produced to the same effect; but enough is given to shew (what indeed, was already sufficiently apparent) that our author never trifled with the public, nor attempted to handle any subject, of which he had not made himself a complete and absolute master.

*The Grammar* was first printed in the fol. 1640, three years after the author's death. The title was drawn up by the editors of that volume.

# THE PREFACE.

THE profit of Grammar is great to strangers, who are to live in communion and commerce with us, and it is honourable to ourselves: for by it we communicate all our labours, studies, profits, without an interpreter.

We free our language from the opinion of rudeness and barbarism, wherewith it is mistaken to be diseased: we shew the copy of it, and matchableness with other tongues; we ripen the wits of our own children and youth sooner by it, and advance their knowledge.

Confusion of language, a curse.
Experience breedeth art: lack of experience, chance.

Experience, observation, sense, induction, are the four triers of arts. It is ridiculous to teach any thing for undoubted truth, that sense and experience can confute. . So Zeno disputing of *Quies*, was confuted by Diogenes, rising up and walking.

In grammar, not so much the invention, as the disposition is to be commended: yet we must remember, that the most excellent creatures are not ever born perfect; to leave bears, and whelps, and other failings of nature.

[a] Jul. Cæsar Scaliger. *de caus. Ling. Lat.* *Grammatici unus finis est rectè loqui. Neque necesse habet scribere. Accidit enim scriptura voci, neque aliter scribere debemus, quàm loquamur.*

Ramus *in definit. pag.* 30. *Grammatica est ars benè loquendi.*

[b] *Veteres, ut* Varro, Cicero, Quinctilianus, *Etymologiam in notatione vocum statuêre.*

[c] *Dictionis natura prior est, posterior orationis. Ex usu veterum Latinorum,* Vox, *pro dictione scriptâ accipitur: quoniam vox esse possit. Est articulata, quæ scripto excipi, atque exprimi valeat: inarticulata, quæ non. Articulata vox dicitur, quâ genus humanum utitur distinctìm, à cæteris animalibus, quæ muta vocantur: non, quòd sonum non edant; sed quia soni eorum nullis exprimantur propriè literarum notis.*

Smithus *de rectâ, et emend. L. Latin. script.*

[d] *Syllaba est elementum sub accentu.* Scalig. lib. 2.

[e] *Litera est pars dictionis indivisibilis. Nam quamquam sunt literæ quædam duplices, una tamen tantùm litera est, sibi quæque sonum unum certum servans.* Scalig.

*Et* Smithus, *ibid. Litera pars minima vocis articulatæ.*

[f] *Natura literæ tribus modis intelligitur;* nomine, *quo pronunciatur;* potestate, *quâ valet;* figurâ, *quâ scribitur. At potestas est sonus ille, quo pronunciari, quem etiam figura debet imitari; ut his Prosodiam Orthographia sequatur.* Asper.

[g] *Prosodia autem, et Orthographia partes non sunt; sed, ut sanguis, et spiritus per corpus universum fusæ.* Scal. *ut suprà.* Ramus, *pag.* 31.

# THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

## CHAP. I.

### Of Grammar, and the Parts.

GRAMMAR[a] is the art of true and well-speaking a language: the writing is but an accident.

*The parts of Grammar are*

*Etymology*,[b] *Syntax*, } which is { the true notation of words. / the right ordering of them.

[c] A *word* is a part of speech, or note, whereby a thing is known, or called; and consisteth of one or more *syllabes*.

[d] A *syllabe* is a perfect sound in a word, and consisteth of one or more *letters*.

[e] A *letter* is an indivisible part of a *syllabe*, whose *prosody*,[f] or right sounding is perceived by the power; the *orthography*, or right writing, by the form.

[g] *Prosody*, and *orthography*, are not parts of *grammar*, but diffused like the blood and spirits through the whole.

[h] *Litera, à lineando; undè, linere, lineaturæ, literæ, et lituræ. Neque enim à lituris literæ quia delerentur; priùs enim factæ, quàm deletæ sunt. At formæ potiùs, atque* οὐσίας *rationem, quàm interitûs, habeamus.* Scal. ibid.

[i] *Litera genus quoddam est, cujus species primariæ duæ* vocalis et consonans, *quarum natura, et constitutio non potest percipi, nisi priùs cognoscantur differentiæ formales, quibus factum est, ut inter se non convenirent.* Scal. ibid.

[k] *Literæ differentia generica est potestas, quam nimìs rudi consilio veteres Accidens appellârunt. Est enim forma quædam ipse flexus in voce, quasi in materiâ, propter quem flexum fit; ut vocalis per se possit pronunciari: Muta non possit. Figura autem est accidens ab arte institutum; potestque attributa mutari.* Jul. Cæs. Scal. ibidem. *De vi, ac potestate literarum tam accuratè scripsêrunt Antiqui, quàm de quâvis aliâ suæ professionis parte. Elaborârunt in hoc argumento Varro, Priscianus, Appion, ille, qui cymbalum dicebatur mundi: et inter rhetores non postremi judicii, Dionysius Halicarnassæus, Caius quoque Cæsar, et Octavius Augustus.* Smith. ibid.

[l] *Literæ, quæ per seipsas possint pronunciari, vocales sunt; quæ non, nisi cum aliis, consonantes.*

*Vocalium nomina simplici sono, nec differente à potestate, proferantur.*

*Consonantes, additis vocalibus, quibusdam præpositis, aliis postpositis.*

[m] *Ex consonantibus, quorum nomen incipit à Consonante, Mutæ sunt; quarum à vocali, semi-vocales: Mutas non indè appellatas, quòd parùm sonarent, sed quòd nihil.*

## CHAP. II.

### OF LETTERS AND THEIR POWERS.[h]

IN our language we use these twenty and four *letters*, A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. R. S. T. V. W. X. Y. Z. a. b. c. d. e. f. g. h. i. k. l. m. n. o. p. q. r. s. t. v. w. x. y. z. The great *letters* serve to begin sentences, with us, to lead proper names, and express numbers. The less make the fabric of speech.

*Our numeral* letters *are,*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| I | for | 1 |
| V | | 5 |
| X | | 10 |
| L | | 50 |
| C | | 100 |
| D | | 500 |
| M | | 1000 |

[i] All *letters* are either *vowels* or consonants; and are principally known[k] by their powers. The *figure* is an accident.

[l] A *vowel* will be pronounced by itself: a *consonant* not without the help of a *vowel*, either before or after.

*The received* vowels *in our tongue are,*
*a. e. i. o. u.*

[m] *Consonants* be either *mutes*, and close the sound, as *b. c. d. g. k. p. q. t.* Or *half-vowels*, and open it, as *f. l. m. n. r. s. x. z.*

*H.* is rarely other than an *aspiration* in power, though a *letter* in form.

*W.* and *Y.* have shifting and uncertain sounds as shall be shewn in their places.

[n] *Omnes Vocales ancipites sunt; (i. e.) modò longæ, modò breves: eodem tamen modo sempèr depictæ, (nam scriptura est imitatio sermonis, ut pictura corporis. Scriptio vocum pictura.* Smithus) *et eodem sono pronunciatæ. Nisi quòd vocalis longa bis tantum temporis in effando retinet, quàm brevis. Ut rectè cecinit ille de vocalibus.*

*Temporis unius brevis est, ut longa duorum.*

A

[o] *Literæ hujus sonus est omnium gentium ferè communis. Nomen autem, et figura multis nationibus est diversa.* Scalig. *et* Ramus.

Dionysius *ait* a *esse,* εὐφωνότατον, *ex plenitudine vocis.*

[p] Teren. Maurus.

A, *prima locum littera sic ab ore, sumit,*
*Immunia, rictu patulo, tenere labra:*
*Linguamque necesse est ità pandulam reduci,*
*Ut nisus in illam valeat subire vocis,*
*Nec partibus ullis aliquos ferire dentes.*

[q] E

*Triplicem differentiam habet: primam, mediocris rictus: secundam, linguæ, eamque duplicem; alteram, interioris, nempè inflexæ ad interius cœlum*

## CHAP. III.

### Of the Vowels.

ALL our *vowels*[n] are sounded doubtfully. In quantity, (which is time) long or short. Or, in accent, (which is tune) sharp or flat. Long in these words, and their like: *Debāting, congēling, expīring, oppōsing, endūring.*

Short in these: *Stomăching, sevĕring, vanquĭshing, ransŏming, pictŭring.*

Sharp in these: *hâte, méte, bíte, nóte, púle.*

Flat in these: *hàt, mèt, bìt, nòt, pùll.*

*A*

[o] With us, in most words, is pronounced less than the French *à*, as in

*art, act, apple, ancient.*

But when it comes before *l*, in the end of a syllabe, it obtaineth the full French sound,[p] and is uttered with the mouth and throat wide opened, the tongue bent back from the teeth, as in

*all, small, gall, fall, tall, call.*

So in the syllabes where a consonant followeth the *l*, as in

*salt, malt, balm, calm.*

[q] *E*

Is pronounced with a mean opening the mouth, the tongue turned to the inner roof of the palate, and softly striking the upper great teeth. It is a letter of divers note and use; and either soundeth, or is silent. When it is the last letter, and soundeth, the sound is sharp, as in the French *i*. Example in *mé, seé, agreé, yé, shé;* in all, saving the article *thè.*

*palati; alteram genuinos prementis. Tertia est labri inferioris,*

Ramus, lib. 2.

*Duas primas Terentianus notavit; tertiam tacuit.*

Terentianus 1.

E, *quæ sequitur, vocula dissona est priori: quia deprimit altum modico tenore rictum, et remotos premit hinc, et hinc molares.*

[r] *Apud latinos,* e *latiùs sonat in adverbio* benè, *quàm in adverbio* herè: *hujus enim posteriorem vocalem exiliùs pronunciabant; ità, ut etiàm in maximè exilem sonum transierit* herì. *Id, quod latiùs in multis quoque patet: ut ab* Eo, *verbo, deductum,* ire, iis, *et* eis: diis, *et* deis: febrem, febrim: turrem, turrim: priore, *et* priori: Ram. *et* Scalig.

*Et propter hanc vicinitatem* (*ait Quinct.*) e *quoque loco* i *fuit: ut* Menerva, leber, magester: *pro* Minerva, liber, magister.

[s] I

*Porrigit ictum genuino propè ad ipsos*
*Minimumque renidet supero tenus labello.*

Terent.

Where it endeth, and soundeth obscure and faintly, it serves as an accent to produce the *vowel* preceding: as in *máde, stéme, strípe, óre, cúre,* which else would sound, *màd, stèm, strìp, òr, cùr.*

It altereth the power of *c, g, s,* so placed, as in *hence,* which else would sound *henc; swinge,* to make it different from *swing; use,* to distinguish it from *us.*

It is mere silent in words where *l* is coupled with a consonant in the end; as *whistle, gristle, brittle, fickle, thimble,* &c.

Or after *v consonant,* as in

*love, glove, move.*

Where it endeth a former syllabe, it soundeth longish, but flat; as in

*dérive, prépare, résolve.*

Except in *derivatives,* or compounds of the sharp *e,* and then it answers the *primitive* or *simple* in the first sound; as

*agreeing,* of *agree; foreseeing,* of *foresee; being,* of *be.*

Where it endeth a last syllabe, with one or more *consonants* after it, it either soundeth flat and full; as in

*descent, intent, amend, offend, rest, best.*

Or it passeth away obscured, like the faint *i;* as in these,

*written, gotten, open, sayeth,* &c.

[r] Which two letters *e* and *i* have such a nearness in our tongue, as oftentimes they interchange places; as in

*enduce,* for *induce; endite,* for *indite.*

[s] *I*

Is of a narrower sound than *e,* and uttered with a less opening of the mouth, the tongue brought back to the palate, and striking the teeth next the cheek teeth.

It is a *letter* of a double power.

*I vocalis sonos habet tres: suum, exilem: alterum, latiorem proprioremque ipsi* e; *et tertium, obscuriorem ipsius* u, *inter quæ duo* Y *græcæ vocalis sonus continetur: ut non inconsultò Victorinus ambiguam illam quam adduximus vocem, per* Y *scribendam esse putârit,* Optimus.

Scalig.

*Ante consonantem* I *sempèr est vocalis.*

[t] *Ante vocalem ejusdem syllabæ consonans.*

[u] *Apud Hebræos* I *perpetuò est consonans; ut apud Græcos vocalis.*

[w] *Ut in* Giacente, Giesù, Gioconda, Giustitia.

[x] O *pronunciatur rotundo ore, linguâ ad radices hypoglossis reductâ.* ὁ μίκρον, *et* ὠ μέγα, *unicâ tantùm notâ, sono differenti.*

[y] *Profertur, ut* ω.

[z] *Ut* oo, *vel* ou *Gallicum.*

*Una quoniam sat habitum est notare forma,*
*Pro temporibus quæ gremium ministret usum.*
*Igitur sonitum reddere voles minori,*
*Retrorsùs adactam modicè teneto linguam,*
*Rictù neque magno sat erit patere labra,*
*At longior alto tragicum sub oris antro*
*Molita, rotundis acuit sonum labellis.* Terent.

*Differentiam* o *parvi valdè distinctam Franci tenent: sed scripturâ valdè confundant.* O, *scribunt perindè ut proferunt. At* ω *scribunt modò per* au, *modò per* ao, *quæ sonum talem minimè sonant, qui simplici, et rotundo motu oris proferri debet.*

As a *vowel* in the former, or single syllabes, it hath sometimes the sharp accent; as in

*bínding, mínding, píning, whíning, wíving, thríving, míne, thíne.*

Or all words of one syllabe qualified by *e*. But the flat in more, as in these, *bìll, bìtter, gìddy, lìttle, ìncident*, and the like.

In the derivatives of sharp primitives, it keepeth the sound, though it deliver over the primitive *consonant* to the next syllabe: as in

*diví-ning, requí-ring, repí-ning.*

For, a *consonant* falling between two *vowels* in the word, will be spelled with the latter. In syllabes and words, composed of the same *elements*, it varieth the sound, now sharp, now flat: as in

*gíve, gìve, alíve, lìve, dríve, drìven, títle, ìtle.*

But these, use of speaking, and acquaintance in reading, will teach, rather than rule.

[t] *I*, in the other power, is merely another letter, and would ask to enjoy another *character*. For where it leads the sounding *vowel*, and beginneth the syllabe, it is ever a *consonant;* as in

*James, John, jest, jump, conjurer, perjured.*

And before *diphthongs;* as *jay, joy, juice*, having the force of the Hebrew *Jod*,[u] and the *Italian Gi*.[w]

O

[x] Is pronounced with a round mouth, the tongue drawn back to the root; and is a letter of much change, and uncertainty with us.

In the long time it naturally soundeth sharp, and high; as in

[y] *chósen, hósen, hóly, fólly;*
*ópen, óver, nóte, thrōte.*

In the short time more flat, and akin to *u;* as

[z] *cosen, dosen, mòther,*
*bròther, lòve, pròve.*

[a] *Quanta sit affinitas* (o) *cum* (u) *ex Quinct. Plinio, Papyriano notum est. Quid enim* o *et* u, *permutatæ invicèm, ut* Hecobe, *et* Notrix, Culchides, *et* Pulixena, *scriberentur? sic nostri præceptores,* Cervom, Servomque u *et* o *litteris scripsêrunt; Sic* dedêront, probaveront, *Romanis olim fuêre,* Quinct. lib. 1.

*Deinque* o, *teste Plinio apud Priscianum, aliquot Italiæ civitates non habebant; sed loco ejus ponebant* u, *et maximè Umbri, et Tusci. Atque* u *contra, teste apud eundem Papyriano, multis Italiæ populis in usu non erat; sed utebantur* o; *unde Romanorum quoque vetustissimi in multis dictionibus, loco ejus* o *posuêrunt: Ut* poblicum, *pro* publicum; polcrum, *pro* pulcrum; colpam, *pro* culpam.

[b] V

*Quam scribere* Graius, *nisi jungat* Y, *nequibit*
*Hanc edere vocem quotiès paramus ore,*
*Nitamur ut* U *dicere, sic citetur ortus*
*Productiùs autem, coëuntibus labellis*
*Natura soni pressi altiùs meabit.* Terentian.

Et alibi.

*Græca diphthongus* ꝫ, *literis tamen nostris vacat,*
*Sola vocalis quod* u *complet hunc satis sonum.*

*Ut in titulis, fabulis* Terentii *præpositis. Græca* Menandru: *Græca* Apollodoru, *pro* Μενανδρου, *et* Ἀπολλοδορου, *et quidem, ne quis de potestate vocalis hujus addubitare possit, etiàm à mutis animalibus testimonium* Plautus *nobis exhibuit è Peniculo* Menechmi ME. *Egon' dedi?* Pe. *tu, tu, inquam, vin' afferri noctuam,*
*Quæ* tu, tu, *usque dicat tibi: nam nos jàm nos defessi sumus.*

*Ergò ut ovium balatus* ἦτα *literæ sonum: sic noctuarum cantus, et cuculi apud Aristophanem sonum hujus vocalis vindicabit. Nam, quando* u *liquescit, ut in* quis, *et* sanguis, *habet sonum communem cum* Y *græcâ,* χ' ὥποθ' ὁ κόκκυξ εἶποι κόκκυ. *Et quando* Coccyx *dixit* Coccy.

[c] *Consonans ut* u *Gallicum, vel Digamma profertur.*

In the *diphthong* sometimes the *o* is sounded; as
*ôught, sôught, nôught,*
*wrôught, môw, sôw.*

But oftener upon the *u*; as in *sòund, bòund, hòw, nòw, thòu, còw.*

In the last *syllabes*, before *n* and *w*, the *o* frequently loseth its sound; as in
*persòn, actiòn, willòw, billòw.*

It holds up, and is sharp, when it ends the word, or syllabe; as in
*gó, frô, só, nó.*
Except in*tò*, the preposition; *twò*, the numeral; *dò*, the verb, and the compounds of it; as *undò*, and the derivatives, as *dòing.*

It varieth the sound in syllabes of the same *character*, and proportion; as in
*shôve; glòve, grôve.*
Which double sound it hath from the *Latin;* as
[a] *Voltus, vultus, vultis, voltis.*

*V*

[b] Is sounded with a narrower and mean compass, and some depression of the middle of the tongue, and is like our *i*, a letter of a double power. As a *vowel*, it soundeth thin and sharp, as in *úse;* thick and flat, as in *us.*

It never endeth any word for the nakedness, but yieldeth to the termination of the *diphthong ew*, as in *new, knew*, &c., or the qualifying *e*, as in *sue, due, true*, and the like.

[c] When it followeth a sounding *vowel* in a syllabe it is a *consonant;* as in *save, reve, prove, love*, &c. Which double force is not the unsteadfastness of our tongue, or incertainty of our writing, but fallen upon us from the *Latin.*

*Hanc et modò quam diximus* J, *simul jugatas,*
*Verum est spacium sumere, vimque consonatum.*
*Ut quæque tamen constiterit loco priore:*
*Nam si* juga *quis nominet,* J *consona fiet.* Terent.
*Versâ vice fit prior* V, *sequatur illa, ut in* vide.

W

[d] *Ut Itali proferunt* Edoardo *in* Edouardo, *et Galli,* ou-y.

Suävis, suädeo, *etiam Latini, ut sw-avis,* &c. *At quid attinet duplicare, quod simplex queat sufficere? Proindè* W *pro copiâ Characterum non reprehendo, pro novâ literâ certè non agnosco. Veteresque* Anglo-Saxones *pro eâ, quando nos* W *solemus uti, figuram istius modi* p *solebant conscribere, quæ non multùm differt ab eâ, quâ et hodiè utimur* y *simplici, dum verbum inchoet.*

Smithus *de rect. et amend.* L. A. *Script.*

## *W*

[d] Is but the *V* geminated in the full sound, and though it have the seat of a *consonant* with us, the power is always *vowelish*, even where it leads the *vowel* in any syllabe; as, if you mark it, pronounce the two *uu*, like the Greek ϒ, quick in passage, and these words,

*ϒ-ine, ϒ-ant, ϒ-ood, ϒ-ast, sϒ-ing, sϒ-am;*

will sound, *wine, want, wood, wast, swing, swam.*

So put the aspiration afore, and these words,

*hϒ-at, h-ϒich, hϒ-eel, hϒ-ether;*

Will be, *what, which, wheel, whether.*

In the *diphthongs* there will be no doubt, as in *draw, straw, sow, know.*

Nor in *derivatives*, as *knowing, sowing, drawing.*

Where the double *w* is of necessity used, rather than the single *u*, lest it might alter the sound, and be pronounced *knoving, soving, draving;*

As in *saving, having.*

## *Y*

Is also mere *vowelish* in our tongue, and hath only the power of an *i*, even where it obtains the seat of a *consonant*, as in *young, younker.*

Which the Dutch, whose primitive it is, write *Iunk, Iunker.*

And so might we write

*iouth, ies, ioke, ionder, iard, ielk;*
*youth, yes, yoke, yonder, yard, yelk.*

But that we choose *y*, for distinction sake; as we usually difference *to lye* or feign, from *to lie* along, &c.

In the *diphthong* it sounds always *i;* as in

*may, say, way, joy, toy, they.*

And in the ends of words; as in

*deny, reply, defy, cry.*

Which sometimes are written by *i*, but qualified by *e.*

[e] *Siquidem eandem pro* v. *græco retinet: Certè alium quam* i, *omni in loco reddere debebat sonum.*

B

[f] *Nobis cum* Latinis *communis.* Smith.

*Nam muta jubet comprimi labella,*
*Vocalis at intùs locus exitum ministrat.* Terent.

B, *Labris per spiritus impetum reclusis edicimus.* Mart. cap.

C

[g] *Litera* Androgyne, *naturâ nec mas, nec fœmina, et utrumque est neutrum. Monstrum literæ, non litera; Ignorantiæ specimen, non artis.* Smithus.

*Quomodo nunc utimur vulgò, aut nullas, aut nimias habet vires: Nam modò* k *sonat, modò* s. *At si litera sit à* k *et* s *diversa, suum debet habere sonum. Sed nescio quod monstrum, aut Empusa sit, quæ modò mas, modò fœmina, modò serpens, modò cornix, appareat; et per ejusmodi imposturas, pro suo arbitrio, tàm* s *quàm* k *exigat ædibus, et fundis suis: Ut jure possint hæ duæ literæ contendere cum* c *per edictum, unde* vi: *Neque dubito quin, ubi sit prætor æquus facilè* c *cadet caussa.*

[h] *Apud* Latinos c *eandem habuit formam, et charactêrem, quem* Σῖγμα *apud* Græcos *veteres.*

But where two *ii* are sounded, the first will be ever a *y*; as in derivatives:

*denying, replying, defying.*

[e] Only in the words received by us from the Greek, as *syllabe, tyran*, and the like, it keeps the sound of the thin and sharp *u*, in some proportion. And this we had to say of the *vowels*.

## CHAP. IV.

### Of the Consonants.

[f] *B*

BATH the same sound with us as it hath with the Latin, always one, and is uttered with closing of the lips.

*C*

[g] Is a letter which our forefathers might very well have spared in our tongue; but since it hath obtained place both in our writing and language, we are not now to quarrel with *orthography* or *custom*, but to note the powers.

Before *a, u*, and *o*, it plainly sounds *k, chi*, or *kappa;* as in

*cable, cobble, cudgel.*

Or before the *liquids, l* and *r;* as in

*clod, crust.*

Or when it ends a former syllabe before a *consonant;* as in

*ac-quaintance, ac-knowledgment, ac-tion.*

In all which it sounds strong.

[h] Before *e* and *i* it hath a weak sound, and hisseth like *s;* as in

*certain, center, civil, citizen, whence.*

*An hæc fuit occasio, quòd ignorantia, confusioque eundem, apud imperitos, dederit sonum* C, *quem* S, *nolo affirmare.*

[i] *Vetustæ illius* Anglo-Saxonicæ *linguæ et scriptionis peritiores condendunt, apud illos atavos nostros* Anglo-Saxones, C *literam, maximè, ante* e *et* i *eum habuisse sonum, quem, et pro tenui* τοῦ Chi, *sono agnoscimus: et* Itali, *maximè* Hetrusci, *ante* e *et* i *hodiè usurpant.* Idem ibidem.

[k] C *molaribus super linguæ extrema appulsis exprimitur.* Mart. Cap.

C *pressiùs urget: sed et hinc, hincque remittit,*
*Quo vocis adhærens sonus explicetur ore.*

Terent.

D

D *appulsu linguæ circa dentes superiores innascitur.*

[l] *At portio dentes quotiens suprema linguæ*
*Pulsaverit imos, modiceque curva summas,*
*Tunc* D *sonitum perficit, explicatque vocem.*

Terent.

F

[m] *Litera à græca* φ *recedit lenis, et hebes sonus.*

Idem.

[n] Vau *consona,* Varrone *et* Dydimo *testibus, nominata est* F. *figura à* Claudio Cæsare *facta etiam est. Vis ejus, et potestas est eadem, quæ Digamma Aeolici, ut ostendit Terentianus in* v *consona.*

V, *vade, veni, refer; teneto vultum:*
*Crevisse sonum perspicis, et coïsse crassum,*
*Unde Æoliis litera fingitur Digammos.*

*F, quasi* ἐυ, *contrarium* F, *quæ sonat* φ.

G

[o] *Spiritus cum palato.* Mart. Cap.

*De sono quidem hujus literæ satis constat: Sed distinctionis caussâ Characterem illi dedêrunt aliqui*

Or before *diphthongs*, whose first *vowel* is *e* or *i*; as in

*cease, deceive, ceiling.*

[i] Among the English Saxons it obtained the weaker force of *chi*, or the Italian *c; as in*

*capel, canc, cild, cyrce.*

Which were pronounced

*chapel, chance, child, church.*

[k] It is sounded with the top of the tongue, striking the upper teeth, and rebounding against the palate.

*D*

Hath the same sound, both before and after a *vowel* with us, as it hath with the Latins; and is pronounced softly,[l] the tongue a little affecting the teeth, but the nether teeth most.

*F*

Is a letter of two forces with us; and in them both sounded with the nether lip rounded, and a kind of blowing out; but gentler in the one than the other.

The more general sound is the softest,[m] and expresseth the Greek φ; as in

*faith, field, fight, force.*

Where it sounds *ef.*

[n] The other is ευ, or *vau*, the *digamma* of *Claudius;* as in

*cleft*, of *cleave; left*, of *leave.*

The difference will best be found in the word *of*, which as a preposition sounds

ου *of*, speaking of a person or thing.

As the adverb of distance,

*off*, far *off.*

*G*

[o] Is likewise of double force in our tongue, and is sounded with an impression made on the midst of the palate.

*hunc* ȝ, *ut secernatur à* G. *Nam ut* Græci *in secundâ conjugatione tres habent literas,* κ, γ, χ, *tenuem, mediam, densam;* Angli *quatuor habent, ratâ proportione sibi respondentes,* ka, ga, ce, ȝ ε. *Illæ simplices, et apertæ; hæ stridulæ, et compressæ; illæ mediæ linguæ officio sonantur; hæ summâ linguâ ad interiores illisa, superiorum dentium gingivas efflantur. Quodque est* ka *ad* ga: *Idem est* ce *ad* ȝ. Smithus ibid.

*Voces tamen pleræque, quas Meridionales* Angli *per hunc sonum* τοῦ ȝ *pronunciamus in fine: Boreales per* G *proferunt: ut in voce* Pons, *nos* briȝ: *Illi* brig. *In ruptură,* brec: *illi* brek. *Maturam avem ad volandum, nos* fliȝ: *Illi* flig. Ibid.

*Apud* Latinos *proximum ipsi* C *est* G. *Itaque* Cneum *et* Gneum, *dicebant: Sic* Curculionem, *et* Gurculionem: *Appulsâ enim ad palatum linguâ, modicello relicto intervallo, spiritu tota pronunciatur.* Scal. *de causs. L. L.*

*Et* Terentianus.

*Sic amurca, quæ vetustè sæpè per* c *scribitur,*
*Esse per* g *proferendum credidêrunt plurimi.*
*Quando* αμοργή Græca *vox est;* γάμμα *origo præferat.*

*Apud* Germanos *semper profertur* γ.

## K

ᵖ *Cùm* Kalendæ *Græcam habebant diductionem et sonum,* καππα *Græcam sunt mutuati literam Romani, ut eas exprimerent. Et, credo tamen, fecêrunt câ formâ, ut, et* C *Romanum efformarent, quòd haberet adjunctum, quasi retrò bacillum, ut robur ei adderent istâ formâ* K: *nam* C *Romanum stridulum quiddam, et molliùs sonat, quam* K *Græcum.*

*Est et hæc litera Gallis planè supervacanea, aut certè* qu *est. Nam* qui, quæ, quod, quid, *nullâ pro-*

Before *a*, *o*, and *u*, strong; as in these,

*gate, got, gut.*

Or before the *aspirate h*, or *liquids l* and *r;* as in

*ghost, glad, grant.*

Or in the ends of the words; as in

*long, song, ring, swing, eg, leg, lug, dug.*

Except the qualifying *e* follow, and then the sound is ever weak; as in

*age, stage, hedge,*
*sledge, judge, drudge.*

Before *u*, the force is double; as in

*guile, guide, guest, guise.*

Where it soundeth like the French *gu*. And in

*guerdon, languish, anguish.*

Where it speaks the Italian *gu*.

Likewise before *e* and *i*, the powers are confused, and uttered, now strong, now weak; as in

*get, geld, give,* } long.
*gittern, finger,* }

In

*genet, gentle, gin,* } weak.
*gibe, ginger,* }

But this *use* must teach: the one sound being warranted to our letter from the Greek, the other from the Latin throughout.

We will leave *H* in this place, and come to

## *K*

K Which is a letter the Latins never acknowledged, but only borrowed in the word *kalendæ*. They used *qu* for it. We sound it as the Greek κ; and as a necessary letter, it precedes and follows all *vowels* with us.

It goes before no *consonants* but *n;* as in

*knave, knel, knot,* &c.

And *l*, with the quiet *e* after; as in

*mickle, pickle, trickle, fickle.*

*nunciant differentiâ, ne minimâ quidem, à* ki, ke, kod, kid, *faucibus, palatoque formatur.* Capel.

*Romani in suâ serie non habebunt.*

L

[q] *Linguâ, palatoque dulcescit.* M. Cap.

*Et sic* Dionysius γλυκυτατον, *dulcissimam literam nominat.*

*Qui nescit, quid sit esse* Semi-vocalem, *ex nostrâ linguâ facilè poterit discere: Ipsa enim litera* L *quandam, quasi* vocalem, *in se videtur continere, ità ut juncta* mutæ *sine* vocali *sonum faciat; ut*

abl, stabl, fabl, *&c.*

*Quæ nos scribimus cum* e, *in fine, vulgò*

able, stable, fable.

*Sed certè illud* e *non tam sonat hîc, quàm fuscum illud, et fœmininum Francorum* e: *Nam nequicquàm sonat.*

*Alii hæc haud inconsultò scribunt*

abil, stabil, fabul;

*Tanquam à fontibus*

habilis, stabilis, fabula;

*Verius, sed nequicquàm proficiunt. Nam consideratiùs auscultanti, nec* i, *nec* u *est, sed tinnitus quidam,* vocalis *naturam habens, quæ naturalitèr his* liquidis *inest.*

M

[r] *Libris imprimitur.* M. Capella.

*Mugit intùs abditum, ac cœcum sonum.* Terent.

*Triplex sonus hujus literæ* M. Obscurum, *in extremitate dictionum sonat, ut* templum: Apertum, *in principio; ut* magnus: Mediocre, *in mediis; ut* umbra. *Prisc.*

N

*Quartæ sonitus fingitur usque sub palato,*
*Quo spiritus anceps coeat naris, et oris.* Terent.

*Linguâ dentibus appulsâ collidit.* Mart. Cap.

Which were better written without the *c*, if that which we have received for *orthography* would yet be contented to be altered. But that is an *emendation* rather to be wished than hoped for, after so long a reign of *ill custom* amongst us.

It followeth the *s* in some words; as in

*skirt, skirmish.*

Which do better so sound, than if written with *c*.

*L*

[q] Is a letter *half-vowelish;* which, though the Italians (especially the Florentines) abhor, we keep entire with the Latins, and so pronounce.

It melteth in the sounding, and is therefore called a *liquid*, the tongue striking the root of the palate gently. It is seldom doubled, but where the vowel sounds hard upon it; as in

*hell, bell, kill; shrill, trull, full.*

And, even in these, it is rather the haste, and superfluity of the pen, that cannot stop itself upon the single *l*, than any necessity we have to use it. For, the letter should be doubled only for a following syllabe's sake; as in

*killing, beginning, begging, swimming.*

*M*

[r] Is the same with us in sound as with the Latins. It is pronounced with a kind of humming inward, the lips closed; open and full in the beginning, obscure in the end, and meanly in the midst.

*N*

[s] Ringeth somewhat more in the lips and nose; the tongue striking back on the palate, and hath a threefold sound, *shrill* in the end, *full* in the beginning, and *flat* in the midst.

They are letters near of kin, both with the Latins and us.

*Splendidissimo sono in fine: et subtremulo pleniore in principiis; mediocri in medio.* Jul. C. Scal.

P

[t] *Labris spiritu erumpit.* Mar. Cap.
*Pellit sonitum de mediis foràs labellis.*
Ter. Maurus.

Q

[u] *Est litera mendica, supposititia, verè servilis, manca, et decrepita; et sine* u, *tanquàm bacillo, nihil potest: et cùm* u *nihil valet ampliùs quàm* k.
*Qualis qualis est, hanc jam habemus, sed semper cum præcedente suâ* u, *ancillâ superbâ.* Smithus.
*Namque* Q *præmissâ semper* u, *simul mugit sibi,*
*Syllabam non editura, ni comes sit tertia*
*Quælibet vocalis.* Ter. Mau.
Diomedes *ait* Q, *esse compositam ex* c *et* u.
*Appulsu palati ore restricto profertur.* M. Cap.

R

[x] *Vibrat tremulis ictibus aridum sonorem.* Ter. M.
*—Sonat hìc de nare caninâ*
*Litera——* Pers. Sat. 1.
R *Spiritum linguâ crispante, corraditur.* M. Cap.
Dionysius τῶν ὁμογενέων γενναιώτατον γράμμα,
*è congeneribus generosissimam appellavit.*

S

[y] S *promptus in ore, agiturque ponè dentes,*
*Sic lenis et unum ciet auribus susurrum.*
*Quare non est merita, ut à* Pindaro *diceretur* Σανκιζδηλόν. Dionysius *quoque cum ipsum expellit, rejicitque ad serpentes, maluit canem irritatem imitari, quàm arboris naturales susorros sequi.* Scal.

*P*

[t] Breaketh softly through the lips, and is a letter of the same force with us as with the Latins.

*Q*

[u] Is a letter we might very well spare in our *alphabet*, if we would but use the serviceable *k* as he should be, and restore him to the right of reputation he had with our forefathers. For the English Saxons knew not this halting *Q*, with her waiting woman *u* after her; but exprest

*quail*, *quest*, *quick*, *quill*, by *kuail*, *kuest*, *kuick*, *kuill*.

Till *custom*, under the excuse of expressing enfranchised words with us, intreated her into our language, in

*quality*, *quantity*,
*quarrel*, *quintessence*, &c.

And hath now given her the best of *k*'s possessions.

*R*

[x] Is the *dog's* letter, and hurreth in the sound; the tongue striking the inner palate, with a trembling about the teeth. It is sounded firm in the beginning of the words, and more *liquid* in the middle and ends; as in

*rarer*, *riper*.

And so in the Latin.

*S*

[y] Is a most easy and gentle letter, and softly hisseth against the teeth in the prolation. It is called the *serpent's* letter, and the chief of the *consonants*. It varieth the powers much in our pronunciation, as in the beginning of words it hath the sound of weak *c* before *vowels*, *diphthongs*, or *consonants*; as

*Est* Consonantium *prima, et fortissima hæc litera, ut agnoscit* Terentianus. Ram.

*Vivida est hæc inter omnes, atque densa litera. Sibilum facit dentibus verberatis.* M. Cap.

*Quotiès litera media* vocalium *longarum, vel subjecta longis esset, geminabitur; ut* Caussa, Cassus. *Quintil.*

T

[z] T *quâ superis dentibus intima est origo*
*Summa satis est ad sonitum ferire linguâ.* Ter.

T. *appulsu linguæ, dentibusque appulsis excuditur.* M. Cap.

*Latinè* factio, actio, generatio, corruptio, vitium, otium, *&c.*

X

[a] X *potestatem habet* cs, *et* gs; *ut*
*ex* crux *et* frux, *appareat.*
*Quorum obliqui casus sunt*
Crucis *et* Frugis.
Ram. in Gram. ex Varrone.

X *quicquid* c *et* s *formavit, exsibilat.* Capell.

*Neque* Latini, *neque* Nos *illâ multùm utimur.*

Z

[b] Z *verò idcircò* Appius Claudius *detestabatur; quòd dentes mortui, dum exprimitur, imitatur.* M. Capel.

ζ *Compendium duarum literarum est* σδ, *in unâ notâ, et compendium* Orthographiæ, *non* Prosodiæ; *quia hic in voce non una litera effertur, sed duæ distinguuntur. Compendium inelegantèr, et fallacitèr inventum. Sonus enim, notâ illâ significatus, in unam syllabam non perpetuò concluditur, sed dividitur,*

*salt, say, small, sell,*
*shrik, shift, soft,* &c.

Sometimes it inclineth to *z;* as in these,

*muse, use, rose, nose, wise,*

and the like: where the latter *vowel* serves for the mark or accent of the former's production.

So, after the *half-vowels*, or the obscure *e;* as in

*bells, gems, wens, burs,*
*chimes, names, games.*

Where the *vowel* sits hard, it is commonly doubled.

*T*

[z] Is sounded with the tongue striking the upper teeth, and hath one constant power, save where it precedeth *I;* and that again followed by another *vowel;* as in

*faction, action, generation, corruption,*

where it hath the force of *s*, or *c.*

*X*

[a] Is rather an abbreviation, or way of short writing with us, than a letter: for it hath the sound of *c* and *s*, or *k* and *s*. It begins no word with us, that I know, but ends many; as

*ax, six, fox, box,*

which sound like these,

*Backs, knacks, knocks, locks,* &c.

*Z*

[b] Is a letter often heard among us, but seldom seen; borrowed of the Greeks at first, being the same with ζ; and soundeth in the middle as double *ss*, though in the end of many English words (where 'tis only properly used) it seems to sound as *s;* as in *maze, gaze.*

And on the contrary, words writ with *s* sound like *z;* as *muse, nose, hose, as.*

Never in the beginning, save in the West country

*aliquando. Ut in illo* Plauti *loco:* Non Atticissat, sed Sicilissat, *pro* ἀττικιζει, σικελίζει, *Græcis; et ubi initium facit, est* δσ, *non* σσ, *sicuti* ζεὺς, *non* σσεὺς, *sed* δσεὺς. Ram. in lib. 2.

[c] H

*Nulli dubium est, faucibus emicet quod ipsis*
H *litera sive est nota, quæ spiret anhelum.* Ter.
H, *contractis paulùm faucibus, ventus exhalat.*
Mar. Cap.

Vocalibus *aptè, sed et anteposita cunctis*
Hastas, Hederas, *quùm loquor,* Hister, Hospes, Hujus.

*Solum patitur quatuor ante* consonantes,
Græcis *quotiès nominibus* Latina *forma est,*
*Si quando* Choros Phillida, Rhamnes, Thima, *dico.*
*Rectè quidem in hâc parte* Græcissant *nostri* Walli.
Smithus.

H *verò* κατ' ἐξοχὴν *aspiratio vocatur. Est enim omnium literarum spirituosissima, vel spiritus potiùs ipse. Nullius, aut quàm minimùm egens officii eorum, quæ modò nominavimus instrumenta literarum formandarum.*

H *extrinsecus ascribitur omnibus* Vocalibus, *ut minimum sonet;* Consonantibus *autem quibusdam intrinsecus.*

Ch.

[d] *Omnis litera, sive vox, plus sonat ipsa sese, cum postponitur, quàm cùm anteponitur. Quod* vocalibus *accidens esse videtur; nec si tollatur ea, perit etiàm vis significationis; ut, si dicam* Erennius, *absque aspiratione, quamvis vitium videar facere, intellectus tamen integer permanet.* Consonantibus *autem si cohæret, ut ejusdem penitus substantiæ sit, et si auferatur, significationis vim minuat prorsùs; ut, si*

people, that have *zed, zay, zit, zo, zome,* and the like; for *said, say, sit, so, some.*

Or in the body of words indenizened, *i. e.* derived from the Greek, and commonly used as English; as

*azure, zeal, zephyre,* &c.

## *H*

[c] Whether it be a letter or no, hath been much examined by the ancients, and by some of the Greek party too much condemned, and thrown out of the *alphabet,* as an *aspirate* merely, and in request only before *vowels* in the beginning of words. The Welsh retain it still after many *consonants.* But be it a letter, or spirit, we have great use of it in our tongue, both before and after *vowels.* And though I dare not say she is (as I have heard one call her) *the queen-mother of consonants;* yet she is the life and quickening of *c, g, p, s, t, w;* as also *r* when derived from the aspirate Greek ῥ; as *cheat, ghost, alphabet, shape, that, what, rhapsody.*

Of which more hereafter.

What her powers are before *vowels* and *diphthongs,* will appear in

*hall, heal, hill, hot, how, hew, hoiday,* &c.

In some it is written, but sounded without power; as

*host, honest, humble;*

where the *vowel* is heard without the *aspiration;* as *ost, onest, umble.*

After the *vowel* it sounds; as in *ah,* and *oh.*

Beside, it is coupled with divers *consonants,* where the force varies, and is particularly to be examined.

We will begin with *Ch.*

## *Ch.*

[d] Hath the force of the Greek χ, or κ, in many words derived from the Greek; as in

*charact, christian, chronicle, archangel, monarch.*

*dicam* Cremes, *pro* Chremes. *Unde hâc consideratâ ratione,* Græcorum *doctissimi singulas fecêrunt eas quoque literas, ut pro*

th θ, *pro* ph φ, *pro* chi χ. Ram.

Gh.

[e] *Sonum illius* g *quærant, quibus ità libet scribere; aures profectò meæ nunquam in his vocibus sonitum* τοῦ g *poterant haurire.*

Smithus *de rect. et emend.*

Ph. *et* Rh.

[f] *Litera* φ *apud* Græcos, ῥ *aspirata.*

Sh.

[g] *Si quis error in literis ferendus est, cùm corrigi queat, nusquàm in ullo sono tolerabilior est, quàm in hoc, si scribatur* Sh : *et in* þ *si scribatur per* th. *Nam hæ duæ quandam violentiam grandiorem spiritus in proferendo requirunt, quàm cæteræ literæ.* Ibid.

Th.

[h] *Hâc literâ sive charactere, quam spinam, id est,* þorne, *nostri Proavi appellabant, Avi nostri, et qui proximè ante librorum impressionem vixerunt, sunt abusi, ad omnia ea scribenda, quæ nunc magno magistrorum errore per* th *scribimus; ut*

þe. þou. þet. þom. þese. þick.

*Sed ubi mollior exprimebatur sonus, supernè scribebant: ubi durior in eodem sulco; molliorem appello illum, quem* Anglo-Saxones *per* ð *duriorem, quem per* þ, *exprimebant. Nam illud* Saxonum ð *respondet illi sono, quem vulgaris* Græca *lingua facit, quando pronunciant suum* δ, *aut* Hispani d, *literam suam molliorem, ut cùm veritatem,* verdad *appellant. Spina autem illa* þ, *videtur referre prorsùs* Græcorum θ. *At* th *sonum* θ *non rectè dat. Nam si* θ *non esset alia deflexio vocis, nisi aspirationis additæ, æquè facile fuit* Græcis τῷ τ῾ *aspirationem adjungere, quàm* τῷ ῥ.

In mere English words, or fetched from the Latin, the force of the Italian *c.*

*chaplain, chast, chest, chops,*
*chin, chuff, churl.*

*Gh.*

[e] Is only a piece of ill writing with us: if we could obtain of *custom* to mend it, it were not the worse for our language, or us: for the *g* sounds just nothing in

*trough, cough, might, night,* &c.

Only the writer was at leisure to add a superfluous letter, as there are too many in our *pseudography.*

*Ph & Rh.*

[f] Are used only in Greek infranchised words; as

*Philip, physic, rhetoric, Rhodes,* &c.

*Sh*

[g] Is merely English, and hath the force of the Hebrew ש *shin*, or the French *ch;* as in

*shake, shed, shine, show,*
*shrink, rush, blush.*

*Th*

[h] Hath a double and doubtful sound, which must be found out by use of speaking; sometimes like the Greek θ; as in

*thief, thing, lengthen, strengthen, loveth,* &c.

In others, like their ð, or the Spanish d; as

*this, that, then, thence,*
*those, bathe, bequeath.*

And in this consists the greatest difficulty of our *alphabet*, and true writing: since we have lost the Saxon characters ð and þ that distinguished

ðe, ðou, ðine, ðo, } from { þick, þin, þhred, þhrive.

*Wh*

Hath been enquired of in *w.* And this for the letters.

## CHAP. V.

### Of the Diphthongs.

*DIPHTHONGS* are the complexions or couplings of *vowels*, when the two letters send forth a joint sound, so as in one syllabe both sounds be heard; as in

Ai, *or* Ay,
*aid, maid, said, pay, day, way.*

Au, or Aw,
*audience, author, aunt, law, saw, draw.*

Ea,
*earl, pearl, meat, seat, sea, flea.*

To which add *yea* and *plea;* and you have at one view all our words of this termination.

Ei,
*sleight, streight, weight, theirs.*

Ew,
*few, strew, drew, anew.*

Oi, *or* Oy,
*point, joint, soil, coil,*
*joy, toy, boy.*

OO,
*good, food, mood, brood,* &c.

Ou, *or* Ow,
*rout, stout, how,*
*now, bow, low.*

Vi, *or* Vy,
*puissance,* or *puyssance; juice,* or *juyce.*

These nine are all I would observe; for to mention more, were but to perplex the reader. The *Oa*, and *Ee*, will be better supplied in our *orthography* by the accenting *e* in the end; as in

*bróde, lóde, cóte, bóte, quéne.*

Neither is the double *ee* to be thought on, but in *derivatives;* as *trees, sees*, and the like, where it is as two syllabes. As for *eo*, it is found but in three words in our tongue,

*yeoman, people, jeopard.*

Which were truer written,

*yéman, péple, jépard.*

And thus much shall suffice for the *diphthongs*.

The *triphthong* is of a complexion rather to be feared than loved, and would fright the young *grammarian* to see him: I therefore let him pass, and make haste to the *notion*—

## CHAP. VI.

### Of the Syllabes.

A *SYLLABE* is a part of a word that may of itself make a perfect sound; and is sometimes of one only letter, which is always a vowel; sometimes of more.

Of one, as in every first vowel in these words:

a. *a-bated.*
e. *e-clipsed.*
i. *i-magined.*
o. *o-mitted.*
u. *u-surped.*

A *syllabe* of more letters is made either of *vowels* only, or of *consonants* joined with *vowels.*

Of *vowels* only, as the *diphthongs*.
*ai*, in *ai-ding*.
*au*, in *au-stere*.
*ea*, in *ea-sie*, *ea-ting*.
*ei*, in *ei-ry* of hawks.
*ew*, in *ew-er*, &c. and in
the *triphthong* yea.

Of the *vowels* mixed; sometimes but with one *consonant*, as *to*; sometimes two, as *try*; sometimes three, as *best*; or four, as *nests*; or five, as *stumps*; otherwhile six, as the latter *syllabe* in *re-straints*: at the most they can have but eight, as *strengths*.

Some *syllabes*, as
*the*, *then*, *there*, *that*,
*with*, and *which*,
are often compendiously and shortly written; as

*t* *en* *ere* *t*
*y* *y* *y* *y*
*th* *ch*
*w* and *w*

which whoso list may use; but *orthography* commands it not: a man may forbear it, without danger of falling into *præmunire*.

Here order would require to speak of the *quantity* of *syllabes*, their special *prerogative* among the Latins and Greeks; whereof so much as is constant, and derived from *nature*, hath been handled already. The other, which grows by *position*, and placing of letters, as yet (not through *default* of our *tongue*, being able enough to receive it, but our own *carelessness*, being negligent to give it) is ruled by no *art*. The principal cause whereof seemeth to be this; because our *verses* and *rhymes* (as it is almost with all other people, whose *language* is spoken at this day) are *natural*, and such whereof *Aristotle* speaketh ἐκ τῶν αὐτοσχεδιασμάτων, that is, made of a *natural* and *voluntary*

composition, without regard to the *quantity* or *syllabes.*

This would ask a larger time and field than is here given for the examination; but since I am assigned to this province, that it is the *lot* of my *age*, after thirty years' conversation with men, to be *elementarius senex*, I will promise and obtain so much of myself, as to give, in the heel of the book, some spur and incitement to that which I so reasonably seek.[1] Not that I would have the *vulgar* and *practised* way of making, abolished and abdicated (being both sweet and delightful, and much taking the ear) but to the end our *tongue* may be made equal to those of the renowned countries Italy and Greece, touching that particular. And as for the difficulty, that shall never withdraw, or put me off from the attempt: for neither is any excellent thing done with ease, nor the compassing of this any whit to be despaired: especially when Quintilian hath observed to me, by this *natural rhyme*, that we have the other *artificial*, as it were by certain *marks* and *footings*, first traced and found out. And the Grecians themselves before Homer, as the Romans likewise before Livius Andronicus, had no other *meters.* Thus much therefore shall serve to have spoken concerning the *parts* of a *word*, in a *letter* and a *syllabe.*

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## CHAP. VII.

### Of the Accent.

THE *accent* (which unto them was a *tuning* of the voice, in lifting it up, or letting it down) hath not yet obtained with us any sign; which notwithstanding were most needful to be added; not wheresoever the force of an *accent* lieth, but where, for want of one, the word is in danger to be *mis-tuned;* as in

*abáse, excéssive, besóted,*
*obtáin, ungódly, surrénder.*

But the use of it will be seen much better by collation of words, that according unto the divers place of their *accent*, are diversly pronounced, and have divers significations. Such are the words following, with their like; as

*díffer, defér; désert, desért; présent, presént;*
*réfuse, refúse; óbject, objéct; íncense, incénse;*
*cónvert, convért; tórment, torménf*, &c.

In original *nouns, adjective* or *substantive*, derived according to the rule of the writer of *analogy*, the *accent* is intreated to the first; as in

*fátherless, mótherless,*
*péremptory, háberdasher.*

Likewise in the *adverbs,*

*bróther/y, sísterly.*

All *nouns dissyllabic* simple, in the first, as

*bélief, hónour, crédit,*
*sílver, súrety.*

All *nouns trisyllabic*, in the first;

*cóuntenance, jéopardy*, &c.

All *nouns* compounded in the first, of how many *syllabes* soever they be; as

*ténnis-court keeper, chímney-sweeper.*

Words simple in *able*, draw the *accent* to the first, though they be of four *syllabes;* as

*sóciable, tólerable.*

When they be compounded, they keep the same *accent;* as

*insóciable, intólerable.*

But in the way of comparison, it altereth thus: some men are *sóciable*, others *ínsociable;* some *tólerable*, others *íntolerable:* for the *accent* sits on the *syllabe* that puts difference; as

*síncerity, ínsincerity.*

Nouns ending in *tion*, or *sion*, are accented *in antepenultimâ;* as

*condítion, infúsion*, &c.

In *ty, à Latinis, in antepenultimâ;* as

*vérity, chárity, simplícity.*

In *ence, in antepenultimâ;* as

*péstilence, ábstinence,*
*sústenance, cónsequence.*

All verbs *dissyllabes* ending in *er, el, ry*, and *ish*, accent *in primâ;* as

*cóver, cáncel, cárry, búry,*
*lévy, rávish*, &c.

Verbs made of nouns follow the *accent* of the nouns; as

*to blánket, to básquet.*

All verbs coming from the Latin, either of the *supine*, or otherwise, hold the *accent* as it is found in the first person present of those Latin verbs; as from

*ánimo, ánimate;*
*célebro, célebrate.*

Except words compounded of *facio;* as

*liquefácio, liquefíe.*

And of *statuo;* as

*constítuo, constitúte.*

All variations of verbs hold the *accent* in the same place as the *theme*,

I *ánimate*, thou *ánimatest*, &c.

And thus much shall serve to have opened the fountain of *orthography*. Now let us come to the *notation* of a word.

## CHAP. VIII.

### The Notation of a Word,

S when the original thereof is sought out, and consisteth in two things, the *kind* and the *figure*.

The *kind* is to know whether the word be a *primitive*, or *derivative*: as

*man, love,*

are *primitives;*

*manly, lover,*

are *derivatives*.

The *figure* is to know whether the word be *simple*, or *compounded;* as

*learned, say,* are *simple;*

*unlearned, gain-say,* are *compounded.*

In which kind of composition, our English tongue is above all other very hardy and happy, joining together, after a most eloquent manner, sundry words of every kind of speech; as

*mill-horse, lip-wise, self-love,*
*twy-light, there-about,*
*not-with-standing, be-cause,*
*cut-purse, never-the-less.*

These are the common *affections* of a word: the divers sorts now follow. A word is of *number*, or *without number*. Of *number* that word is termed to be, which signifieth a number *singular*, or *plural*.

*Singular*, which expresseth one only thing; as

*tree, book, teacher.*

*Plural*, when it expresseth more things than one; as

*trees*, *books*, *teachers*.

Again, a word of number is *finite* or *infinite*. *Finite*, which varieth his number with certain endings; as

*man*, *men*; *run*, *runs*;
*horse*, *horses*.

*Infinite*, which varieth not; as

*true*, *strong*, *running*, &c.

both in the *singular* and *plural*.

Moreover, a word of number is a *noun* or a *verb*. But here it were fit we did first number our words, or parts of speech, of which our language consists.[i]

## CHAP. IX.

### Of the Parts of Speech.

IN our English speech we number the same parts with the Latins.

| | |
|---|---|
| *Noun*, | *Adverb*, |
| *Pronoun*, | *Conjunction*, |
| *Verb*, | *Præposition*, |
| *Participle*, | *Interjection*. |

[i] *Compositio.*

*Sæpè tria coagmentantur nomina; ut*, a foot-ball player, a tennis-court-keeper.

*Sæpissimè duo substantiva; ut*, hand-kerchief, rain-bow, eye-sore, table-napkin, head-ach, κεφαλαλγία.

*Substantivum cum verbo; ut*, wood-bind.

*Pronomen cum substantivo; ut*, self-love, φιλαυτία; self-freedom, ἀυτονομία.

*Verbum cum substantivo; ut*, a puff-cheek, φυσιγνάθος. Draw-well, draw-bridge.

*Adjectivum cum substantivo; ut*, New-ton, νεαπολις. Handi-craft, χειροσοφία.

*Adverbium cum substantivo; ut*, down-fall.

*Adverbium cum participio; ut*, up-rising, down-lying.

Only we add a ninth, which is the *article:* and that is two-fold;

*Finite, i. e.* relating to both numbers; as *the.*

*Infinite,* relating only to the *singular;* as *a.*

The *finite* is set before *nouns appellatives;* as

*the* horse, *the* horses;
*the* tree, *the* trees.

*Proper names* and *pronouns* refuse *articles,* except for *emphasis* sake; as

*the* Henry *of* Henries,
*the* only *He of the* town.

Where *he* stands for a *noun,* and signifies *man.*

The *infinite* hath a power of declaring and designing uncertain or infinite things; as

*a* man, *a* house; not *a* men, *a* houses.

This *article a* answers to the German *ein,* or the French or Italian *articles,* derived from *one,* not *numeral,* but *præpositive;* as

*a* house, *ein* hause. *Ger.*
*une* maison. *French.*
*una* casa. *Italian.*

*The* is put to both numbers, and answers to the German *article, der, die, das.*

Save that it admits no inflection.

## CHAP. X.

### Of the Nouns.

ALL *nouns* are words of *number, singular* or *plural.*

They are { *common,* / *proper,* / *personal,* } and are all { *substantive,* or *adjective.* }

Their accidents are

*gender, case, declension.*

Of the *genders*, there are six. *First*,
1. Masculine. the *masculine*, which comprehendeth all *males*, or what is understood under a *masculine species*; as *angels*, *men*, *stars*: and (by *prosopopœia*) the *months*, *winds*, almost all the *planets*.

*Second*, the *feminine*, which compris-
2. Feminine. eth *women*, and *female species*: *islands*, *countries*, *cities*:

and some rivers with us; as

*Severn*, *Avon*, &c.

3. Neuter. *Third*, the *neuter*, or *feigned gender*: whose notion conceives neither *sex*: under which are comprised all *inanimate* things, a *ship* excepted: of whom we say, *she sails* well, though the name be Hercules, or Henry, or the Prince. As Terence called his comedy *Eunuchus*, *per vocabulum artis*.

*Fourth*, the *promiscuous*, or *epicene*,
4. Epicene. which understands both kinds: especially, when we cannot make the difference; as, when we call them *horses*, and *dogs*, in the *masculine*, though there be *bitches* and *mares* amongst them. So to *fowls*, for the most part, we use the *feminine*; as of *eagles*, *hawks*, we say, *she flies well*; and call them *geese*, *ducks*, and *doves*, which they fly at, not distinguishing the sex.

*Fifth*, the *common*, or rather *doubtful*
5. Doubtful. *gender*, we use often, and with elegance; as in

*cousin*, *gossip*, *friend*, *neighbour*, *enemy*, *servant*, *thief*, &c., including both sexes.

The *sixth* is, the *common of three*
6. Common of Three. *genders*; by which a *noun* is divided into *substantive* and *adjective*. For a

*substantive* is a *noun* of one only *gender*, or (at the most) of two: and an *adjective* is a *noun* of three *genders*, being always *infinite*.

## CHAP. XI.

### Of the Diminution of Nouns.

THE common affection of *nouns* is *diminution*. A *diminutive* is a *noun* noting the *diminution* of his *primitive*.

The *diminution* of *substantives* hath these four divers terminations.

El. *part, parcel; cock, cockerel.*
Et. *capon, caponet; poke, pocket; baron, baronet.*
Ock. *hill, hillock; bull, bullock.*
Ing. *goose, gosling; duck, duckling.*

So from the *adjective, dear, darling.*

Many *diminutives* there are, which rather be abusions of speech, than any proper English words. And such for the most part are *men's* and *women's names:* names which are spoken in a kind of flattery, especially among familiar friends and lovers; as

*Richard, Dick; William, Will;*
*Margery, Madge; Mary, Mal.*

*Diminution* of *adjectives* is in this one end, *ish;* as

*white, whitish; green, greenish.*

After which manner certain *adjectives of likeness* are also formed from their *substantives;* as

*devil, devilish; thief, thievish;*
*colt, coltish; elf, elvish.*

Some *nouns* steal the form of *diminution*, which neither in signification shew it, nor can derive it from a *primitive;* as

*gibbet, doublet, peevish.*

## CHAP. XII.

### Of Comparisons.

THESE then are the *common affections* both of *substantives* and *adjectives:* there follow certain others not general to them both, but proper and peculiar to each one. The *proper affection* therefore of *adjectives* is *comparison:* of which, after the *positive*, there be two degrees reckoned, namely, the *comparative*, and the *superlative.*

The *comparative* is a degree declared by the *positive* with this adverb *more;* as

*wiser*, or *more wise.*

The *superlative* is declared by the *positive*, with this adverb *most;* as

*wisest*, or *most wise.*

Both which degrees are formed of the *positive;* the *comparative*, by putting to *er;* the *superlative*, by putting to *est;* as in these examples:

*learned, learneder, learnedest;*
*simple, simpler, simplest;*
*true, truer, truest;*
*black, blacker, blackest;*

From this general rule a few special words are excepted; as

*good, better, best;*
*ill*, or *bad, worse, worst;*
*little, less, least;*
*much, more, most.*

Many words have no comparison; as

*reverend, puissant;*
*victorious, renowned.*

Others have both degrees, but lack the *positive, as*

*former, foremost.*

Some are formed of *adverbs;* as
*wisely, wiselier, wiseliest;*
*justly, justlier, justliest.*
Certain *comparisons* form out of themselves; as
*less, lesser;*
*worse, worser.*

## CHAP. XIII.

### Of the First Declension.

AND thus much concerning the *proper affection of adjectives:* the *proper affection of substantives* followeth; and that consisteth in declining.

*A declension is the varying of a noun substantive into divers terminations.* Where, besides the *absolute*, there is as it were a *genitive case*, made in the singular number, by putting to *s.*

Of *declensions* there be two kinds: the first maketh the plural of the singular, by adding thereunto *s;* as
*tree, trees;*
*thing, things;*
*steeple, steeples.*

So with *s*, by reason of the near affinity of these two letters, whereof we have spoken before:
*park, parks; buck, bucks;*
*dwarf, dwarfs; path, paths;*

And in this *first declension*, the *genitive plural* is all one with the *plural absolute;* as

Singular. { *father,* / *father's,* } Plur. { *fathers.* / *fathers.* }

*General Exceptions.* Nouns ending in *z, s, sh, g,* and *ch*, in the declining take to the genitive singular *i*, and to the plural *e;* as

Sing { *Prince,* / *Prince's,* } Plur. { *Princes,* / *Princes,*

so *rose, bush, age, breech,* &c., which distinctions not observed, brought in first the monstrous syntax of the pronoun *his* joining with a noun betokening a possessor; as the *prince* his *house,* for the *prince's house.*

Many words ending in diphthongs or vowels take neither *z* nor *s,* but only change their *diphthongs* or vowels, retaining their last *consonant,* or one of like force; as

*mouse, mice* or *meece;*
*louse, lice* or *leece;*
*goose, geese; foot, feet;*
*tooth, teeth.*

Exception of number. Some *nouns* of the *first declension* lack the *plural;* as

*rest, gold, silver, bread.*

Others the *singular;* as

*riches, goods.*

Many being in their principal signification *adjectives,* are here declined, and in the plural stand instead of *substantives;* as

*other, others; one, ones;*
*hundred, hundreds; thousand, thousands;*
*necessary, necessaries;* and such like.

## CHAP. XIV.

### Of the Second Declension.

THE *second declension* formeth the *plural* from the *singular,* by putting to *n;* which notwithstanding it have not so many *nouns* as hath the former, yet lacketh not his difficulty, by reason of sundry exceptions, that cannot

easily be reduced to one general head: of this former is

*ox, oxen; hose, hosen.*

Exceptions. *Man* and *woman*, by a contraction, make *men* and *women*, instead of *manen* and *womenen*. *Cow* makes *kine* or *keene*: *brother*, for *bretheren*, hath *brethren*, and *brethern*: *child* formeth the *plural*, by adding *r* besides the root; for we say not *childen*, which, according to the rule given before, is the right formation, but *children*, because that sound is more pleasant to the ear.

Here the *genitive plural* (denoting the *possessor*) is made by adding *s* unto the *absolute*; as

Sing. { *child*, / *child's*, } Plur. { *children*, / *children's*.

Exceptions from both *declensions*. Some *nouns* (according to the different dialects of several parts of the country) have the *plural* of both *declensions*; as

*house, houses* and *housen*;
*eye, eyes* and *eyen*;
*shooe, shooes* and *shooen*.

## CHAP. XV.

### Of Pronouns.

A FEW irregular *nouns*, varying from the general precepts, are commonly termed *pronouns*; whereof the first four, instead of the *genitive*, have an *accusative* case; as

*I*, / *Me*, } Plur. { *We.* *Us.* / *Thou*, *Thee*, } Plur. { *You* or *They.*

*He, she, that*, all three make in the plural, *they, them.*

Four *possessives: my*, or *mine:* plural, *our*, *ours*. *Thy*, *thine:* plural, *your*, *yours*. *His*, *hers*, both in the plural making *their*, *theirs*.

The *demonstratives: this:* plural, *these*. *That:* plural, *those*. *Yon*, or *yonder* same.

Three *interrogatives*, whereof one requiring both *genitive* and *accusative*, and taken for a substantive: *who? whose? whom?* The other two *infinite*, and adjectively used, *what*, *whether*.

Two *articles*, in gender and number infinite, which the Latins lack: *a*, *the*.

One *relative*, *which:* one other signifying a reciprocation, *self:* plural, *selves*.

Composition of *pronouns* is more common:

*my-self*, *our-selves*.
*thy-self*, *your-selves*.
*him-self*, *her-self*, *it-self*, } Plural, *them-selves*.
*This-same*, *that-same*, *yon-same*, *yonder-same*, *self-same*.

## CHAP. XVI.

### Of a Verb.

HITHERTO we have declared the whole *etymology* of *nouns;* which in easiness and shortness, is much to be preferred before the Latins and the Grecians. It remaineth with like brevity, if it may be, to prosecute the *etymology* of a *verb*. A *verb* is a word of number, which hath both *time* and *person*. *Time* is the difference of a *verb*, by the *present*, *past*, and *future*, or *to come*. A *verb finite* therefore hath three only *times*, and those always *imperfect*.

The first is the *present;* as

*amo*, I love.

The second is the time *past;* as

*amabam*, I loved.

The third is the *future;* as

*Ama, amato:* love, love.

The other *times* both *imperfect;* as

*amem, amarem, amabo.*

And also *perfect;* as

*amavi, amaverim, amaveram, amavissem, amavero,* we use to express by a *syntax*, as shall be seen in the proper place.

The *future* is made of the *present*, and is the same always with it.

Of this *future* ariseth a *verb infinite*, keeping the same termination; as likewise of the *present*, and the *time past*, are formed the *participle present*, by adding of *ing;* as

*love, loving.*

The other is all one with the *time past.*

The *passive* is expressed by a *syntax*, like the *time's* going before, as hereafter shall appear.

A *person* is the special difference of a *verbal* number, whereof the *present*, and the *time past*, have in every number three.

The second and third person singular of the present are made of the first, by adding *est* and *eth;* which last is sometimes shortened into *s.*

The *time past* is varied, by adding in like manner in the second *person* singular *est*, and making the third like unto the first.

The *future* hath but only two *persons*, the second and third ending both alike.

The *persons* plural keep the termination of the first *person* singular. In former times, till about the reign of king Henry the eighth, they were wont to be formed by adding *en;* thus,

*loven, sayen, complainen.*

But now (whatsoever is the cause) it hath quite grown out of use, and that other so generally prevailed, that I dare not presume to set this afoot again: albeit (to tell you my opinion) I am persuaded that the lack hereof well considered will be found a great blemish to our tongue. For seeing *time* and *person* be, as it were, the right and left-hand of a *verb*, what can the maiming bring else, but a lameness to the whole body?

And by reason of these two differences, a *verb* is divided two manner of ways.

First, in respect of *persons*, it is called *personal*, or *impersonal*.

*Personal*, which is varied by three persons; as

*love, lovest, loveth.*

*Impersonal*, which only hath the third person; as

*behoveth, irketh.*

Secondly, in consideration of the *times*, we term it *active*, or *neuter*.

*Active*, whose participle past may be joined with the verb *am;* as

*I am loved, thou art hated.*

*Neuter*, which cannot be so coupled; as

*pertain, die, live.*

This therefore is the general forming of the *verb*, which must to every special one hereafter be applied.

## CHAP. XVII.

### Of the First Conjugation.

THE varying of a *verb* by *persons* and *times*, both *finite* and *infinite*, is termed a *conjugation:* whereof there be two sorts. The first fetcheth the *time past* from the *present*, by adding *ed;* and is thus varied:

Pr. *love, lovest, loveth.* Pl. *love, love, love.*
Pa. *loved, loved'st, loved.* Pl. *loved, loved, loved.*
Fu. *love, love.* Pl. *love, love.*

Inf. *love.*
Part. pr. *loving.*
Part. past. *loved.*

*Verbs* are oft times shortened; as

*sayest, saist; would, wou'd;*
*should, shou'd: holpe, ho'pe;*

But this is more common in the leaving out of *e;* as

*lovea'st,* for *lovedest;*
*rubb'd, rubbed; took'st, tookest.*

Exception of the *time past,* for *ed,* have *d* or *t;* as

*Licked, lickt; leaved, left;*
*Gaped, gap'd; blushed, blush'd.*

Some *verbs* ending in *d,* for avoiding the concourse of too many consonants, do cast it away; as

*lend, lent; spend, spent; gird, girt.*

*Make,* by a rare contraction, is here turned into *made.* Many *verbs* in the *time past,* vary not at all from the *present;* such are *cast, hurt, cost, burst,* &c.

## CHAP. XVIII.

### Of the Second Conjugation.

AND so much for the *first conjugation,* being indeed the most useful forming of a *verb,* and thereby also the common inn to lodge every strange and foreign guest. That which followeth, for any thing I can find, (though I have with some diligence searched after it) entertaineth none but natural and home-born words, which though in number they be not many, a hundred and twenty, or thereabouts; yet in varia-

tion are so divers and uncertain, that they need much the stamp of some good *logic* to beat them into proportion. We have set down that, that in our judgment agreeth best with reason and good order. Which notwithstanding, if it seem to any to be too rough hewed, let him plane it out more smoothly, and I shall not only not envy it, but, in the behalf of my country, most heartily thank him for so great a benefit; hoping that I shall be thought sufficiently to have done my part, if in tolling this bell, I may draw others to a deeper consideration of the matter: for, touching myself, I must needs confess, that after much painful churning, this only would come, which here we have devised.

The *second conjugation* therefore turneth the *present* into the *time past*, by the only change of his letters, namely, of *vowels* alone, or *consonants* also.

*Verbs* changing *vowels* only, have no certain termination of the *participle past*, but derive it as well from the *present*, as the *time past:* and that otherwhile differing from either, as the examples following do declare.

The change of *vowels* is, either of *simple vowels*, or of *diphthongs;* whereof the first goeth by the order of *vowels*, which we also will observe.

An *a* is turned into *oo.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Pres. *shake, shakest, shaketh.* | Pl. *shake, shake, shake.* |
| Past. *shook, shookest, shook.* | Pl. *shook, shook, shook.* |
| Fut. *shake, shake.* | Pl. *shake, shake.* |

Inf. *shake.*
Part. pre. *shaking.*
Part. pa. *shaken.*

This form do the *verbs take, wake, forsake,* and *hang,* follow; but *hang* in the *time past* maketh *hung,* not *hangen.*

Hereof the *verb am* is a special exception, being thus varied:

Pr. *am, art, is.* Pl. *are, are, are;* or *be, be, be,* of the unused word, *be, beëst, beëth,* in the singular.

Past. *was, wast, was;* or, *were, wert, were.* Pl. *were, were, were.*

Fut. *be, be.* Plur. *be, be.*

Inf. *be.*

Part. pr. *being.*

Part. past. *been.*

*Ea* casteth away a, and maketh *e* short:

Pr. *lead.* Past. *led.* Part. pa. *led.*

The rest of the *times* and *persons,* both singular and plural, in this and the other *verbs* that follow, because they jump with the former examples and rules in every point, we have chosen rather to omit, than to thrust in needless words.

Such are the *verbs, eat, beat,* (both making *participles past;* besides *et* and *bet,* or *eaten* and *beaten*) *spread, dread, sweat, tread.*

Then *a,* or *o,* indifferently;

Pr. *break.*
Past. *brake,* or *broke.*
Par. pa. *broke,* or *broken.*

Hither belong, *speak, swear, tear, cleave, wear, steal, bear, shear, weave.* So, *get,* and *help;* but *holpe* is seldom used, save with the poets.

*i* is changed into *a.*

Pr. *give.*
Past. *gave.*
Par. pa. *given.*

So *bid,* and *sit.*

And here sometimes *i* is turned into *a* and *o* both.

Pr. *win.*
Past. *wan,* or *won.*
Par. pa. *won.*

Of this sort are *fling, ring, wring, sing, sting, stick, spin, strike, drink, sink, spring, begin, stink, shrink, swing, swim.*

Secondly, *verbs* that have *ee*, lose one; as

Pr. *feed.*
Past. *fed.*
Par. pa. *fed.*

Also *meet*, *breed*, *bleed*, *speed.*

Or change them into *o*; as

Pr. *seeth.*
Past. *sod.*
Par. pa. *sod*, or *soden.*

Lastly, into *aw*; as

Pr. *see.*
Past. *saw.*
Par. pa. *seen.*

*O* hath *a.*

Pr. *come.*
Past. *came.*
Par. pa. *come.*

And here it may besides keep its proper *vowel.*

Pr. *run.*
Past. *ran*, or *run.*
Par. pa. *run.*

*oo* maketh *o.*

Pr. *choose.*
Past. *chose.*
Par. pa. *chosen.*

And one more, *shoot*, *shot*; in the *participle past*, *shot*, or *shotten.*

Some pronounce the *verbs* by the *diphthong ew*, *chewse*, *shewt*; and that is Scottish-like.

## CHAP. XIX.

### Of the Third Conjugation.

THE change of *diphthongs* is of *ay*, *y*, *aw*, and *ow*; all which are changed into *ew*.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| *ay.* | Pr. | *slay.* |
| | Past. | *slew.* |
| | Par. pa. | *slain.* |
| *y.* | Pr. | *fly.* |
| | Past | *flew.* |
| | Par. pa. | *flown.* |
| *aw.* | Pr. | *draw.* |
| | Past. | *drew.* |
| | Par. pa. | *drawn.* |
| *ow.* | Pr. | *know.* |
| | Past. | *knew.* |
| | Par. pa. | *known.* |

This last form cometh oftener than the three former; as *snow*, *grow*, *throw*, *blow*, *crow*.

Secondly; some *verbs* in *ite* or *ide*, lose *e*; as

| | |
|---|---|
| Pr. | *bite.* |
| Past. | *bit.* |
| Par. pa. | *bit* or *bitten.* |

Likewise, *hide*, *quite*, make *hid*, *quit*.

So, *shine*, *strive*, *thrive*, change *i* into *o* in the *time past*; as *shone*, *strove*, *throve*.

And as *i* severally frameth either *e* or *o*; so may it jointly have them both.

| | |
|---|---|
| Pr. | *rise.* |
| Past. | *ris*, *rise*, or *rose.* |
| Par. pa. | *ris*, *rise*, or *risen.* |

To this kind pertain, *smite*, *write*, *bide*, *ride*, *climb*,

*drîve, chîde, strîde, slîde;* which make *smìt, wrìt, bìd, rìd, clìmb, drìve, chìd, strìd, slìd;* or *smòte, wròte, bòde, ròde, clòmb, dròve, chòd, stròd, slòd.*

Thirdly, *i* is sometimes changed into the *diphthongs ay* and *ou;* as

*ay.*
- Pr. *lie.*
- Past. *lay.*
- Par. pa. *lien* or *lain.*

*ou.*
- Pr. *find.*
- Past. *found.*
- Par. pa. *found.*

So *bind, grind, wind, fight,* make *bound, ground, wound, fought.*

Last of all, *aw* and *ow* do both make *e.*

*e.*
- Pr. *fall.*
- Past. *fell.*
- Par. pa. *fallen.*

Such is the *verb, fraught;* which Chaucer, in the *Man of Law's Tale:*

*This merchants have done, freight their ships new.*

*o.*
- Pr. *hold.*
- Past. *held.*
- Par. pa. *held,* or *holden.*

Exceptions of the *time past.*

Some that are of the *first conjugation* only, have in the *participle past,* besides their own, the form of the second, and the third; as

*hew, hewed,* and *hewn.*
*mow, mowed,* and *mowen.*
*load, loaded,* and *loaden.*

## CHAP. XX.

### Of the Fourth Conjugation.

VERBS that convey the *time past* for the *present*, by the change both of *vowels* and *consonants*, following the terminations of the *first conjugation*, end in *d*, or *t*.

Pr. *stand.*
Pa. *stood.*

Such are these words,

Pr. *will, wilt, will.*
Pa. *would, wouldest, would,*
Fut. *will, will.*

The *infinite times* are not used.

Pr. } *can, canst, can.*
Pa. } *cold*,[k] or *could.*
Fut. } *shall, shalt, shall.*
Pa. } *should.*

The other *times* of either *verb* are lacking.

Pr. } *hear.*
Pa. } *heard.*
Pr. } *sell.*
Pa. } *sold.*

So *tell, told.*

Of the other sort are these, and such like.

Pr. } *feel.*
Pa. } *felt.*

So *creep, sleep, weep, keep, sweep, mean.*

Pr. } *teach.*
Pa. } *taught.*

To this form belong *think, retch, seek, reach, catch,*

[k] An old English word, for which now we commonly use *shall*, or *shawll.*

*bring, work;* and *buy* and *owe,* which make *bought* and *ought.*

Pr. { *dare, darest, dare.*
Pa. { *durst, durst, durst.*
Pr. { *may, mayst, may.*
Pa. { *might, mightest, might.*

These two *verbs* want the other *times.*

A general exception from the former conjugations. Certain *verbs* have the form of either conjugation; as

*hang, hanged,* and *hung.*

So *cleave, shear, sting, climb, catch,* &c

## CHAP. XXI.

### Of Adverbs.

THUS much shall suffice for the *etymology* of *words* that have number, both in a *noun* and a *verb:* whereof the former is but short and easy; the other longer and wrapped with a great deal more difficulty. Let us now proceed to the *etymology* of words without number.

A *word* without number is that which without his principal signification noteth not any number. Whereof there be two kinds, an *adverb* and a *conjunction.*

An *adverb* is a word without number that is joined to another word; as

well *learned,*
*he fighteth* valiantly,
*he disputeth very* subtlely.

So that an *adverb* is as it were an *adjective* of *nouns, verbs,* yea, and *adverbs* also themselves.

*Adverbs* are either of *quantity*, or *quality*. Of *quantity;* as

*enough, too-much, altogether.*

*Adverbs* of *quality* be of divers sorts:

First, of *number;* as *once, twice, thrice.*

Secondly, of *time;* as *to-day, yesterday, then, by and by, ever, when.*

Thirdly, of *place;* as *here, there, where, yonder.*

Fourthly, in affirmation, or negation; as

*I*, or *ay, yes, indeed, no, not, nay.*

Fifthly, in wishing, calling, and exhorting:

Wishing; as *O, if.*

Calling; as *ho, sirrah.*

Exhorting; as *so, so; there, there.*

Sixthly, in similitude and likeness; as

*so, even so, likewise, even as.*

To this place pertain all *adverbs* of *quality* whatsoever, being formed from *nouns*, for the most part, by adding *ly;* as

*just, justly; true, truly;*

*strong, strongly; name, namely.*

Here also *adjectives*, as well *positive* as *compared*, stand for *adverbs:*

*When he least thinketh, soonest shall he fall.*

*Interjections*, commonly so termed, are in right *adverbs*, and therefore may justly lay title to this room. Such are these that follow, with their like: as

*ah, alas, woe, fie, tush, ha, ha, he.*

*st*, a note of silence: *Rr*, that serveth to set dogs together by the ears: *hrr*, to chase birds away.

*Prepositions* are also a peculiar kind of *adverbs*, and ought to be referred hither. *Prepositions* are *separable* or *inseparable.*

*Separable* are for the most part of *time* and *place;* as

*among, according, without,*

*afore, after, before, behind,*

*under, upon, beneath, over,*
*against, besides, near.*

*Inseparable prepositions* are they which signify nothing, if they be not compounded with some other words; as

*re, un,* in *release, unlearned.*

## CHAP. XXII.

### Of Conjunctions.

A *CONJUNCTION* is a word without number, knitting divers speeches together: and is *declaring*, or *reasoning*. *Declaring*, which uttereth the parts of a sentence: and that again is *gathering*, or *separating*. *Gathering*, whereby the parts are affirmed to be true together: which is *coupling*, or *conditioning*. *Coupling*, when the parts are severally affirmed; as

*and, also, neither.*

*Conditioning*, by which the part following dependeth, as true, upon the part going before; as

*if, unless, except.*

A *separating conjunction* is that whereby the parts (as being not true together) are separated; and is

*severing,*
or
*sundring.*

*Severing*, when the parts are separated only in a certain respect or reason; as

*but, although, notwithstanding.*

*Sundring*, when the parts are separated indeed, and truly, so as more than one cannot be true; as

*either, whether, or.*

*Reasoning conjunctions* are those which conclude

one of the parts by the other; whereof some render a reason, and some do infer.

*Rendering* are such as yield the cause of a thing going before; as

*for, because.*

*Inferring*, by which a thing that cometh after, is concluded by the former; as

*therefore, wherefore,*
*so that, insomuch that.*

# THE SECOND BOOK OF THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

## OF SYNTAX.

### CHAP. I.

#### Of Apostrophus.

AS yet we have handled *etymology*, and all the parts thereof. Let us come to the consideration of the *syntax*.

*Syntax* is the second part of *grammar*, that teacheth the construction of words; whereunto *apostrophus*,* an affection of words coupled and joined together, doth belong.

*Apostrophus* is the rejecting of a vowel from the beginning or ending of a word. The note whereof, though it many times, through the negligence of writers and printers, is quite omitted, yet by right should, and of the learneder sort hath his sign and mark, which is such a *semi-circle* (') placed in the top.

In the end a vowel may be cast away, when the word next following beginneth with another; as,

*Th' outward man decayeth;*
*So th' inward man getteth strength.*
*If y' utter such words of pure love, and friendship,*
*What then may we look for, if y' once begin to hate?*
Gower, lib. 1. de Confess. Amant.

* The Latins and Hebrews have none.

*If thou'rt of his company, tell forth, my son,*
*It is time t' awake from sleep.*

Vowels suffer also this *apostrophus* before the consonant *h*.

Chaucer, in the 3d book of Troilus.

*For of fortune's sharp adversitie,*
*The worst kind of unfortune is this:*
*A man t' have been in prosperitie,*
*And it to remember when it passed is.*

The first kind then is common with the Greeks; but that which followeth, is proper to us, which though it be not of any, that I know, either in writing or printing, usually expressed: yet considering that in our common speech nothing is more familiar (upon the which all precepts are grounded, and to the which they ought to be referred) who can justly blame me, if, as near as I can, I follow nature's call.

This rejecting, therefore, is both in vowels and consonants going before:

*There is no fire, there is no sparke,*
*There is no dore, which may charke.*

Gower, lib. iv.

*Who answered, that he was not privy to it, and in excuse seem'd to be very sore displeased with the matter, that his men of war had done it, without his commandement or consent.*

## CHAP. II.

### OF THE SYNTAX OF ONE NOUN WITH ANOTHER.

*SYNTAX* appertaineth, both to words of number, and without number, where the want and superfluity of any part of speech are two general and common exceptions. Of the former kind of *syntax* is that of a noun, and verb.

The *syntax* of a noun, with a noun, is in *number* and *gender;* as

Esau *could not obtain his father's blessing, though* he *sought it with tears.*
Jezabel *was a wicked woman, for* she *slew the Lord's prophets.*
*An* idol *is no God, for* it *is made with hands.*

In all these examples you see *Esau* and *he, Jezabel* and *she, idol* and *it,* do agree in the singular number. The first example also in the *masculine gender,* the second in the *feminine,* the third in the *neuter.* And in this construction (as also throughout the whole English *syntax*) order and the placing of words is one special thing to be observed. So that when a substantive and an adjective are immediately joined together, the adjective must go before; as

Plato *shut poets out of his commonwealth, as* effeminate *writers,* unprofitable *members, and enemies to virtue.*

When two substantives come together, whereof one is the name of a *possessor,* the other of a thing *possessed,* then hath the name of a *possessor* the former place, and that in the *genitive:*

*All* man's *righteousness is like a defiled cloth.*

Gower, lib. 1:

*An owl flieth by night,*
*Out of* all other birds *sight.*

But if the thing *possessed* go before, then doth the preposition *of* come between:

*Ignorance is the mother of* Error.

Gower, lib. 1:

*So that it proveth well therefore*
*The strength of* man *is sone lore.*

Which preposition may be coupled with the thing *possessed*, being in the *genitive.*

Nort. in Arsan.

*A road made into* Scanderbech's *country by the duke of* Mysia's *men:* for, *the men of the duke of* Mysia.

Here the *absolute* serveth sometimes instead of a *genitive:*

*All trouble is light, which is endured* for righteousness sake; *i. e. for the sake* of righteousness.

Otherwise two substantives are joined together by apposition.

Sir *Thomas More*, in king *Richard's* story:

*George duke of Clarence, was a prince at all points fortunate.*

Where if both be the names of *possessors*, the latter shall be in the *genitive.*

Fox, *in the* 2d *volume of Acts and Monuments:*

*King* Henry *the eighth, married with the lady* Katherine *his brother, prince* Arthur's, *wife.*

The general exceptions:

The *substantive* is often lacking.

*Sometime without small things, greater cannot stand:* i. e. *greater* things, *&c.* Sir Thomas More.

The *verb* is also often wanting:

Chaucer:

*For some folk woll be won for riches,*
*And some folk for strokes, and some folk for gentleness:*

Where *woll be won* once expressed, serves for the three parts of the sentence.

Likewise the *adjective:*

*It is* hard *in prosperity to preserve true religion, true godliness, and true humility.*

Lidgate, lib. 8, speaking of Constantine,

*That whilome had the divination*
*As chief monarch, chief prince, and chief president*
*Over all the world, from east to occident.*

But the more notable lack of the *adjectives* is the want[b] of the *relative;*

*In the things which we least mistrust, the greatest danger doth often lurk.*

Gower, lib. 2:

*Forthy the wise men ne demen*
*The things after that there they semen;*
*But, after that, which they know, and find.*

Psal. 118, 22. *The stone the builders refused:* for, *which the builders refused.*

And here, besides the common wanting of a substantive, whereof we spake before: there is another more special, and proper to the *absolute*, and the *genitive.*

Chaucer, in the 3d book of *Fame.*

*This is the mother of tidings.*

[b] In Greek and Latin this want were barbarous: the Hebrews notwithstanding use it.

*As the sea is mother of wells, and is mother of springs.*

Rebecca *clothed* Jacob *with garments of his brothers.*

Superfluity also of nouns is much used:

*Sir* Thomas More: *Whose death king* Edward (*although he commanded it*) *when he wist it was done, pitiously bewailed it, and sorrowfully repented it.*

Chaucer, in his Prologue to the Man of Law's Tale:

*Such law, as a man yeveth another wight,*
*He should himself usen it by right.*

Gower, lib. 1:

*For, whoso woll another blame,*
*He seeketh oft his own shame.*

Special exceptions, and first of *number.* Two singulars are put for one plural:

*All* authority *and* custom *of men, exalted against the word of God, must yield themselves prisoners.*

Gower:

*In thine aspect are* all *alich,*
*The* poor man, *and eke* the rich.

The second person plural is for reverence sake to one singular thing:

Gower, lib. 1:

*O good* father *dear,*
*Why make ye this heavy chear.*

Where also after a *verb* plural, the singular of the noun is retained:

*I know* you are a *discreet and faithful* man, *and therefore am come to ask* your advice.

Exceptions of *Genders.*

The articles *he* and *it*, are used in each other's *gender*.

Sir Thomas More: *The south wind sometime swelleth of* himself *before a tempest.*

Gower, of the Earth:

*And forthy men* it *delve, and ditch,*
*And earen* it, *with strength of plough:*
*Where it hath of himself enough,*
*So that* his *need is least.*

*It* also followeth for the *feminine:* Gower, lib. 4:

*He swore it should nought be let,*
*That, if she have a daughter bore,*
*That* it *ne should be forlore.*

## CHAP. III.

### Of the Syntax of a Pronoun with a Noun.

THE articles *a* and *the* are joined to substantives common, never to proper names of men.

William Lambert in the Perambulation of *Kent:*

The *cause only, and not* the *death maketh* a *martyr.*

Yet, with a proper name used by a *metaphor*, or borrowed manner of speech, both articles may be coupled:

*Who so avoucheth the manifest and known truth, ought not therefore to be called* a *Goliah, that is a monster, and impudent fellow, as he was.*

Jewel *against* Harding:

*You have adventured yourself to be* the *noble* David *to conquer this giant.*

Nort. in Arsan.

*And if ever it was necessary, now it is, when many* an Athanasius, *many* an Atticus, *many* a *noble prince, and godly personage lieth prostrate at your feet for succour.*

Where this *metaphor* is expounded. So, when the proper name is used to note one's parentage, which kind of nouns the *grammarians* call *patronymics:*

Nort. in Gabriel's Oration to Scanderbech:

*For you know well enough the wiles of* the *Ottomans.*

*Perkin Warbeck,* a *stranger born, feigned himself to be* a *Plantagenet.*

When a substantive and an adjective are joined together, these articles are put before the adjective:

A *good conscience is a continual feast.*

Gower, lib. 1.

*For false semblant hath evermore*
*Of his counsel in company,*
The *dark untrue hypocrisy.*

Which construction in the article *a,* notwithstanding, some adjectives will not admit:

Sir Tho. More:

*Such* a *serpent is ambition, and desire of vainglory.*

Chaucer:

*Under* a *shepherd false, and negligent,*
*The wolf hath many* a *sheep and lamb to rent.*

Moreover both these articles are joined to any cases of the Latins, the vocative only excepted; as,

A *man saith.* The *strength of* a *man.*
*I sent to* a *man. I hurt* a *man.*
*I was sued by* a *man.*

Likewise, The *apostle testifieth:* the *zeal* of the *apostle: give ear to* the *apostle: follow* the *apostle: depart not from* the *apostle.*

So that in these two pronouns, the whole construction almost of the Latins is contained. *The* agreeth to any number; *a* only to the singular, save when it is joined with those adjectives which do of necessity require a plural:

The *conscience is* a *thousand witnesses.*

Lidgate, lib. 1:

*Though for* a *season they sit in high chears,*
*Their fame shall fade within* a *few years.*

*A*, goeth before words beginning with consonants; and before all vowels (*diphthongs*, whose first letter is *y* or *w*, excepted) it is turned into *an:*

Sir Thomas More:

*For men use to write* an *evil turn in marble stone; but* a *good turn they write in the dust.*

Gower, lib. 1:

*For all shall die; and all shall pass*
*As well* a *lion as* an *ass.*

So may it be also before *h.*

Sir Thomas More:

*What mischief worketh the proud enterprize of* an *high heart?*

*A* hath also the force of governing before a noun:

Sir Thomas More:

*And the protecter had layd to her for manner sake, that she was* a council *with the lord* Hastings *to destroy him.*

Chaucer, 2d book of *Troilus:*

*And on his way fast homeward he sped,*
*And* Troilus *he found alone in bed.*

Likewise before the participle present, *a, an* have the force of a *gerund.*

Nort. in Arsan.

*But there is some great tempest a brewing towards us.*

Lidgate, lib. 7:

*The king was slain, and ye did assent,*
*In a forest* an *hunting, when that he went.*

The article *the*, joined with the adjective of a noun proper, may follow after the substantive:

Chaucer.——*There chanticleer* the *fair*
*Was wont, and eke his wives to repair.*

Otherwise it varieth from the common rule. Again, this article by a *synecdoche* doth restrain a general, and common name to some certain and special one:

Gower, in his Prologue:

*The* Apostle *writeth unto us all,*
*And saith, that upon us is fall*
*Th' end of the world:*

for *Paul.* So by the *philosopher, Aristotle;* by the *poet*, among the *Grecians, Homer;* with the *Latins, Virgil*, is understood.

*This* and *that* being demonstratives; and *what* the interrogative, are taken for substantives:

Sir John Cheek, in his Oration to the Rebels:

*Ye rise for religion:* what *religion taught you* that?

Chaucer, in the Reve's Tale:

*And* this *is very sooth, as I you tell.*

Ascham, in his discourse of the affairs of Germany:

*A wonderful folly in a great man himself, and some piece of misery in a whole commonwealth, where fools chiefly and flatterers, may speak*

*freely* what *they will; and good men shall commonly be shent, if they speak* what *they should.*

*What*, also for an adverb of *partition*:[c]

Lambert:

*But now, in our memory*, what *by the decay of the haven, and* what *by overthrow of religious houses, and loss of* Calice, *it is brought in a manner to miserable nakedness and decay.*

Chaucer, 3d book of Troilus:

*Then wot I well, she might never fail.*
*For to been holpen*, what *at your instance,*
What *at your other friends governance.*

*That* is used for a *relative:*

Sir John Cheek:

*Sedition is an aposteam, which, when it breaketh inwardly, putteth the state in great danger of recovery; and corrupteth the whole commonwealth with the rotten fury*, that *it hath putrified with.* For, *with which.*

*They*, and *those*, are sometimes taken, as it were, for articles:

Fox, 2d volume of Acts, *&c.*

*That no kind of disquietness should be procured against* them *of* Bern *and* Zurick.

Gower, lib. 2:

*My brother hath us all sold*
*To* them *of* Rome.

The *pronoun, these*, hath a rare use, being taken for an adjective of similitude: *It is neither the part of an honest man to tell* these *tales; nor of a wise man to receive them.*

[c] In the other tongues, *quid*, τί, have not the force of partition, nor *illud*, ἐκεῖνο, of a relative.

Lidgate, lib. 5 :

*Lo, how* these *princes proud and retchless,*
*Have shameful ends, which cannot live in peace.*

*Him*, and *them*, be used reciprocally for the compounds, *himself, themselves.*

Fox : *The garrison desired that* they *might depart with bag and baggage.*

Chaucer, in the Squire's Tale :

*So deep in grain he dyed his colours,*
*Right as a serpent hideth* him *under flowers.*

*His, their*, and *theirs*, have also a strange use; that is to say, being *possessives*, they serve instead of primitives :

Chaucer :

*And shortly so far forth this thing went,*
*That my will was* his *will's instrument.*

Which in Latin were a solecism : for there we should not say, *suæ voluntatis*, but *voluntatis ipsius.*

*Pronouns* have not the articles, *a* and *the* going before; the *relatives, which, self*, and *same* only excepted : The *same lewd cancred carle, practiseth nothing, but how he may overcome and oppress the faith of Christ, for* the *which, you, as you know, have determined to labour and travel continually.*

The *possessives, my, thy, our, your*, and *their*, go before words; as *my land, thy goods;* and so in the rest : *mine, thine, ours, yours, hers*, and *theirs*, follow as it were in the *genitive* case; as, *these lands are mine, thine*, &c.

*His* doth infinitely go before, or follow after : as, his *house is a fair one;* and, *this house is* his.

## CHAP. IV.

### OF THE SYNTAX OF ADJECTIVES.

*ADJECTIVES* of quality are coupled with *pronouns* accusative cases.

Chaucer:

*And he was wise, hardy, secret, and rich,*
*Of these three points, nas none him lych.*

Certain adjectives include a *partition: From the head doth life and motion flow to the rest of the members.*

The comparative agreeth to the parts compared, by adding this *preposition, than:*[d]

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:

*What did this Æolus, but he*
*Took out his black trump of brass,*
*That blacker* than *the divel was.*

The superlative is joined to the parts compared by this *preposition* of.

Gower, lib. 1:

*Pride is* of *every miss the prick:*
*Pride is the most vice* of *all wick.*

Jewel:

*The friendship of truth is best* of *all.*

Oftentimes both degrees are expressed by these two adverbs, *more*, and *most:* as *more excellent, most excellent.* Whereof the latter seemeth to have his proper place in those that are spoken in a certain kind of excellency, but yet without comparison:

[d] The Latins comparative governeth an ablative; their superlative a genitive plural. The Greeks both comparative and superlative hath a genitive; but in neither tongue is a sign going between.

*Hector was a* most *valiant man;* that is, *inter fortissimos.*

Furthermore, these adverbs, *more* and *most*, are added to the comparative and superlative degrees themselves, which should be before the positive:

Sir Thomas More:

*Forasmuch as she saw the cardinal* more *readier to depart than the remnant; for not only the high dignity of the civil magistrate, but the* most *basest handicrafts are holy, when they are directed to the honour of God.*

And this is a certain kind of English atticism, or eloquent phrase of speech, imitating the manner of the most ancientest and finest Grecians, who, for more *emphasis* and vehemencies sake, used so to speak.

*Positives* are also joined with the preposition *of*, like the superlative:

Elias *was the only man* of *all the prophets that was left alive.*

Gower, lib. 4:

*The first point of sloth I call*
*Lachesse, and is the chief* of *all.*

## CHAP. V.

### Of the Syntax of a Verb with a Noun.

HITHERTO we have declared the *syntax* of a *noun:* the *syntax* of a *verb* followeth, being either of a *verb* with a *noun*, or of one *verb* with another.

The *syntax* of a *verb* with a *noun* is in *number* and *person;* as

*I am content. You are mis-informed.*

Chaucer's 2d book of Fame:

*For, as flame is but lighted smoke;*
*Right so is sound ayr ybroke.*

*I myself*, and *ourselves*, agree unto the first *person: you, thou, it, thyself, yourselves*, the second: all other nouns and pronouns (that are of any *person*) to the third. Again, *I, we, thou, he, she, they, who*, do ever govern; unless it be in the *verb am*, that requireth the like case after it as is before it, *me, us, thee, her, them, him, whom*, are governed of the *verb*. The rest, which are absolute, may either govern, or be governed.

A *verb impersonal* in Latin is here expressed by an English *impersonal*, with this article *it* going before; as *oportet, it* behoveth; *decet, it* becometh. General exceptions:

The *person* governing is oft understood by that went before:. *True religion glorifieth them that honour it; and is a target unto them that are a buckler unto it.*

Chaucer:

*Womens counsels brought us first to woe,*
*And made* Adam *from Paradise to go.*

But this is more notable, and also more common in the *future;* wherein for the most part we never express any person, not so much as at the first:

*Fear God, honour the king.*

Likewise the *verb* is understood by some other going before:

Nort. in Arsan.

*When the danger is most great, natural strength most feeble, and divine aid most needful.*

Certain pronouns, governed of the *verb*, do here abound.

Sir Thomas More:

*And this* I say *although* they *were not* abused, *as now* they be, *and so long have been, that* I fear *me ever* they will be.

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:

*And as* I wondred *me, ywis*
*Upon this house.*

Idem in Thisbe:

She rist *her up with a full dreary heart:*
*And in cave with dreadful fate* she start.

Special exceptions.

Nouns signifying a multitude, though they be of the singular number, require a verb *plural.*

Lidgate, lib. 2:

*And wise men rehearsen in sentence*
*Where folk be drunken, there is no resistance.*

This exception is in other nouns also very common; especially when the *verb* is joined to an adverb or conjunction: *It is preposterous to execute a man, before he have been condemned.*

Gower, lib. 1:

*Although a man be wise himselve,*
*Yet is the wisdom more of twelve.*

Chaucer:

*Therefore I read you this counsel take,*
*Forsake sin, ere sin you forsake.*

In this exception of *number*, the *verb* sometime agreeth not with the governing noun of the *plural number*, as it should, but with the noun governed: as *Riches is a thing oft-times more hurtful than profitable to the owners.* After which manner the Latins also speak: *Omnia pontus erat.* The other special exception is not in use.[e]

[e] Which notwithstanding the Hebrews use very strangely: *Kullain tazubu uboüna,* Job. xvii. 10. All they return ye and come now.

## CHAP. VI.

### OF THE SYNTAX OF A VERB WITH A VERB.

WHEN two *verbs* meet together, whereof one is governed by the other, the latter is put in the infinite, and that with this sign *to*, coming between; as, *Good men ought* to *join together in good things.*

But *will, do, may, can, shall, dare,* (when it is in transitive) *must* and *let*, when it signifies a sufferance, receive not the sign.

Gower: To *God no man* may *be fellow.*

This sign set before an *infinite*, not governed of a *verb*, changeth it into the nature of a noun.

Nort. in Arsan.

To *win is the benefit of* fortune: *but* to *keep is the power of wisdom.*

General exceptions.

The verb governing is understood:

Nort. in Arsan.

*For if the head, which is the life and stay of the body, betray the members, must not the members also needs betray one another; and so the whole body and head go altogether to utter wreck and destruction?*

The other general exception is wanting.[f]

The special exception. Two verbs, *have* and *am*, require always a participle *past* without any sign: as

[f] So in the Greek and Latin, but in Hebrew this exception is often, *Esai.* vi. 9; which Hebraism the New Testament is wont to retain by turning the Hebrew *infinite* either into a *verbal*, ἀκοῇ ἀκούσετε, *Matth.* xiii. 14; or participle, ἰδὼν εἶδον, *Act.* vii. 34.

*I* am *pleased; thou* art *hated.* Save when they import a necessity or conveniency of doing any thing: in which case they are very eloquently joined to the *infinite*,[g] the sign coming between:

*By the example of* Herod, *all princes* are *to take heed how they give ear to flatterers.*

Lidgate, lib. 1:

*Truth and falseness in what they* have *done,*
*May no while assemble in one person.*

And here those *times*, which in *etymology* we remembered to be wanting, are set forth by the *syntax* of verbs joined together. The *syntax* of *imperfect* times in this manner.

The presents by the *infinite*, and the verb, *may*, or *can;* as for *amem, amarem; I* may *love, I* might *love.* And again; *I* can *love, I* could *love.*

The *futures* are declared by the *infinite*, and the *verb shall*, or *will;* as *amabo, I* shall or will *love.*

*Amavero* addeth thereunto *have*, taking the nature of two divers *times;* that is, of the *future* and the *time past.*

*I shall* have *loved:* or
*I will* have *loved.*

The *perfect times* are expressed by the verb *have;* as
*amavi, amaveram.*
*I* have *loved, I* had *loved.*

*Amaverim*, and *amavissem* add *might* unto the former verb; as
*I* might *have loved.*

The *infinite past*, is also made by adding *have;* as
*amavisse, to* have *loved.*

Verbs *passive* are made of the participle *past*, and *am* the *verb; amor* and *amabar*, by the only putting to of the *verb;* as

[g] A phrase proper unto our tongue, save that the Hebrews seem to have the former. *Job* xx. 23. *When he is to fill his belly.*

*amor*, *I* am *loved*;
*amabar*, *I* was *loved*.

*Amer*, and *amarer* have it governed of the verb *may* or *can*; as

*Amer*, *I* may *be loved*; or *I* can *be loved*.
*Amarer*, *I* might *be loved*, or *I* could *be loved*.

In *amabor* it is governed of *shall*, or *will*; as

I *shall*, or *will* be loved.

## CHAP. VII.

### Of the Syntax of Adverbs.

THIS therefore is the *syntax* of words, having *number*; there remaineth that of words *without number*, which standeth in *adverbs* or *conjunctions*. *Adverbs* are taken one for the other; that is to say, *adverbs of likeness*, for *adverbs* of *time*; *As he spake those words, he gave up the ghost*.

Gower, lib. 1:

*Anone*, as *he was meek and tame*,
*He found towards his God the same*.

The like is to be seen in *adverbs* of *time* and *place*, used in each others stead, as among the Latins and the Grecians.

Nort. in Arsan.

*Let us not be ashamed to follow the counsel and example of our enemies*, where *it may do us good*.

*Adverbs* stand instead of *relatives*:

Lidgate, lib. 1:

*And little worth is fairness in certain*
*In a person*, where *no virtue is seen*.

Nort. to the northern rebels:

*Few women storm against the marriage of priests, but* such as *have been priests harlots, or fain would be.*

Chaucer in his ballad:

*But great God disposeth,*
*And maketh casual by his providence*
Such *things* as *frail man purposeth.* For *those things,* which.

Certain *adverbs* in the *syntax* of a substantive and an adjective meeting together, cause *a*, the article, to follow the adjective.

Sir John Cheek:

*O! with what spite was sundred so noble* a *body from so godly* a *mind.*

Jewel:

*It is too light a labour to strive for names.*

Chaucer:

*Thou art at ease, and hold thee well therein.*
*As great a praise is to keep well, as win.*

*Adjectives* compared,[h] when they are used *adverbially*, may have the article *the* going before.

Jewel:

The *more enlarged is your liberty*, the *less cause have you to complain.*

*Adverbs* are wanting.

Sir Thomas More:

*And how far be they off that would help, as God send grace, they hurt not;* for, that *they hurt not.*

Oftentimes they are used without any necessity, for greater vehemency sake; as, *then, afterward, again, once more.*

[h] The Greek article is set before the positive also: Theocrit. εἰδ. γ. Τίτυρ', ἐμὶν τὸ καλὸν πεφιλαμένη.

Gower: *He saw also the bowes spread*
*Above all earth, in which were*
*The kind of all birds there.*

*Prepositions* are joined with the accusative cases of *pronouns.*[i]

Sir Thomas More:

*I exhort and require you,* for *the love that you have born* to *me, and* for *the love that I have born to you, and* for *the love that our Lord beareth* to *us all.*

Gower, lib. 1:

*For* Lucifer, *with them that fell,*
*Bare pride with him* into *hell.*

They may also be coupled with the *possessives: mine, thine, ours, yours, his, hers, theirs.*

Nort. to the rebels:

*Think you her majesty, and the wisest of the realm, have no care of* their *own souls, that have charge both of* their *own and* yours?

These *prepositions* follow[k] sometimes the nouns they are coupled with: *God hath made princes their subjects guides, to direct them* in *the way,* which *they have to walk* in.

But *ward,* or *wards;* and *toward,* or *towards,* have the same *syntax* that *versus* and *adversus* have with the Latins; that is, the latter coming after the noun, which it governeth, and the other contrarily.

Nort. in Paul Angel's Oration to Scanderbech:

*For his heart being unclean to God*ward, *and spiteful* towards *men, doth always imagine mischief.*

[i] In Greek and Latin they are coupled; some with one oblique case, some with another.

[k] The Hebrews set them always before.

Lidgate, lib. 7 :

*And south*-ward *runneth to* Caucasus,
*And folk of* Scythie, *that bene laborious.*

Now as before in two articles *a* and *the*, the whole construction of the Latins was contained; so their whole rection is by *prepositions* near-hand declared: where the preposition *of* hath the force of the genitive, *to* of the dative; *from*, *of*, *in*, *by*, and such like of the ablative : as, *the praise* of *God*. *Be thankful* to *God*. *Take the cock* of *the hoop*. *I was saved* from *you*, by *you*, in *your house*.

*Prepositions* matched with the *participle present*,[1] supply the place of *gerunds*; *as* in *loving*, of *loving*, by *loving*, with *loving*, from *loving*, &c.

*Prepositions* do also govern *adverbs*.[m]

Lidgate, lib. 9 :

*Sent from above, as she did understand.*

General exceptions : divers *prepositions* are very often wanting, whereof it shall be sufficient to give a taste in those, that above the rest are most worthy to be noted.

*Of*, in an adjective of partition :

Lidgate, lib. 5 :

*His lieges eche one being* of *one assent*
*To live and die with him in his intent.*

The preposition *touching*, *concerning*, or some such like, doth often want, after the manner of the Hebrew *Lamed*:

Gower :

*The privates of man's heart,*
*They speaken, and sound in his ear,*
*As though they loud winds were.*

[1] The like nature in Greek and Hebrew have *prepositions* matched with the infinite, as ἐν τῷ ἀγαπᾶν.

[m] This in Hebrew is very common : *from now*, that is, from this time; whence proceed those Hebraisms in the *New Testament*, ἀπὸ τότε, ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν, &c.

*Riches and inheritance they be given by God's providence, to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good:* for *touching* riches and inheritance, or some such like *preposition.*

*If,* is somewhat strangely lacking:

Nort. in Arsan.

*Unwise are they that end their matters with,*
*Had I wist.*

Lidgate, lib. 1:

*For ne were not this prudent ordinance.*
*Some to obey, and above to gye*
*Destroyed were all worldly policy.*

The superfluity of *prepositions* is more rare:

Jewel:

*The whole university and city of* Oxford.

Gower:

*So that my lord touchend of this,*
*I have answered, how that it is.*

## CHAP. VIII.

### Of the Syntax of Conjunctions.

THE *syntax* of *conjunctions* is in order only; *neither* and *either* are placed in the beginning of words; *nor* and *or* coming after.

Sir Thomas More:

*He can be no sanctuary-man, that hath* neither *discretion to desire it,* nor *malice to deserve it.*

*Sir* John Cheek:

Either *by ambition you seek lordliness, much unfit for you;* or *by covetousness, ye be unsatiable, a*

*thing likely enough in you*, or *else by folly, ye be not content with your estate, a fancy to be pluckt out of you.*

Lidgate, lib. 2 :

*Wrong, clyming up of states and degrees,*
Either *by murder*, or *by false treasons*
*Asketh a fall, for their final guerdons.*

Here, for *nor* in the latter member, *ne* is sometimes used :

Lambert :

*But the archbishop set himself against it, affirming plainly, that he* neither *could*, ne *would suffer it.*

*The like syntax* is also to be marked in *so*, and *as*, used *comparatively ;* for, when the *comparison* is in *quantity*, then *so* goeth before, and *as* followeth.

Ascham :

*He hateth himself, and hasteth his own hurt, that is content to hear none* so *gladly*, as *either a fool or a flatterer.*

Gower, lib. 1 :

*Men wist in thilk time none*
So *fair a wight*, as *she was one.*

Sometime for *so, as* cometh in.

Chaucer, lib. 5. Troil.

*And said, I am, albeit to you no joy,*
As *gentle a man, as any wight in* Troy.

But if the *comparison* be in *quality*, then it is contrary.

Gower :

*For*, as *the fish, if it be dry*
*Mote in default of water dye :*
*Right* so *without air, or live,*
*No man, ne beast, might thrive.*

*And*, in the beginning of a sentence, serveth instead of an admiration: And, *what a notable sign of patience was it in* Job, *not to murmur against the Lord!*

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:

*What, quoth she*, and *be ye wood!*
And, *wene ye for to do good,*
And, *for to have of that no fame!*

*Conjunctions* of divers sorts are taken one for another: as, *But*, a *severing conjunction*, for a *conditioning:*

Chaucer in the Man of Law's Tale:

But *it were with the ilk eyen of his mind,*
*With which men seen' after they ben blind.*

*Sir* Thomas More:

*Which neither can they have*, but *you give it; neither can you give it, if ye agree not.*

The self-same *syntax* is in *and*, the *coupling conjunction;*

The Lord *Berners* in the Preface to his Translation of *Froisart:*

*What knowledge should we have of ancient things past*, and *history were not.*

*Sir* John Cheek:

*Ye have waxed greedy now upon cities, and have attempted mighty spoils, to glut up*, and *you could, your wasting hunger.*

On the other side, *for*, a cause-renderer, hath sometime the force of a *severing* one.

Lidgate, lib. 3.

*But it may fall a Drewry in his right,*
*To outrage a giant* for *all his great might.*

Here the two general exceptions are termed, *Asyndeton*, and *Polysyndeton.*

*Asyndeton*, when the *conjunction* wanteth:

*The universities of christendom are the eyes, the lights, the leaven, the salt, the seasoning of the world.*

Gower:

*To whom her heart cannot heal,*
*Turn it to woe, turn it to weal.*

Here the *sundering conjunction*, *or*, is lacking, and in the former example, *and*, the *coupler*.

*Polysyndeton* is in doubling the *conjunction* more than it need to be:

Gower, lib. 4:

*So, whether that he frieze*, or *sweat*,
Or *'tte be in*, or *'tte be out*,
*He will be idle all about.*

## CHAP. IX

### Of the Distinction of Sentences.

ALL the parts of *Syntax* have already been declared. There resteth one general affection of the whole, dispersed thorough every member thereof, as the blood is thorough the body; and consisteth in the breathing, when we pronounce any *sentence*. For, whereas our breath is by nature so short, that we cannot continue without a stay to speak long together; it was thought necessary as well for the speaker's ease, as for the plainer deliverance of the things spoken, to invent this means, whereby men pausing a pretty while, the whole speech might never the worse be understood.

These distinctions, are either of a *perfect*, or *im-*

*perfect* sentence. The distinctions of an *imperfect* sentence are two, a *comma*, and a *semicolon*.

A *comma* is a mean breathing, when the word serveth indifferently, both to the parts of the sentence going before, and following after, and is marked thus (,).

A *semicolon* is a distinction of an *imperfect* sentence, wherein with somewhat a longer breath, the sentence following is included; and is noted thus (;).

Hither pertaineth a *parenthesis*, wherein two *commas* include a sentence:

Jewel:

*Certain falshoods* (by mean of good utterance) *have sometimes more likely-hood of truth, than truth itself.*

Gower, lib. 1:

*Division*, (the gospel saith)
*One house upon another laith.*

Chaucer, 3d book of Fame:

*For time, ylost* (this know ye)
*By no way may recovered be.*

These imperfect distinctions in the *syntax* of a substantive, and an adjective give the former place to the substantive;

Ascham:

*Thus the poor gentleman suffered grief; great for the pain; but greater for the spite.*

Gower, lib. 2. Speaking of the envious person:

*Though he a man see vertuous,*
*And full of good condition,*
*Thereof maketh he no mention.*

The distinction of a *perfect* sentence hath a more full stay, and doth rest the spirit, which is a *pause* or a *period*.

A *pause* is a distinction of a sentence, though per-

fect in itself, yet joined to another, being marked with two pricks. (:)

A *period* is the distinction of a sentence, in all respects *perfect*, and is marked with one full prick over against the lower part of the last letter, thus (.)

If a sentence be with an *interrogation*, we use this note (?)

Sir John Cheek:

*Who can perswade, where treason is above reason; and might ruleth right; and it is had for lawful, whatsoever is lustful; and commotioners are better than commissioners; and common woe is named commonwealth?*

Chaucer, 2d book of Fame:

*Loe, is it not a great mischance,*
*To let a fool have governance*
*Of things, that he cannot demain?*

Lidgate, lib. 1:

*For, if wives be found variable,*
*Where shall husbands find other stable?*

If it be pronounced with an *admiration*, then thus (!)

Sir Thomas More:

*O Lord God, the blindness of our mortal nature!*

Chaucer, 1st book of Fame:

*Alas! what harm doth apparence,*
*When it is false in existence!*

These distinctions, as they best agree with nature, so come they nearest to the ancient stays of sentences among the Romans and the Grecians. An example of all four, to make the matter plain, let us take out of that excellent oration of Sir John Cheek against the rebels, whereof before we have made so often mention:

*When common order of the law can take no place in unruly and disobedient subjects; and all men will of wilfulness resist with rage, and think their own violence to be the best justice: then be wise magistrates compelled by necessity to seek an extreme remedy, where mean salves help not, and bring in the martial law where none other law serveth.*

# MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

AND

# CONVERSATIONS.

[*Supplemental to Edition of* 1816.]

# MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

[At the beginning of this volume occurs the one solitary instance in which it has been thought absolutely necessary to deviate in the slightest degree from the arrangement of Gifford. A glance at the edition of 1816 will shew that the printer had been supplied with materials in the most mangled and confused condition. There are two pieces numbered xcii.; two xciii.; and a leap all at once from xcv. to cvi. The pieces thus eliminated from the text, as originally contemplated, were some of them omitted altogether, and others mutilated to fit into a huge "note" of ten pages. They have now been restored as nearly as possible to the state in which they are found in the original MS. in the British Museum. I have also added several pieces which have come to light since 1816, and two of which the authenticity was disputed on what are now believed to be insufficient grounds. F. CUNNINGHAM.]

## BEN JONSON AND WILLIAM, EARL OF NEWCASTLE.

Jonson's connexion with the family of this distinguished nobleman was close and of long continuance. He has monumental verses on several of its members; those which follow are extracted from the MS. volume in the British Museum.

## Charles Cavendish[1] to his Posterity.

SONS, seek not me among these polished stones,
These only hide part of my flesh and bones,
Which, did they e'er so neat and proudly dwell,
Will all turn dust, and may not make me swell.
Let such as justly have outlived all praise,
Trust in the tombs their careful friends do raise;
I made my Life my monument, and yours,
Than which there's no material more endures,
Nor yet inscription like it writ but that;
And teach your nephews it to emulate:
It will be matter loud enough to tell
Not when I died, but how I lived—farewell.

## Epitaph on Lady Katherine Ogle.[2]

SHE was the light (without reflex
Upon herself) of all her sex,
The best of women!—Her whole life
Was the example of a wife,
Or of a parent, or a friend!
All circles had their spring and end

[1] Sir Charles Cavendish, who thus addresses his children, was the third son of sir William Cavendish, deservedly known and esteemed as the faithful and confidential servant of Cardinal Wolsey. He died in 1618, and was succeeded in his vast estates by his eldest son, William, the munificent friend and protector of our poet.

[2] This lady, the second wife of sir Charles Cavendish, and mother of the Duke of Newcastle, was the daughter and coheir of Cuthbert, Lord Ogle. She outlived her husband several years, and was declared Baroness Ogle in 1628.

In her, and what could perfect be
And without angles, IT WAS SHE.—
All that was solid in the name
Of virtue; precious in the frame,
Or else magnetic in the force,
Or sweet, or various, in the course;
What was proportion, or could be
By warrant called just symmetry
In number, measure, or degree
Of weight or fashion, IT WAS SHE.—
Her soul possest her flesh's state
In freehold, not as an inmate,
And when the flesh here shut up day,
Fame's heat upon the grave did stay,
And hourly brooding o'er the same,
Keeps warm the spice of her good name,
Until the ashes turned be
Into a Phœnix—WHICH IS SHE.

Ὁ Ζεὺς κατεῖδε χρόνιος εἰς τὰς διφθέρας.

THIS a record in heaven. You that were
Her children, and grandchildren, read it here;
Transmit it to your nephews, friends, allies,
Tenants and servants: have they hearts and eyes
To view the truth and own it? Do but look
With pause upon it: Make this page your book!
Your book? your volume! Nay, the state and story!
Code, Digests, Pandects of all female glory!
Diphthera Jovis.

FOR this did Katherine Lady Ogle die
To gain the crown of immortality;
Eternity's Great Charter; which became
Her right, by gift and purchase of the Lamb.

Sealed and delivered to her, in the Light
Of Angels, and all witnesses of light,
Both saints and martyrs, by her lovèd Lord,
And this a copy is of the Record.

## Epitaph on the Lady Jane.

I COULD begin with that grand form *Here lies*
(And bid thee, reader, bring thy weeping eyes
To see who 'tis—) a noble countess, great
In blood, in birth, by match and by her state,
Religious, wise, chaste, loving, gracious, good,
And number attributes unto a flood;
But every table in this church can say
A list of epithets, and praise this way;
No stone in any wall here but can tell
Such things of every body, and as well—
Nay, they will render one's descent to hit
And Christian name too with a herald's wit.
But I would have thee to know something new,
Not usual in a lady, and yet true,
At least so great a lady—she was wife
But of one husband, and since he left life,
But sorrow she desired no other friend,
And her, she made her inmate, to the end.
To call on sickness still to be her guest,
Whom she with sorrow first did lodge, then feast,
Then entertain, and as death's harbinger,
So woo'd at last that he was won to her
Importune wish, and by her loved lord's side
To lay her here, inclosed, his second bride;
Where, spight of death, next life, for her love's sake
This second marriage will eternal make.[3]

[3] This Jane was the eldest daughter of Lord Ogle, and sister of

# AN INTERLUDE, ETC.

[The volume from which the foregoing were taken, contains also an Interlude, never yet noticed by the poet's biographers. It has neither title nor date; but appears to have been written by Jonson for the christening of a son of the earl of Newcastle, to which the king or the prince (both seem to have been present) stood godfather. It consists principally of the unrestrained and characteristic tattle of three gossips; and though the language may appear somewhat too free for the present times, yet as a matter of curiosity, I have ventured to subjoin it.

The scene is the earl of Newcastle's house, in the Black Friars. GIFFORD.]

*At the entrance to the banquet.*

A Forester.

SIR, you are welcome to the forest: you have seen a battle upon a table, now you see a hunting.[4] I know not what the game will prove, but the ground is well clothed with

the lady just mentioned. She married Edward, eighth earl of Shrewsbury, (younger brother of the Gilbert so often noticed,) and died in 1625, having survived her husband about seven years.

[4] It appears that the table represented a hunting scene in sweetmeats. We cannot easily conceive the enormous sums expended in constructing those banquets. Every object of art or nature was represented in them; and castles and towers and towns were reared of marchpane of a size that would confound the faculties of the confectioners of these degenerate days. The courtier, like the citizen, was a *most fierce devourer of plums*, and the ships, bulwarks, forests, &c., that were not eaten on the spot, were *conveyed* into the pockets of the guests, and carried off, without stint and without shame.

trees. The most of these deer will come to hand—if they take cover, sir, down with the woods, for the hunting is meant to be so royal as trees, dogs, deer, all mean to be a part of the quarry.

*In the passage.*

DUGGS, *wet nurse;* KECKS, *dry nurse; and* HOLDBACK, *midwife.*

*Duggs.* Are they coming? where? which are the gossips?

*Kecks.* Peace, here they come all.

*Duggs.* I'll up and get me a standing behind the arras.

*Hold.* You'll be thrust there, i'faith, nurse.

*Kecks.* [5]

*Hold.* No; he with the blue riband, peace!

*Kecks.* O, sweet gentleman! he a gossip! he were fitter to be a father, 'ifaith.

*Hold.* So they were both, an 'twere fortune's good pleasure to send it.

*At the banquet.*

HOLDBACK *enters with the child,* DUGGS *and* KECKS.

*Hold.* Now heaven multiply your highness and my honourable lord too, and my good lady the countess. I have one word for you all, *Welcome!* which is enough to the wise, and as good as a hundred, you know. This is my day. My lords and my ladies, how like you my boy? is't not a goodly boy? I said his name would be Charles when I looked upon Charles' wain t'other night. He was born under that star—I have given measure, i'faith,

[5] A short question was probably overlooked by the scribe.

he'll prove a pricker by one privy mark that I found about him. Would you had such another, my lord gossips, every one of you, and as like the father. O what a glad woman and a proud should I be to be seen at home with you upon the same occasion!

*Duggs.* Come, come, never push for it, woman; I know my place. It is before, and I would not have you mistake it.

*Kecks.* Then belike my place is behind.

*Duggs.* Be it where it will, I'll appear.

*Hold.* How now, what's the matter with you two?

*Duggs.* Why, Mistress Kecks, the dry nurse, strives to have place of me.

*Kecks.* Yes, Mistress Duggs, I do indeed.

*Hold.* What! afore the Prince! are you so rude and uncivil?

*Kecks.* Why not afore the Prince? (worshipped might he be;) I desire no better judge.

*Hold.* No! and my Lord Chancery here? Do you know what you say? Go to, nurse, ha' done, and let the music have their play. You have made a joyful house here, i'faith; the glad lady within in the straw, I hope, has thanked you for her little Carl, the little christian—such a comfortable day as this will even make the father ready to make adventure for another, in my conscience. Sing sweetly, I pray you, an you have a good breast, out with it for my lord's credit.

SONG.

If now as merry you could be
  As you are welcome here,
Who wait would have no time to see
  The meanness of the cheer.

But you that deign the place and lord
  So much of bounty and grace
Read not the banquet on his board,
  But that within his face.

Where, if by engaging of his heart
He yet could set forth more,
The world would scarce afford a part
Of such imagined store.

All had been had that could be wished
Upon so rich a pawn,
Were it ambrosia to be dished,
Or nectar to be drawn.

*Duggs.* How, dame! a dry nurse better than a wet nurse?

*Kecks.* Ay. Is not summer better than winter?

*Duggs.* O, you dream of a dry summer.

*Kecks.* And you are so wet, you are the worse again. Do you remember my Lady Kickingup's child, that you gave such a bleach to 'twas never clear since?

*Duggs.* That was my Lady Kickingup's own doing (you dry chip you), and not mine.

*Kecks.* 'Twas yours, Mrs. Wetter—and you shrunk in the wetting for't, if you be remembered; for she turned you away, I am sure.—Wet moons, you know, were ever good weed-springers.

*Duggs.* My moon's no wetter than thine, goody Caudle-maker. You for making of costly caudles, as good a nurse as I!

*Hold.* Why, can I carry no sway nor stroke among you! Will ye open yourselves thus, and let every one enter into your secrets?—Shall they take it up between you, in God's name? Proffer it 'em. I am nobody, I, I know nothing!—I am a midwife of this month! I never held a lady's back till now, you think.

*Duggs.* We never thought so, Mistress Hold-back.

*Hold.* Go to, you do think so, upon that point,

and say as much in your behaviour. Who, I pray you, provided your places for you? was't not I? When upon the first view of my lady's breasts, and an inspection of what passed from her, with the white wine, and the opal cloud, and my suffumigation.—I told her ladyship at first she was sped, and then upon her pain after drinking the mead and hydromel, I assured her it was so without all peradventure—I know nothing! And this, when my lord was deportunate with me to know my opinion whether it was a boy or a girl that her ladyship went withal, I had not my signs and my prognostics about me—as the goodness of her ladyship's complexion, the coppidness of her belly, on the right side, the lying of it so high in the cabinet, to pronounce it a boy! Nor I could not say and assure upon the difference of the paps, when the right breast grew harder, the nipple red, rising like a strawberry, the milk white and thick, and standing in pearls upon my nail (the glass and the slide-stone); a boy for my money! nor when the milk dissolved not in water, nor scattered, but sunk—a boy still! No, upon the very day of my lady's labour, when the wives came in, I offered no wagers, not the odds, ay, three to one? Having observed the moon the night before, and her ladyship set her right foot foremost, the right pulse beat quicker and stronger, and her right eye grown and sparkling! I assure your lordship I offered to hold master doctor a Discretion it was a boy; and if his doctorship had laid with me and ventured, his worship had lost his discretion.

*Kecks.* Why, mistress, here's nobody calls your skill in question; we know that you can tell when a woman goes with a tympany, the mole, or the mooncalf.

*Hold.* Ay, and whether it be the flesh mole, or the wind mole, or the water mole, I thank God, and

our mistress Nature: she is God's chambermaid, and the midwife is hers.—We can examine virginity and frigidity, the sufficiency and capability of the persons; by our places we urge all the conclusions. Many a good thing passes through the midwife's hand, many a merry tale by her mouth, many a glad cup through her lips: she is a leader of wives, the lady of light hearts, and the queen of the gossips.

*Kecks.* But what is this to us, Mistress Holdback? the which is the better nurse, the wet or the dry?

*Hold.* Nay, that make an end of between yourselves. I am sure I am dry with talking to you. Give me a cup of hippocras.

*Duggs.* Why, see there now whether dryness be not a defect out of her own mouth, that she is fain to call for moisture to wet her! Does not the infant do so when it would suck? What stills the child when it's dry but the teat?

*Kecks.* But when it is wet, in the blankets, with your superfluities, what quiets it then? It is not the two bottles at the breasts, that when you have emptied you do nothing but drink to fill again, will do it. It is the opening of him, and bathing of him, and the washing and the cleansing, and especially the drying that nourishes the child—clearing his eyes and nostrils, wiping his ears, fashioning his head with stroking it between the hands, clapping a piece of scarlet on his mole, forming his mouth for kissing again he come at age, careful laying his legs and arms straight, and swathing them so justly as his mother's maids may leap at him when he bounces out on his blankets. These are the offices of a nurse!—a true nurse. What beauty would ever behold him hereafter if I now by negligence of binding should either make him cramp-shouldered, crooked-legged, splay-footed, or by careless placing the candle in a light should send him forth into the world

with a pair of false eyes! No, 'tis the nurse, and by excellence the dry nurse, that gives him fashionable feet, legs, hands, mouth, eyes, nose, or whatever, in member else, is acceptable to ladies.

*Duggs.* Nay, there you wrong Mistress Holdback, for it is she that gives him measure I'm sure.

*Hold.* Ay, and I'll justify his measure.

*Duggs.* And what increases that measure, but his milk, his sucking, and his battening?

*Kecks.* Yes, and your eating and drinking to get more; your decoctions and caudles, spurging, bathing, and boxing your breasts;—thou mis-proud creature, I am ashamed of thee!

*Duggs.* How enviously she talks! as if any nearer or nobler office could be done the child than to feed him, or any more necessary and careful than to increase that which is his nutriment, from both which I am truly and principally named his nurse.

*Kecks.* Principally! O the pride of thy paps! Would I were the ague in thy breasts, for thy sake, to bore 'em as full of holes as a cullender—as if there were no nutriment but thy milk, or nothing could nurse a child but sucking! Why, if there were no milk in nature, is there no other food?—How were my lady provided else against your going to men, (if the toy should take you,) and the corruption of your milk that way?

*Duggs.* How! I go to man, and corrupt my milk, thou dried eel-skin!

*Kecks.* You, mistress wet-eel-by-the-tail, if you have a mind to it. Such a thing has been done.

*Duggs.* I defy thee, I, thou onion-eater! And, now I think on't, my lady shall know of your close diet, your cheese and chibbols, with your fresh tripe and garlick in private,—it makes a sweet perfume i' the nursery! as if you had swallowed surreverence. Ah, the pity such a one should ever come about any

good body's child! thou'lt stifle it with thy breath one of these mornings.

*Kecks.* Indeed you had like to have overlaid it the other night, and prevented its Christendom, if I had not looked unto you when you came so bedewed out of the wine cellar, and so watered your couch, that, to save your credit with my lady next morning, you were glad to lay it upon your innocent bed-fellow, and slander him to his mother how plentifully he had sucked! This was none of your dry feasts now, this was a soaker.

*Hold.* Ay, by my faith, was't; an you overflow so it is even time to stop the breach and pack you both hence—here comes a wise man will tell us another tale.

*Enter a* Mathematician.[6]

'Tis clear, in heaven all good aspects agree
To bless with wonder this nativity;
But what need this so far our star extend
When here a star shines that doth far transcend
In all benevolence, and sways more power
To rule his whole life, than that star his hour?
For in a prince are all things, since they all
To him as to their end in nature fall,
As from him being their fount, all are produced,
Heaven's right through his, where'er he rules, diffused;
This child then from his bounty shall receive,
Judgment in all things, what to take or leave;
Matter to speak, and sharpness to dispute
Of every action, both the root and fruit,
Truly foreseeing in his each fit deed,
Wisdom to attempt and spirit to proceed;
In mirth ingenious he shall be, in game
He shall gain favour, in things serious, fame.

[6] i. e. an astrologer.

Dissensions shall he shun and peace pursue,
Friendships, by frailties broke, he shall renew.
Virtue by him shall gain again her youth,
And joy as much therein as in her truth.
All helpless chances he shall free indure,
And, perils past, at length survive secure;
This is the song wherewith his fates are full,
That spin his thread out of the whitest wool.

SONG.

A battle, a battle! O that you had bin
To ha' seen but the delicate sport is within,
And how the two nurses do roar!
The dry-nurse she swears
T'have the wet by the ears
And in fellowship calleth her whore,
And sayeth she will pay her score:
Now the wet-nurse doth water the place,
And while they do jangle
The midwife doth wrangle
And is very near in the same case!
She purgeth,
She urgeth,
And lays down the law:
They fight
And they bite
And not wave her a straw:
Then off goeth her grave velvet hat,

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But they beat her with many a thump;
And now to assuage
The height of her rage
They are cooling her down at the pump!

*The* Watermen *of Black Friars are then introduced into the Hall, with a*

SONG.

They say it is merry when gossips do meet,
And more to confirm it, in us you may see't,
For we have well tasted the wine in the street,
And yet we make shift to stand on our feet.
As soon as we heard the Prince would be here,
We knew by his coming we should have good cheer;
A boy for my lady!—then every year,
Cry we—for a girl will afford us but beer.
Now, Luck, we beseech thee that all things may stand
With my lady's good liking, that my lord takes in hand;
That still there come gossips the best in the land
To make the Black Friars compare with the Strand:
That we may say
Another day,
My Lord be thanked
We had such a banquet
At Charles' christening
Was worth the listening,
After a year
And a day, for I fear
We shall not see
The like will be
To sample he,
While working the Thames
Unless't be a James!

## A Song of the Moon.

TO the wonders of the Peak
I am come to add and speak,
Or as some would say to break
My mind unto you;
And I swear by all the light
At my back I am no sprite,
But a very merry wight
Prest in to see you.

I had somewhat else to say,
But have lost it by the way;
I shall think on't ere't be day:
The Moon commends her
To the merry beards in hall,
Those turn up and those that fall,
Morts and mirkins that wag all,
Tough, foul, or tender.

And as either news or mirth
Rise or fall upon the earth
She desires of every birth
Some taste to send her:
Specially the news of Darby
For, if there or peace or war be,
To the Peak it is so hard by,
She soon will hear it.

If there be a cuckold major
That his wife heads for a wager
As the standard shall engage her
The Moon will hear it;
Though she change as oft as she
And of circle be as free,
Or her quarters higher be
Yet do not fear it.

Or if any strife betide
For the breeches with the bride,
'Tis but th' next neighbour ride
And she is pleasèd;
Or it be the gossip's hap
Each to pawn her husband's cap
At Pem Waker's good ale-tap
Her mind is easèd.
Or by chance if in their grease
Or their ale, they break the peace,
Forfeiting their drinking lease
She will not seize it.

## A Song.

FRESH as the day, and new as are the hours,
Our first of fruits, that is the prime of flowers,
Bred by your breath on this low bank of ours,
Now in a garland by the Graces knit
Upon this obelisk, advanced for it,
We offer as a circle the most fit,
To crown the years which you begin, great king,
And you with them, as father of our spring.

## To the Most Noble and above his Titles, Robert, Earle of Somerset. [Sent to him on his Wedding-day, 1613.]

THEY are not those, are present with their face,
And clothes, and gifts, that only do thee grace
At these thy nuptials; but whose heart and thought
Do wait upon thee: and their Love not bought.

Such wear true Wedding robes, and are true Friends,
That bid God give thee joy, and have no ends.
W'h I do, early, virtuous Somerset,
And pray thy joys as lasting be as great.
Not only this but every day of thine
With the same look, or with a better shine.
May she, whom thou for spouse to-day dost take,
Outbee that Wife in worth thy friend did make:
And thou to her that Husband may exalt
Hymen's amends to make it worth his fault.
So be there never discontent, or sorrow,
To rise with either of you on the morrow.
So be your concord, still, as deep as mute;
And every joy in marriage turn a fruit;
So may those marriage pledges comforts prove,
And every birth increase the heat of Love;
So, in their number, may you never see
Mortality, till you immortal be.
And when your years rise more than would be told
Yet neither of you seem to the other old.
That all that view you then and late may say,
Sure this glad pair were married but this day![7]

BEN JONSON.

[7] These lines, first printed in *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. vol. v. p. 193, were found in the poet's autograph, pasted into the "virtuous Somerset's" own copy of the 1640 folio, headed by the following inscription, "These verses were made by the author of this book, and were delivered to the earl of Somerset upon his lordship's wedding-day." Gifford (vol. vii. p. 44), was not aware of the existence of these lines when he says, "it is to Jonson's praise that he took no part in the celebration of this marriage." The allusions to "The Wife" which "thy friend did make," have a terrible significance when the fate of sir Thomas Overbury is remembered. F. C.

AN EPIGRAM TO MY JOVIAL GOOD FRIEND MR. ROBERT DOVER, ON HIS GREAT INSTAURATION OF HIS HUNTING AND DANCING AT COTSWOLD.[8]

I CANNOT bring my muse to drop *vies*[9]
'Twixt Cotswold and the Olympic exercise,
But I can tell thee, Dover, how thy games
Renew the glories of our blessed *James*:
How they do keep alive his memory
With the glad country and posterity;
How they advance true love and neighbourhood,
And do both church and commonwealth the good
In spite of hypocrites, who are the worst
Of subjects. Let such envy till they burst.

BEN JONSON.

PREFIXED TO FARNABY'S JUVENAL.[1]

TEMPORIBUS lux magna fuit Juvenalis avitis,
Moribus, ingeniis, divitiis, vitiis.
Tu lux es luci, Farnabi: operisque fugasti
Temporis et tenebras, ingenii radiis.

[8] From the *Annalia Dubrensia*, "a collection of encomiastic verses," says Mr. Bolton Corney, "somewhat like those on Sidney, or Bodley, or Camden—composed and published in honour of Mr. Robert Dover, the founder of an annual meeting for rustic sports upon the Cotswold Hills, in the reign of James I. The volume, small 4to., is dated 1636, and contains the effusions of more than thirty poets." See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. ix. 100.

[9] For the meaning of the word "vies," see note, vol. i. p. 101.

[1] Jonson had a high opinion of Farnaby as an editor; see the inscription in a copy of his *Martial*, given in a note, vol. i. p. cxxi.; and also the text at the same place for Farnaby's manly and eloquent recognition of Jonson's own merits. F. C.

Lux tua parva quidem mole est, sed magna rigore,
  Sensibus et docti pondere judicii.
Macte: tuo scriptores, lectoresque labore
  Per te alii vigeant, per te alii videant.

BEN JONSONIUS.[2]

## A FRAGMENT OF ONE OF THE LOST QUATERNIONS OF EUPHEME.[3]

YOU worms (my rivals), whiles she was alive,
How many thousands were there that did strive
To have your freedom? For their sakes forbear
Unseemly holes in her soft skin to wear;
But, if you must (as what worm can abstain?)
Taste of her tender body, yet refrain,
With your disordered eatings, to deface her,
And feed yourselves so as you most may grace her.
First, through yon ear-tips see you work a pair
Of holes, which as the moist enclosed air
Turns into water, may the cold drops take
And in her ears a pair of jewels make.
That done, upon her bosom make your feast,
Where, on a cross, carve Jesus in her breast.
Have you not yet enough of that soft skin,
The touch of which in times past might have bin
Enough to ransom many a thousand soul
Captived to love? Then hence your bodies roll
A little higher; when I would you have
This epitaph upon her forehead grave;
Living, she was fair, young, and full of wit:
Dead, all her faults are in her forehead writ.[3]

[2] *Notes and Queries*, 3rd S. viii. 195.
[3] From *Notes and Queries*, 1st S. iii. 367.

## Master Wither's Lines.

*Wither.*

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair,
Or my cheeks make pale with care
'Cause another's rosie are?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads of May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be blind,
'Cause I see a woman's kind,
Or a well disposèd nature
Joined in a comely feature?
Be she kind, or meeker than
Turtle dove, or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues make
Me to perish for her sake,
Or her merit's value known
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest,
That may merit name of best,
If she seem not so to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too high
Should I play the fool and die?
He that bears a noble mind
If not outward help he find,

[4] Dr. Bliss copied this playful and ingenious parody from a "volume of peculiar rarity." *A Description of Love, with certain Epigrams, Elegies, and Sonnets, and also Master Johnson's answer to Master Withers. With the Boy of Ludgate, and the Song of*

## MASTER JONSON'S ANSWER.[4]

*Jonson.*

SHALL I my affections slack
'Cause I see a woman's black,
Or myself with care cast down
'Cause I see a woman's brown?
Be she blacker than the night
Or the blackest jet in sight,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how black she be?

Shall my foolish heart be burst
'Cause I see a woman's curst,
Or a thwarting hoggish nature
Joined in as bad a feature?
Be she curst, or fiercer than
Brutish beast or savage man,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how curst she be?

Shall a woman's vices make
Me her vices quite forsake,
Or her faults to me made known
Make me think that I have none?
Be she of the most accurst,
And deserve the name of worst;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how bad she be?

'Cause her fortunes seem too low
Shall I therefore let her go?
He that bears an ample mind
And with riches can be kind,

*the Beggar. London*, 1625. Gifford did not believe this to be Jonson's composition, but his reasons appear to me to be altogether insufficient when weighed against the fact of its being published with his name in his life-time. See note 9, p. cxxiv. vol. i. F. C.

Think what with them he would do
That without them dares to woo?
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great, or proud, or kind, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair,
If she love me, then believe
I will die ere she shall grieve:
If she slight me when I woo,
I can slight and bid her go.
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

MARTIALIS. EPIG. Lib. x. 47.

*VITAM quæ faciunt beatiorem,*
*Jucundissime Martialis, hæc sunt;*
*Res non parta labore, sed relicta:*
*Non ingratus ager; focus perennis;*
*Lis nunquam; toga rara; mens quieta;*
*Vires ingenuæ; salubre corpus;*
*Prudens simplicitas; pares amici;*
*Convictus facilis; sine arte mensa;*
*Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis;*
*Non tristis torus, et tamen pudicus;*
*Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras:*
*Quod sis, esse velis, nihilque mali:*
*Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

I think how kind a heart he'd have
If he were some servile slave;
And if that same mind I see,
What care I how poor she be?

Poor, or bad, or curst, or black,
I will ne'er the more be slack,
If she hate me, then believe
She shall die ere I will grieve.
If she like me when I woo,
I can like and love her too;
If that she be fit for me,
What care I what others be?

MARTIAL. EPIG. Lib. x. 47, TRANSLATED.[5]

THE things that make the happier life are these,
Most pleasant Martial; Substance got with ease,
Not laboured for, but left thee by thy Sire;
A soil not barren; a continual fire;
Never at law; seldom in office gownd;
A quiet mind, free powers, and body sound;
A wise simplicity; friends alike stated;
Thy table without art, and easy rated;
Thy night not drunken, but from cares laid waste,
No sour or sullen bed-mate, yet a chaste;
Sleep that will make the darkest hours swift-pac't;
Will to be what thou art, and nothing more;
Nor fear thy latest day, nor wish therefor.

[5] In a conversation at Hawthornden (No. ii. *post*) Jonson recommended Drummond to study Martial, and added that he had translated his Epigram *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem*, &c. The above verses were discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich in Jonson's handwriting, and are no doubt the translation alluded to. Mr. Collier printed them in his *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, p. 54. F. C.

## To my Detractor.

MY verses were *commended*, thou dar'st say,
And *they were very good;* yet thou think'st nay;
For thou objectest (as thou hast been told)
The envied returns of forty pound in gold.
Fool! do not rate my rhymes: I've found thy vice
Is to make cheap the lord, the lines, the price.
But howl thou on, I pity thee, poor cur,
Till thou hast lost thy noise, thy foam, thy stir,
To be known what thou art, a blatant beast,
By barking against me. Thou look'st at least
I now would write on thee! No, wretch; thy name
Shall not work out unto it such a fame.
Thou art not worth it. Who will care to know
If such a tyke as thou e'er wert or no?
A mongrel cur, thou should'st stink forth and die
Nameless and noisome as thy infamy!
No man will tarry by thee, as he goes,
To ask thy name if he have half his nose,
But fly thee like the Pest. Walk not the street
Out in the dog-days, lest the killer meet
Thy noddle with his club, and dashing forth
Thy dirty brains, men smell thy want of worth.[6]

## To his much and worthily-esteemed Friend, the Author of "Cinthia's Revenge."[7]

WHO takes thy volume to his virtuous hand
Must be intended still to understand:
Who bluntly doth but look upon the same
May ask, *What Author would conceal his name?*

[6] Gifford printed a very imperfect copy of these verses, and pronounced them not to be Jonson's. See *ante*, p. 32. F. C.

[7] These lines are prefixed to *Cinthia's Revenge: or Menander's Extasie. Written by John Stephens, Gent., London*, 1613. Mr. W.

Who reads may roave,[8] and call the passage dark,
Yet may as blind men, sometimes, hit the mark.
Who reads, who roaves, who hopes to understand,
May take thy volume to his virtuous hand.
Who cannot read, but only doth desire
To understand, he may at length admire.

B. I.

FROM THE NEW ENGLISH CANAAN.[9]

SING the adventures of nine worthy wights,
And pity 'tis I cannot call them knights,
Since they had brawn and brain, and were right able
To be installèd of Prince Arthur's table;
Yet all of them were squires of low degree,
As did appear by rules of Heraldry.
The Magi told of a prodigious birth,
That shortly should be found upon the earth,
By Archimedes' art, which they misconster
Unto their land would prove a hideous monster.
Seven heads it had, and twice so many feet,
Arguing the body to be wondrous great;
Besides a forked tail, heaved up on high,
As if it threatened battle to the sky.
The Rumour of this fearful prodigy
Did cause the effeminate multitude to cry,
For want of great Alcides' aid, and stood
Like people that have seen Medusa's head:
Great was the grief of heart, great was the moan,

C. Hazlitt states his conviction that "although the name of Stephens appears upon the title, internal evidence establishes the authorship of Swallow." F. C.

[8] To *roave*, or *rove*, a term of archery; means here to *take a guess*.

[9] From *The New English Canaan. Containing an Abstract of New England in three Books, written upon tenne Yeares Knowledge and Experiment of the Country.* [By Thomas Morton.] *Amsterdam*, 1627, 4to. F. C.

And great the fear conceived by every one,
Of Hydra's hideous form and dreadful power,
Doubting in time this monster would devour
All their best flocks, whose dainty wool consorts
Itself with scarlet in all Princes' Courts.
Not Jason, nor the adventurous youths of Greece,
Did bring from Colchos any richer fleece:
In emulation of the Grecian force,
These Worthies nine prepared a wooden horse,
And, pricked with pride of like success, devise
How they may purchase glory by this prize,
And, if they give to Hydra's head the fall,
It will remain a platform unto all
Their brave achievements, and in time to come,
*Per fas aut nefas* they'll erect a throne.
Clubs are turned trumps: so now the lot is cast
With fire and sword to Hydra's den they haste,
Mars in the ascendant, Sol in Cancer now,
And Lerna Lake to Pluto's Court must bow.
What though they are rebuked by thundering Jove.
'Tis neither gods or men that can remove
Their minds from making this a dismal day:
These nine will now be actors in this play,
And summon Hydra to appear anon
Before their witless combination.
But his undaunted spirit, nursed with meat
Such as the Cyclops gave their babes to eat,
Scorned their base accons, for with Cecrops' charm
He knew he could defend himself from harm
Of Minos, Eacus, and Radamand,
Princes of Limbo, who must out of hand
Consult 'bout Hydra what must now be done.
Who having sate in Counsel one by one
Return this answer to the Stygian fiends;
And first grim Minos spake, "Most loving friends,
Hydra prognosticks ruin to our state,
And that our kingdom will grow desolate;

But if one head from thence be ta'en away,
The body and the members will decay."
"To take in hand," said Eacus, "this task,
Is such as hare-brained Phaeton did ask
Of Phœbus to begird the world about,
Which, granted, put the nether lands to rout.
Presumptuous fools learn wit at too much cost,
For life and labour both at once he lost."
Stern Radamantus being last to speak,
Made a great hum, and thus did silence break:
"What if with rattling chains or iron bands
Hydra be bound either by feet or hands,
And after being lashed with smarting rods,
He be conveyed by Styx unto the gods,
To be accused on the upper ground
Of *læsæ majestatis;* this crime found,
'Twill be impossible from thence I trow
Hydra shall come to trouble us below."
This sentence pleased the friends exceedingly,
That up they tossed their bonnets and did cry,
"Long live our Court in great prosperity!"
The Sessions ended, some did straight devise
Court Revels, antics, and a world of joys;
Brave Christmas gambols, therewith open hall
Kept to the full, and sport the Divell and all!
Labours despised, the looms are laid away,
And this proclaimed the Stygian holiday!
In came grim Minos with his motley beard,
And brought a distillation well prepared;
And Eacus, who is as sure as text,
Came in with his preparatives the next.
Then Radamantus, last and principall,
Feasted the Worthies in his sumptuous hall.
There Charon, Cerberus, and the rout of fiends,
Had lap enough, and so their pastime ends.

## THE GHYRLOND OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARIE.[1]

HERE are five letters in this blessed name,
Which, changed, a five-fold mystery design;
The M the Myrtle, A the Almonds claim,
R Rose, I Ivy, E sweet Eglantine.

These form thy ghyrlond. Whereof Myrtle Green,
The gladdest ground to all the numbered five,
Is so implexèd, and laid in between,
As Love here studied to keep Grace alive.

The second string is the sweet Almond bloom,
Upmounted high upon Selinis crest;
As it alone, and only it, had room
To knit thy crown, and glorify the rest.

The third is from the garden called the Rose,
The Eye of flowers, worthy for his scent
To top the fairest Lily now that grows,
With wonder on the thorny regiment.

The fourth is humble Ivy, intersert
But lowly laid, as on the earth asleep,
Preservèd in her antique bed of Vert,
No faith's more firm, or flat, than where't doth creep.

But that which sums all is the Eglantine,
Which, of the field, is 'cleped the sweetest brier,

[1] From "The Female Glory; or, the Life and Death of our Blessed Lady, the holy Virgin Mary, God's own Immaculate Mother. London, printed by Thomas Harper, for John Waterson. 1635." I doubt much whether these stanzas are Jonson's. F. C.

Inflamed with ardour to that mystic shine
In Moses' bush, unwasted in the fire.

Thus Love, and Hope, and burning Charity,
Divinest graces, are so intermixed
With odorous sweets and soft humility,
As if they adored the Head whereon they're fixed.

THE REVERSE, ON THE BACK SIDE.

THESE Mysteries do point to three more great,
On the reverse of this your circling crown,
All pouring their full share of graces down,
The glorious Trinity in Union met.

Daughter, and Mother, and the Spouse of God,
Alike of kin to that most blessed Trine
Of persons, yet in Union ONE divine,
How are thy gifts and graces blazed abroad!

Most holy and pure Virgin, blessèd Maid,
Sweet Tree of life, King David's strength and tower,
The House of gold, the Gate of heaven's power,
The Morning Star, whose light our Fall hath stayed.

Great Queen of Queens, most mild, most meek, most wise,
Most venerable Cause of all our joy,
Whose cheerful look our sadness doth destroy,
And art the spotless mirror to man's eyes.

The Seat of Sapience, the most lovely Mother,
And most to be admirèd of thy sex,
Who mad'st us happy all in thy reflex,
By bringing forth GOD'S only Son, no other.

Thou Throne of glory, beauteous as the Moon,
The rosy Morning, or the rising Sun,
Who like a Giant hastes his course to run,
Till he hath reached his two-fold point of Noon.

How are thy gifts and graces blazed abroad
Through all the lines of this circumference,
T' imprint in all purged hearts this virgin sense
Of being Daughter, Mother, Spouse of GOD.

B. I.

## COCK LORREL'S SONG.[2]

THEN broiled and broacht on a butcher's prick [skewer],
The kidney came in of a Holy Sister;
This bit had almost made his devilship sick,
That his doctor did fear he would need a glister:

"For hark," quoth he, "how his belly rumbles!"
And then with his paw—*that* was a reacher—
He pulled-to a pie of a Traitor's numbles,
And the giblets of a Silent Teacher.

The jowl of a Jailor was served for a fish,
With vinegar pist by the Dean of Dunstable,
Two Aldermen lobsters asleep in a dish,
With a dried Deputye, and a sousèd Constable.

These got him so fierce a stomach again
That now he wants meat whereon to feed-a;
He called for the victuals were dressed for his train,
And they brought him up an Olla podrida,

[2] In the recently published volume of *Loose and Humorous Songs, from Bishop Percy's folio MS.*, is a version of the Cock-lorrel Song in the *Gipsies Metamorphosed*, which contains a multitude of various readings, and the above six stanzas, which take the place of the single one, commencing "The jowl of a jailor served for a fish," at vol. vii. p. 394. F. C.

Wherein were mingled Courtiers, Clown,
Tradesmen, Merchants, Banquerouts store,
Churchmen, Lawyers, of either gown
Of Civil or Common;—Player and Whore;

Countess and Servant; Lady and Woman;
Mistress and Chambermaid; Coachman and Knight;
Lord and Huisher; Groom and Yeoman;—
Where first the fiend with his fork did light.

All which devoured, &c. &c. &c.

## ODE ἀλληγορική.[3]

I.

WHO saith our times nor have nor can
Produce us a black swan?
Behold where one doth swim,
Whose note and hue

[3] These spirited, and thoroughly Jonsonian stanzas, are prefixed to a Poem, published in 1603, with the following title, "PANCHARIS: The first Booke, containing The Preparation of the Love betweene Owen Tudyr, and the Queene, long since intended to her Maiden Majestie; And now dedicated to *The Invincible James*, Second and greater Monarch of Great *Britaine*, King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France*, and *Ireland*, with the Islands adjacent. Printed at London by V. S. for Clement Knight. 1603."

This work, of which only one copy is known to exist (among Burton's books in the Bodleian) was first described in 1865 by Mr. Collier, in his *Bibliographical Catalogue*, vol. ii. p. 443, and afterwards reprinted in the following year in his "green series," or "Illustrations of our Old English Literature." Particular attention was called by him to this Ode of Jonson's, which has notwithstanding been overlooked by Mr. Hazlitt. The notices of Scotland are especially interesting, as showing for how many years before he actually visited it, the localities of his ancestral land had occupied his mind. His mention of the drinking habits of the Danes, in the same year in which *Hamlet* was first published, has hitherto escaped Shakspearian commentators. F. C.

Besides the other swannes admiring him,
Betray it true:
A gentler bird than this
Did never dint the breast of *Tamisis.*

II.

Mark, mark, but when his wing he takes,
How fair a flight he makes!
How upward and direct!
Whilst pleased Apollo
Smiles in his sphere to see the rest affect
In vain to follow.
This swanne is only his,
And *Phœbus'* love cause of his blackness is.

III.

He showed him first the hoof-cleft spring,
Near which the *Thespiads* sing;
The clear *Dircæan* fount
Where *Pindar* swam;
The pale *Pyrene* and the forked *Mount:*
And when they came
To brooks and broader streams,
From *Zephyr's* rape would close him with his beams.

IV.

This changed his down, till this, as white
As the whole beard in sight,
And still is in the breast;
That part nor winde,
Nor sun could make to vary from the rest,
Or alter kinde;
So much doth virtue hate,
For style of rareness, to degenerate.

V.

Be then both rare and good: and long
Continue thy sweet song.

Nor let one river boast
Thy tunes alone;
But prove the air, and sail from coast to coast:
Salute old *Mône.*
But first to *Cluid* stoop low,
The vale that bred thee pure, as her hills' snow.

VI.

From thence display thy wing again
Over *Iêrna* main
To the *Engenian* dale;
There charm the rout
With thy soft notes, and hold them within pale
That late were out.
Music hath power to draw,
Where neither force can bend, nor fear can awe.

VII.

Be proof, the glory of his hand,
(*Charles Montjoy*) whose command
Hath all been harmony:
And more hath won
Upon the *Kerne*, and wildest *Irishry*
Than time hath done,
Whose strength is above strength,
And conquers all things; yea itself, at length.

VIII.

Who ever sipt at *Baphyre* river,
That heard but spight deliver
His far-admirèd acts,
And is not rapt
With entheate rage to publish their bright tracts?
But this more apt
When him alone we sing;
Now must we ply our aim, our swan's on wing.

IX.

Who (see) already hath o'erflown
The *Hebrid* Isles, and known
The scattered *Orcades;*
From thence is gone
To utmost *Thule;* whence he backs the Seas
To *Caledon,*
And over *Grampius* mountain
To *Loumond* lake, and *Twede's* black-springing
fountain.

X.

Haste, haste, sweet singer! nor to *Tine,*
*Humber,* or *Owse* decline;
But over land to *Trent:*
There cool thy plumes,
And up again, in skies and air to vent
Their reeking fumes;
Till thou at *Tames* alight,
From whose proud bosom thou began'st thy flight.

XI.

*Tames,* proud of thee and of his fate
In entertaining late
The choise of *Europe's* pride,
The nimble *French,*
The *Dutch,* whom wealth (not hatred) doth divide,
The *Danes* that drench
Their cares in wine: with sure
Though slower *Spaine,* and *Italy* mature.

XII.

All which, when they but hear a strain
Of thine shall think the *Mainc*
Hath sent her *Mermaides* in,
To hold them here;

Yet, looking in thy face, they shall begin
To lose that fear;
And (in the place) envie
So black a bird so bright a qualitie.

XIII.

But should they know (as I) that this
Who warbleth PANCHARIS,
Were *Cycnus*, once high flying
With Cupid's wing;
Though now, by Love transformed and daily dying,
(Which makes him sing
With more delight and grace);
Or thought they *Leda's* white adult'rer's place

XIV.

Among the stars should be resigned
To him, and he there shrined;
Or *Tames* be rapt from us
To dim and drown
In heaven the sign of old *Eridanus:*
How they would frown!
But these are mysteries
Concealed from all but clear prophetick eyes.

XV.

It is enough, their grief shall know
At their return, nor *Po*,
*Iberus*, *Tagus*, *Rheine*,
*Scheldt*, nor the *Maas*,
Slow *Arar*, nor swift *Rhone*, the *Loyre*, nor *Seine*,
With all the race
Of *Europe's* waters can
Set out a like, or second to our Swan.

## On the Author, Works, and Translator.[4]

Prefixed to the Translation of "The Spanish Rogue" by James Mabbe, 1623.

WHO tracks this author's, or translator's, pen
Shall finde that either hath read bookes and men:
To say but one were single: Then it chimes,
When the old words doe strike on the new times,
As in this Spanish Proteus; who, though writ
But in one tongue, was form'd with the world's wit;
And hath the noblest marke of a good booke,
That an ill man dares not securely looke
Upon it, but will loathe, or let it passe,
As a deformèd face doth a true glasse.
Such bookes deserve translators of like coate,
As was the genius wherewith they were wrote:
And this hath met that one that may be stil'd
More than the foster-father of this child.
For though Spayne gave him his first ayre and vogue,
He would be call'd henceforth *The English Rogue*,
But that he's too well suted, in a cloth
Finer than was his Spanish, if my oath
Will be receiv'd in Court; if not would I
Had cloath'd him so. Here's all I can supply

[4] For a knowledge of the existence of these excellent lines, which are now for the first time included in an edition of Ben Jonson's works, I am indebted to Mr. Fitzedward Hall, the distinguished Sanscrit scholar, who under the title of "Modern English" has published a volume on our language, which is simply a perfect mine of instruction and entertainment, and deserves to be in everybody's hands.

James Mabbe learned his Spanish by accompanying Sir John Digby when he went as ambassador to Spain. He adopted the quaint name of Don Diego Puede-Ser (that is, Don James May-Be), and translated several other Spanish books. He was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1587, and died about 1642.

To your desert, who have done it, friend. And this
Faire emulation, and no envy, is,
When you behold me with my selfe the man
That would have done that which you only can.

BEN JONSON.

## FROM "THE SPANISH TRAGEDY." 1602.[5]

[HORATIO, *the son of* HIERONIMO, *is murdered while he is sitting with his mistress* BELIMPERIA *by night in an arbour in his father's garden: the murderers* (BALTHAZAR, *his rival, and* LORENZO, *the brother of* BELIMPERIA) *hang his body on a tree.* HIERONIMO *is awakened by the cries of* BELIMPERIA, *and coming out into his garden, discovers, by the light of a torch, that the murdered man is his son. Upon this he goes distracted.* C. LAMB.]

*Isabella.*

AY me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak.
*Hier.* He supp'd with us to night, frolic and merry,
And said he would go visit Balthazar
At the Duke's palace: there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late,
He may be in his chamber; some go see—
Roderigo, ho!

*Enter* PEDRO *and* JAQUES.

*Isab.* Ay me, he raves! sweet Hieronimo!
*Hier.* True, all Spain takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally belov'd.
His Majesty the other day did grace him

[5] These passages appear for the first time in the edition of the *Spanish Tragedy*, which was published immediately after the payments to Jonson.

With waiting on his cup : these be favours,
Which do assure me that he cannot be short-liv'd.
*Isab.* Sweet Hieronimo!
*Hier.* I wonder how this fellow got his clothes :
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all :
Jaques, run to the duke of Castile's presently,
And bid my son Horatio to come home,
I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night;
Do you hear me, sir ?
*Jaques.* Ay, sir.
*Hier.* Well, sir, be gone. Pedro, come hither;
Know'st thou who this is ?
*Pedro.* Too well, sir.
*Hier.* Too well! Who, who is it? Peace, Isabella.
Nay, blush not, man.
*Pedro.* It is my lord Horatio.
*Hier.* Ha, ha, St. James; but this doth make me laugh.
That there are more deluded than myself.
*Pedro.* Deluded ?
*Hier.* Ay, I would have sworn myself within this hour,
That this had been my son Horatio,
His garments are so like: ha! are they not great persuasions ?
*Isab.* O, would to God it were not so!
*Hier.* Were not, Isabella? dost thou dream it is ?
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son ?
Away! I am ashamed.
*Isab.* Dear Hieronimo,
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief,
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.
*Hier.* It was a man sure that was hang'd up here,
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down.

If it should prove my son, now, after all,
Say you, say you! light, lend me a taper;
Let me look again.
O God! confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light,
May put me in the mind I had a son.
*Isab.* O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son!
*Hier.* How strangely had I lost my way to grief!

* * * * *

[*Enter two* Portingals, *and* HIERONIMO *meets them.*]

*Hier.* 'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,
Nor as you think: you are wide all:
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son? And what's a son?
A thing begot within a pair of minutes—thereabout:
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women:
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father doat, rave, or run mad?
Being born it pouts, cries, raves, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son?
He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak:
Ay, or yet: why might not a man love a calf as well?
Or melt in passion o'er a striking kid, as for a son?
Methinks, a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse colt,
Should move a man as much as doth a son;
For one of these, in very little time,

Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbevelled he appears,
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots:
Makes them look old before they meet with age.
This is a son; And what a loss were this considered truly?
O, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours: he loved his loving parents;
He was my comfort and his mother's joy—
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him:
None but a damned murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
When his strong arm unhorsed the proud Prince Balthazar;
And his great mind, too full of honour, took him to
Mercy that valiant but ignoble Portingal.
Well, heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis and Furies,
And things called whips;
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always escape, that's some comfort.
Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and steals,
Till violence leaps forth, like thunder, wrapped
In a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

# BEN JONSON'S CONVERSATIONS WITH WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

[The recovery of these Notes is one of the innumerable services rendered to the literature of his country by Mr. David Laing, to regard whom with affection and respect is in my case an hereditary obligation. I extract the following from his introductory remarks to the Shakspeare Society reprint:—

"While examining some of the manuscript collections of sir Robert Sibbald, a well-known antiquary and physician in Edinburgh, I was agreeably surprised to find in a volume of *Adversaria* what bears very evident marks of being a literal transcript of Drummond's original notes. The volume has no date, but was probably anterior to 1710, when Sibbald was in his seventieth year. It is transcribed with his own hand; and the volume containing it was purchased after his death, with the rest of his MSS., for the Faculty of Advocates, in 1723. He might either have been a personal acquaintance of sir William Drummond, or have obtained the use of the original papers through his friend, bishop Sage, who contributed to the publication of Drummond's Works in 1711. At all events, sir Robert Sibbald was merely an industrious antiquary, with considerable learning and unwearied assiduity, and no doubt copied these Notes on account of the literary information they contained; while his character is a sufficient warrant for the accuracy of the transcript. Conceiving it, therefore, to be a literary document of considerable interest, after communicating it to sir Walter Scott, and other gentlemen well qualified to judge of its genuineness—and no doubt has ever been expressed on this head—it was communicated to a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries and printed in the *Archæologia Scotica* as a sequel to the Account of the Hawthornden Manuscripts."

Jonson set out from London in the summer of 1618, when he was in his forty-sixth year. F. C.]

# CONVERSATIONS WITH WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

## Certain Informations and Maners of Ben Johnson's to W. Drummond.

I.

THAT he had ane intention to perfect ane Epick Poeme intitled Heroologia, of the Worthies of this Country rowsed by Fame; and was to dedicate it to his Country: it is all in couplets, for he detesteth all other rimes. Said he had written a Discourse of Poesie both against Campion[1] and Daniel,[2] especially this last, wher he proves couplets to be the bravest sort of verses, especially when they are broken, like Hex-

[1] "Observations in the Art of English Poesie. By Thomas Campion. Wherein it is demonstratively prooved, and by example confirmed, that the English toong will receive several kinds of numbers, proper to itselfe, which are all in this booke set forth, and were never before this time by any man attempted. Printed at London by Richard Field for Andrew Wise. 1602."

[2] Daniel's Reply to Campion was published in 1602 in a volume with the following title: "A Panegyrike Congratulatory delivered to the King's most excellent Majesty at Burleigh Harrington, in Rutlandshire. By Samuel Daniel. Also certaine Epistles, with a Defence of Ryme heretofore written, and now published by the author. *Carmen amat, quisquis carmine digna gerit.* At London, printed by V. S. for Edward Blount."

ameters; and that crosse rimes and stanzaes (becaus the purpose would lead him beyond 8 lines to conclude) were all forced.

II.

He recommended to my reading Quintilian (who he said would tell me the faults of my Verses as if he lived with me), and Horace, Plinius Secundus Epistles, Tacitus, Juvenall, Martiall; whose Epigrame *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem*, &c., he hath translated.[3]

III.

HIS CENSURE OF THE ENGLISH POETS WAS THIS:

That Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself.

Spenser's stanzaes pleased him not, nor his matter; the meaning of which Allegorie he had delivered in papers to Sir Walter Raughlie.[4]

Samuel Daniel was a good honest man, had no children; but no poet.

That Michael Drayton's Polyolbion, if [he] had performed what he promised to writte (the deeds of all the Worthies) had been excellent: His long verses pleased him not.

That Silvester's translation of Du Bartas was not well done; and that he wrote his verses before it, ere he understood to conferr:[5] Nor that of Fairfax his.[6]

[3] This translation was discovered by Mr. Collier at Dulwich. See *ante*, p. 345.

[4] See *post*, xii. p. 380. This communication took place most probably in 1589, when Raleigh visited Spenser at Kilcolman Castle, and listened to the—

> "Rude rhymes the which a rustick muse did weave,
> In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount."

[5] See Gifford's note on this passage, vol. i. p. civ.

[6] Neither Ben Jonson nor Samuel Johnson have been fortunate in their criticisms on Fairfax's *Tasso*. James I. is said to have valued it "above all other English poetry."

That the translations of Homer and Virgill in long Alexandrines were but prose.[7]

That [Sir] John Harington's Ariosto, under all translations, was the worst. That when Sir John Harington desyred him to tell the truth of his Epigrames, he answered him, that he loved not the truth, for they were Narrations, and not Epigrames.[8]

That Warner, since the King's comming to England, had marred all his Albion's England.[9]

That Done's Anniversarie was profane and full of blasphemies: that he told Mr. Done, if it had been written of the Virgin Marie it had been something; to which he answered that he described the Idea of a Woman, and not as she was. That Done, for not keeping of accent, deserved hanging.[1]

[7] Chapman's complete *Iliad* was first published about 1612, and his *Odyssey* about 1614. Keats' noble sonnet, *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*, is familiar to every reader, and (*post*, p. 374), Jonson himself had one passage of the 13th Iliad by heart. The translation of Virgil, by Thomas Phaer, Esquire, and Thomas Twyne, Gentleman, is a work of a very inferior order.

[8] This remark is quite in accordance with what Gifford gives (*ante*, vol. vii. p. 142) as Jonson's idea of an Epigram: "a short poem chiefly restricted to one idea, and equally adapted to the delineation and expression of every passion incident to human life." Only it must not be *narrative*. The translation of the *Orlando Furioso* was published in 1589.

[9] "Albion's England. Or Historical Map of the same Island: prosecuted from the Lives, Actes, and Labors, of Saturne, Jupiter, Hercules, and Æneas: Originalles of the Bruton and Englishmen, and occasion of the Brutons their first aryvall in Albion. . . . With Historicall Intermixtures, Invention, and Varietie, proffitably, briefly, and pleasantly performed in Verse and Prose, by William Warner. London. 1586." The *marring* referred to by Jonson will be found in the edition of 1612, when he added "the most chiefe Alterations and Accidents happening unto and in the happie Raigne of our now most Soveraigne Lord King James. Not barren in Varietie of Inventive and Historicall Intermixtures."

[1] It is impossible to read Donne's "*Anatomie of the World. The first Anniversary*," and "*The Progress of the Soul. The second Anniversary*," without admitting the truth of Jonson's criticism.

That Shakspeer wanted arte.[2]
That Sharpham, Day, Dicker, were all rogues; and that Minshew was one.[3]

They were written as Funeral Elegies on Mistress Elizabeth Drury, of whom he says—

"The thoughts of her breast
Satan's rude officers could ne'er arrest;
As these prerogatives being met in one
Made her a *Sovereign State;* Religion
Made her a *Church;* and these two made her *All.*
She who was all this *All,* and could not fall
To worse by company (for she was still
More Antidote than all the world was ill),
She, she doth leave it, and by Death survive
All this in Heaven, whither who doth not strive
The more because she's there," &c. &c.

The Virgin Mary herself is represented in a much less exalted position—

"Where thou shalt see the blessed Mother-maid
Joy in not being that which mén have said.
Where she is exalted more for being good,
Than for her interest of Mother-hood."

It happened, singularly enough, that very much the same idea which Donne had expressed about Mistress Drury was employed on himself "by some unknown friend," who, says Walton, "writ this epitaph with a coal over his grave the next day after his burial"—

"Reader! I am to let thee know
Donne's body only lies below;
For, could the grave his soul comprise,
Earth would be richer than the skies."

That he was a genuine and great poet there can be no doubt. Read *The Elegie*, so much admired by Charles Lamb. *Donne's Works*, 1669, p. 255.

[2] This innocent, and, in one sense, just observation, was, in the 1711 version, removed from its proper place, and prefixed to his subsequent remark (p. 385) about Bohemia; and the words *and sometimes sense* were mischievously interpolated by the compiler to serve as a connecting link between the two remarks.

[3] *Edward Sharpham* was the author of *The Fleire*, 1607, and *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607; which last is remarkable as containing a passage of easy cantering prose anticipating the idea about the "'prentice hand," so exquisitely employed by Robert Burns in

That Abram Francis, in his English Hexameters, was a foole.[4]

one of his most famous songs. He was a member of the Middle Temple.

*John Day* had been a student of Caius College, Cambridge. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt gives the titles of seven plays, the first of which was published in 1606. *The Bristol Tragedy*, not included in the above, was acted by the Lord Admiral's servants in 1602. There is a contemporary epigram given in the *Biographia Dramatica* which bears out Jonson's character of him. He afterwards (p. 380) calls him a "base fellow."

*Thomas Dekker*, as a dramatist, was gifted with the true poetic faculty, and his prose writings are not less remarkable. When at his best, there is a dance in his words that even now carries a reader along with him. Jonson makes game of him very happily in *The Poetaster*, and Dekker hits him hard in return in his *Satiromastix*.

*John Minsheu*, or *Joannes Minshæus*, as he preferred to call himself, is now only remembered as the compiler of the *Ductor in Linguas*, or "Guide into the Tongues, with their agreement and consent one with another, as also their Etymologies, that is, the Reasons and Derivations of all or the most part of words, in these nine languages, viz.—

1. English.
2. Low Dutch.
3. High Dutch.
4. French.
5. Italian.
6. Spanish.
7. Latine.
8. Greeke.
9. Hebrew, &c.

Which are so laid together (for the helpe of memorie) that any one with ease and facilitie, may not only remember foure, five, or more of these Languages so laid together, but also, by their Etymologies under the name, know the Nature, Propertie, Condition, Effect, Matter, Forme, Fashion, or end of things thereunder contained." The compiler may have been a "rogue," but he has certainly not scamped his work. This old folio is perfectly invaluable to any student of Elizabethan literature.

[4] Abraham Fraunce was a protégé of sir Philip Sidney's. He was the author of the *Countess of Pembroke's Joychurch*, 1591-92, and of *The Countess of Pembroke's Emanuel*, 1591. Both were written in "English hexameters." Peele (1593) speaks of him as—

"Our English Fraunce,
A peerless sweet translator of our time."

Mr. Dyce quotes a couple of his hexameters—

"Now had fiery Phlegon his dayes revolution ended,
And his snoring snowt with salt waves all to bewashed."

See Dyce's account of R. Greene and his Writings, p. 27.

That next himself, only Fletcher and Chapman could make a Mask.[5]

IV.

HIS JUDGEMENT OF STRANGER POETS WAS:

That he thought not Bartas a Poet, but a Verser, because he wrote not fiction.[6]

He cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to Sonnets; which he said were like that Tirrant's bed, wher some who where too short were racked, others too long cut short.

That Guarini, in his Pastor Fido, keept not decorum, in making Shepherds speek as well as himself could.[7]

That Lucan, taken in parts, was good divided: read altogidder, merited not the name of a Poet.

That Bonefonius' Vigilium Veneris was excellent.[8]

That he told Cardinal de Perron, at his being in France, anno 1613, who shew him his translations of Virgill, that they were naught.[9]

[5] Jonson has here omitted the name of Francis Beaumont, who, aided only by sir Francis Bacon, had composed the *Masque of the Inner Temple and Gray's Inn*, in the year 1613. But Beaumont had died in 1616, and Jonson probably was speaking of living authors only.

[6] Hallam characterizes the best known poem of Du Bartas (*La Semaine*) as a "mass of bad taste and bad writing."

[7] Jonson had previously found the same fault with *The Arcadia*. He was careful to avoid it in his own beautiful fragment of *The Sad Shepherd*.

[8] For a notice of Jean Bonnefons (Bonnefonius), see vol. iii. p. 337, note 9. Hallam speaks of him with contempt, and in particular says that his "Latinity is full of gross and obvious errors;" adding, however, that "he has been thought worthy of several editions, and has met with more favourable judges than myself."

[9] Cardinal de Perron, says Hallam, was "a man of great natural capacity, a prodigious memory, a vast knowledge of ecclesiastical and profane antiquity, a sharp wit, a pure and eloquent style, and such readiness in dispute that few cared to engage him." As the conversation no doubt took place in Latin, the Cardinal, acute

That the best pieces of Ronsard were his Odes.[1]
*All this was to no purpose, for he [Jonson] neither doeth understand French nor Italiannes.*[2]

V.

He read his translation of that Ode of Horace, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis, &c.*, and admired it. Of ane Epigrame of Petronius, *Fœda et brevis est Veneris voluptas;* concluding it was better to lie still and kisse . . . .[3]

To me he read the preface of his Arte of Poesie, upon Horace['s] Arte of Poesie, where he heth ane Apologie of a play of his, St. Bartholomee's Faire: by Criticus is understood Done. Ther is ane Epigrame of Sir Edward Herbert's befor it: the [this] he said he had done in my Lord Aubanie's house ten yeers since, anno 1604.[4]

and learned as he was, would find his match in Jonson, who, when he told him that his translations were "naught," only meant that according to his own unrelaxing idea of what a "version" ought to be, paraphrases, however elegant, were worthless and misleading.

[1] Hallam entirely agrees with this dictum of Jonson, for while condemning his other works as at once ridiculously pedantic and barbarous, he adds that his *Odes* "have a spirit and grandeur which show him to have possessed a poetical mind."

[2] See Gifford's note, vol. i. p. cvii. I think it far more likely that Jonson conversed with the Cardinal in Latin than in French. Samuel Johnson, a century and a half later, had an excellent book knowledge of French, but when he visited Paris, Boswell tells us he "was generally very resolute in speaking Latin." And Bishop Hall, the great preacher and poet, born within a twelvemonth of Jonson, expressly tells us that he conversed in Latin when he was abroad.

[3] For these two translations, see *ante*, pp. 117, 127.

[4] See Gifford's introduction to the *Art of Poetry*, *ante*, p. 76. A difficulty has been started about these dates, but, to my thinking, quite unnecessarily. The specification of "ten years since" does not refer to the date of the *conversation*, but to the date of the *preface*, which must have been written in 1614, when *Bartholo-*

The most common place of his repetition was a Dialogue pastoral between a Shepherd and a Shepherdesse about singing.[5] Another, Parabostes Pariane with his letter;[6] that Epigrame of Gout;[7] my Lady Bedfoord's bucke;[8] his verses of drinking, *Drinke to me bot with thyne eyes*;[9] *Swell me a Bowle*, &c.[1] His verses of a Kisse,[2]

Bot kisse me once and faith I will be gone;
And I will touch as harmelesse as the bee
That doeth but taste the flower and flee away.
* * * * *

That is, but half a one:

What could be done but once, should be done long.

He read a satyre of a Lady come from the Bath;[3] Verses on the Pucelle of the Court, Mistriss Boulstred, whose Epitaph Done made;[4] a Satyre, telling

*mew Fair* was produced. For sir Edward Herbert's "Epigram," see vol. i. p. cclix.

[5] This must have been *The Musical Strife, a Pastorall Dialogue*. See vol. viii. p. 305.

[6] "Parabostes Pariane."

[7] "That Epigrame of Gout" is no doubt the *Epigram* No. cxviii., *On Gut*. See vol. viii. p. 220.

[8] *Epigram* No. lxxxiv., *To Lucy, Countess of Bedford*. See vol. viii. p. 188.

[9] *The Forest*, No. ix., *To Celia*. See vol. viii. p. 258.

[1] See *The Poetaster*, A. iii. S. 1. Vol. ii. p. 407.

[2] See *Underwoods*, No. vii. vol. viii. p. 300. The last line has hitherto been printed as prose.

[3] Mr. Laing has not traced these lines.

[4] *Underwoods*, No. lxvii. vol. viii. p. 420. There is a bitter personality about these lines, and the hatred would not be lessened when, as we learn (*post*, p. 414), they were stolen from Jonson's pocket, and taken to the lady. Donne wrote two Elegies upon her, the latter of which is singularly beautiful, and was evidently written before that which precedes it. (See his Works, 1669, pp. 253, 258.) It seems incredible that Donne's verses and Jonson's should be about the same person. See *Notes and Queries*, 3rd Series, vol. iv. p. 198, for yet another Elegy; but this, although

there was no abuses to writte a satyre of, and [in] which he repeateth all the abuses in England and the World. He insisted in that of Martiall's *Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem.*[5]

VI.

HIS CENSURE OF MY VERSES WAS :[6]

That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme: for a child (sayes he) may writte after the fashion of the Greeke and Latine verses in running; yett that he wished, to please the King, that piece of Forth Feasting had been his owne.

VII.

He esteemeth John Done the first poet in the world in some things :[7] his verses of the Lost Chaine

bearing Jonson's initials, cannot possibly have come from the same pen that wrote the former attack.

[5] For Jonson's translation of this Epigram, see p. 345 of this volume. It was recovered by Mr. Collier.

[6] It cannot be too often repeated that *censure* in Jonson's time meant nothing more than *opinion* or *judgment* does now. The *Epitaphe of the Prince* must be the *Tears on the death of Mæliades*, the anagram of Miles a Deo. It was published in 1613, immediately after the death of Prince Henry, and the *Forth Feasting* in 1617, on the occasion of James paying, "with salmon-like instinct," a visit to Scotland. There is a modest honesty about this entry of Drummond's, sufficient of itself to establish his character.

[7] Any reader who struggles manfully to understand Donne, will certainly endorse Jonson's "censure." When he says afterwards (p. 383) that "Donne from not being understood would perish," he shows that the difficulty of reading him was hardly less in his own time than in ours. Coleridge has, both in rhyme and prose, described his style—

> "With Donne, whose Muse on dromedary trots,
> Wreathe iron pokers into true-love-knots;
> Rhyme's sturdy cripple, Fancy's maze and clue,
> Wit's forge and fire-blast, Meaning's press and screw!"

"Wonder-exciting vigour, intenseness and peculiarity of thought,

he heth by heart; and that passage of the Calme, *That dust and feathers doe not stirr, all was so quiet.*[8] Affirmeth Done to have written all his best pieces ere he was 25 years old.

Sir Edward [Henry] Wotton's verses of a happie lyfe[9] he hath by heart; and a piece of Chapman's

using at will the almost boundless stores of a capacious memory, and exercised on subjects where we have no right to expect it—this is the wit of Donne."

[8] *The Lost Chaine* is Elegie xii. at p. 81 of the 1669 edition of his works. Some vigorous and humorous objurgation at the end of this piece is much in Jonson's own style. "The Calm" is at p. 147. Any person who has been becalmed in the Tropics, or voyaged in an iron steamer in the Red Sea in the month of September, will acknowledge the extraordinary force and truth of Donne's picture—

> "In one place lay
> Feathers and dust to-day and yesterday.
> * * * *
> Who live that miracle do multiply
> Where walkers in hot ovens do not die.
> If in despite of these we swim, that hath
> No more refreshing than a brimstone bath;
> But from the sea unto the ship we turn
> Like parboiled wretches on the coals to burn."

The *Elegie on the Untimely Death of the incomparable Prince Henry*, mentioned a few lines below, was first published in 1613. Sir Edward Herbert is better known as lord Herbert of Cherbury. It would require a subtle critic to distinguish between Donne's natural and simulated "obscureness." Izaak Walton goes further than Jonson, and says that most of Donne's pieces were written before he was *twenty*. But in the *Progress of the Soul*, Donne himself says—

> "To my *six lusters* almost now outwore."

[9] Mr. Collier discovered these verses in the handwriting of Ben Jonson among the Alleyn papers at Dulwich. He doubtless wrote them from recollection, and as they differ materially from the printed copy, they may well find a place in this note. With Jonson, as with the Last Minstrel—

> "Each blank in faithless memory void
> The Poet's glowing thought supplied."

translation of the 13 of the Iliads, which he thinketh well done.[1]

That Done said to him, he wrott that Epitaph on Prince Henry, *Look to me, Faith,* to match Sir Ed: Herbert in obscurenesse.

He hath by heart some verses of Spenser's Calender, about wyne, between Coline and Percye.[2]

" How happy is he borne and taught,
That serveth not another's will!
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And silly truth his highest skill.

" Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soule is still prepared for death,
Untièd to the world with care
Of Princes' grace or vulgar breath.

" Who hath his life from humors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreate;
Whose state can neyther flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great.

" Who envieth none whom chance doth rayse,
Or vice; who never understood
How swordes give slighter wounds than prayse,
Nor rules of state, but rules of good.

" Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertaynes the harmless day
With a well-chosen booke or friend.

" This man is free from servile bandes
Of hope to rise or feare to fall;
Lord of himselfe, though not of landes,
And having nothing, yet hath all."

COLLIER'S *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, p. 52.

[1] Sir Henry Wotton was the author of the famous definition of an ambassador as a "man sent abroad to lie for the good of his country." This saying came to the ear of James, and gave him mortal offence. He was the first to recognize the youthful genius of Milton.

[2] Instead of "Coline and Percye," it should have been "Cuddie and Percie," see Collier's *Spenser*, vol. i. p. 118. Who cannot fancy he hears Jonson repeating these lines; and "caverned Hawthornden" re-echoing the words?

" Whoever casts to compass wightye prise,
And thinks to throw out thondring words of threate,

VIII.

The conceit of Done's Transformation, or Μετεμψύχωσις,[3] was, that he sought the soule of that aple which Eva pulled, and thereafter made it the soule of a bitch, then of a shee wolf, and so of a woman: his general purpose was to have brought in all the bodies of the Hereticks from the soule of Cain, and at last left it in the bodie of Calvin: Of this he never wrotte but one sheet, and now, since he was made Doctor, repenteth highlie, and seeketh to destroy all his poems.

IX.

That Petronius, Plinius Secundus, Tacitus, spoke

> Let pour in lavish cups and thriftie bits of meate,
> For Bacchus' fruit is friend to Phœbus wise;
> And when with Wine the brain begins to sweate,
> The numbers flow as fast as spring doth rise.
>
> "Thou kenst not Percie how the rhyme should rage,
> O! if my temples were distaind with wine,
> And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
> How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
> And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
> With quaint Bellona in her equipage!"

Mr. Hales, the last biographer of Spenser (Globe edition, 1869), quotes these *Conversations* from the wretched edition of 1711, which Gifford so justly denounces.

[3] The *Metempsychosis, or Progress of the Soul*, bears the date of 16th August, 1601, when Donne was twenty-eight years old. It commences,

> "I sing the progress of a deathless soul,
> Whom Fate, which God made, but doth not controul,
> Placed in most shapes."

The "one sheet" must have held fifty-two stanzas of ten lines each. One of the most striking passages is in condemnation of killing fish. Had Izaak Walton forgotten this when he wrote his Life? Jonson (see *Discoveries*, p. 154), seems to allude to Donne as one of the persons who gained advancement in their professions by having only "saluted Poetry on the by," instead of having, like himself, "wholly addicted himself to her."

best Latine; that Quintiliane's 6, 7, 8, bookes were not only to be read, but altogither digested. Juvenal, Perse, Horace, Martiall, for delight; and so was Pindar. For health, Hippocrates.

Of their Nation, Hooker's Ecclesiasticall historie (whose children are now beggars), for church matters.[4] Selden's Titles of Honour, for Antiquities here; and ane book of the Gods of the Gentiles, whose names are in the Scripture, of Selden's.[5]

Tacitus, he said, wrott the secrets of the Councill and Senate, as Suetonius did those of the Cabinet and Courte.

X.

For a Heroik poeme, he said, ther was no such ground as King Arthur's fiction; and that S. P. Sidney had ane intention to have transform'd all his Arcadia to the stories of King Arthure.[6]

[4] This statement does not at all agree with what Izaak Walton says of Hooker's family. He left four daughters—Alice, Cicely, Jane, and Margaret—all of whom were traced by Walton. Perhaps Jonson merely meant that they were not so well off as such a man's children ought to have been.

[5] Selden's *Titles of Honour*, a small quarto, was first published in 1614. It is prefaced by an Epistle from Jonson, which will be found in the *Underwoods* (vol. viii. p. 351). His *De Diis Syris Syntagmata Duo*, a history of the Idol deities of the Old Testament, was published in 1617. A copy of it, "with autograph and MS. notes by Ben Jonson," was sold at Bright's sale for *11. 12s.*

[6] No man ever had a sounder judgment in literary matters than Jonson. Not only did the subject of Arthur attract Spenser and Sidney, but Milton often pondered over it; and

> "Dryden, in immortal strain,
> Had raised the table round again,
> But that a ribald King and Court
> Bade him toil on to make them sport."

The subject then sunk into the hands of Blackmore, in common with Queen Elizabeth and the Creation. At last in our own day it has been happily taken up by Mr. Tennyson and Lord Lytton.

XI.

HIS ACQUAINTANCE AND BEHAVIOUR WITH POETS LIVING WITH HIM.

Daniel was at jealousies with him.[7]

Drayton feared him; and he esteemed not of him.[8]

That Francis Beaumont loved too much himself and his own verses.[9]

That Sir John Roe loved him; and when they two were ushered by my Lord Suffolk from a Mask, Roe wrott a moral Epistle to him, which began, *That next to playes, the Court and the State were the best. God threateneth Kings, Kings Lords,* [*as*] *Lords do us.*[1]

[7] As Gifford says, "Jonson's disinclination to Daniel broke out rather early." He ridicules him in *Every Man in his Humour*, see vol. i. p. 146; and sneers at him in *The Silent Woman*, vol. iii. p. 359; and again in *The Staple of News*, vol. v. p. 236. See also *The Forest*, vol. viii. p. 269, where, speaking of Lucy, countess of Bedford, he says—

> "Tho' she have a better verser got
> (Or Poet, in the Court account), than I,
> And who doth me, though I not him, envy."

[8] This remark seems to justify the doubt which many men had as to Jonson's real feeling towards Drayton. Jonson himself records the fact in the opening lines of his *Vision on the muses of his friend, Michael Drayton*, prefixed to the second volume of that poet's works in 1627:

> "It hath been questioned, Michael, if I be
> A friend at all; or, if at all, to thee."

See the *Underwoods*, vol. viii. pp. 326, 330.

[9] This somewhat qualifies the assertion of Dryden, that "Beaumont was so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure; and 'tis thought used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots." See the remarks on Beaumont's possible share in *Sejanus*.

[1] These verses are printed as Donne's at p. 197 of the 1669 edition of his works. "Ushered out" is a mild phrase for what appears actually to have taken place, as Roe urges him to

> "Forget we were *thrust out*. It is but thus
> God *threatens* Kings, Kings Lords, as *Lords* do us."

The lines are dated 6th January, 1603, that is, Twelfth Night of

He beat Marston, and took his pistoll from him.[2]

Sir W. Alexander was not half kinde unto him, and neglected him, because a friend to Drayton.[3]

That Sir R. Aiton loved him dearly.[4]

Nid Field was his schollar, and he had read to him the Satyres of Horace, and some Epigrames of Martiall.[5]

1604, the first Christmas which James and his queen had passed in England. The Masque for the occasion was provided by Samuel Daniel, and was called *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses.* Is it not just possible that Daniel may have suggested, or at least not interfered to prevent, the summary removal of the author of *The Poetaster*, and have thus given cause to Jonson's repeated assertion as to the *envious* feelings with which his brother poet regarded him? The interesting circumstance of Jonson being "thrust out" from the palace, and "threatened" by the Lord Chamberlain, has hitherto, as far as I know, passed unnoticed by the Shakspearian critics. Lord Suffolk, if he was in any way to blame in the matter, must have been quite forgiven before Jonson wrote him the *Epigram* No. lxvii., vol. viii. p. 180. This "thrusting out" long rankled in Jonson's mind, and he particularly refers to it in his remarkable disquisition on valour in the *New Inn*, A. iv. S. iii. (vol. v. p. 391).

[2] There must in those days have been a good deal of rough horse-play among the hot-headed, high-spirited young writers of all work, and Jonson's strength and training would give him a great advantage over most of his companions. It is not easy to fix the date of this scuffle, but it was certainly before 1604, when Marston dedicated his *Malcontent* to BENJ. JONSONIO, AMICO SUO CANDIDO ET CORDATO. See vol. i. pp. liii., lix., lxx.

[3] Sir William Alexander was the author of *Darius*, *Crœsus*, *The Alexandræan*, and *Julius Cæsar*—or, as he called them collectively, *The Monarchicke Tragedies.* He is better known as Earl of Stirling, a title which he received from Charles I. Here is further confirmation of the general belief as to Jonson's dislike of Drayton.

[4] "Apart from the other poets, under the tomb of Henry V. is sir Robert Ayton, secretary to Queen Henrietta Maria [? Anne of Denmark], and ancestor of his modern namesake, the author of *The Lays of the Cavaliers.* He is the first Scottish poet buried here, and claims a place from his being the first in whose verses appears the *Auld Lang Syne.* His bust is by Farelli, from a portrait by Vandyck." *Dean Stanley's Westminster Abbey*, p. 300.

[5] Nathan Field, "a distinguished player, second perhaps only

That Markam (who added his English Arcadia) was not of the number of the Faithfull, *i.* [*e.*] *Poets*, and but a base fellow.[6]

That such were Day and Midleton.[7]

That Chapman and Fletcher were loved of him.[8]

Overbury was first his friend, then turn'd his mortall enimie.[9]

XII.

PARTICULARS OF THE ACTIONS OF OTHER POETS; AND APOTHEGMES.

That the Irish having rob'd Spenser's goods, and

to Burbage," was born in 1587 in the parish of St. Giles Without, Cripplegate. Jonson pays him a high compliment in *Bartholomew Fair*, see vol. iv. p. 482. He did full justice to the poet's tuition, and became well known as a dramatic author.

[6] The work referred to by Jonson is "The English Arcadia. Alluding his beginning from sir Philip Sydnes' ending, 1607." The title-page of a second edition, or of the completion of this continuation, announces it to be "full of various deceptions, and much interchangeable matter of wit." Gervase Markham, however, is only now remembered by his "Maister-Peece, containing all Knowledge belonging to the Smith, Farrier, or Horse-leech." From the extraordinary and ludicrous nature of the remedies, and the comical pretentiousness of the anatomical cuts, it is one of the most amusing books with which I am acquainted.

[7] The Works of Thomas Middleton were collected by Mr. Dyce, and published in five volumes. It is a disputed point whether his *Witches* preceded or followed *Macbeth;* Malone ended by being of the latter opinion, but Gifford was strenuous the other way. Middleton held the office of "Chronologer of the City," and on his death in 1627 was succeeded by Ben Jonson.

[8] Jonson was eighteen years younger than Chapman, and three years older than Fletcher. He survived them both.

[9] In Manningham's *Diary* (Cam. Soc. 1868), under date 12th February, 1602-3, is the following entry:—"Ben Johnson, the poet, nowe lives upon one Townesend and scornes the world (*Tho. Overbury*)." Overbury was not more than twenty-two or three at the date of this entry; and although it has an unfriendly air about it, I cannot agree with Mr. Laing that he could have been Jonson's "mortall enimie" at this early date. See Jonson's Epigram upon him (vol. viii. p. 216), which in all probability was not written before 1610. See also *post*, p. 386.

burnt his house and a litle child new born, he and his wyfe escaped; and after, he died for lake of bread in King Street,[1] and refused 20 pieces sent to him by my Lord of Essex, and said, He was sorrie he had no time to spend them. That in that paper S. W. Raughly had of the Allegories of his Fayrie Queen, by the Blating Beast the Puritans were understood, by the false Duessa the Q. of Scots.

That Southwell was hanged; yet so he had written that piece of his, the Burning Babe, he would have been content to destroy many of his.[2]

[1] All Spenser's biographers have said that he died on the 16th January, 1599; but it is evident, from Chamberlain's letter to Carleton of the 17th of that month, that Saturday the 13th was really the day. Prefixed to the *Faerie Queen* is a "Letter of the Author's to the most noble and valorous sir Walter Raleigh, knight, expounding his whole intention in the course of the work;" but although Spenser writes it in order that his friend "may as in a handfull gripe at the discourse," it supplies only a portion of the information which must have been conveyed in the longer paper to which Jonson refers.

[2] Robert Southwell was born in 1560, and after being ten times tortured was executed at Tyburn 21st February, 1595. The following copy of the poem which Jonson so much admired is taken from Mr. David Laing's notes to these *Conversations*:—

"As I in hoary Winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearfull eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe, all burning bright,
Did in the air appear;
Who scorchèd with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
Which with his tears were bred.
Alas! (quoth he), but newly born
In fièry heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I;

Francis Beaumont died ere he was 30 years of age.[3]

Sir John Roe was ane infinit spender, and used to say, when he had no more to spende he could die. He died in his armes of the pest, and he [Jonson] furnished his charges 20 lb.; which was given him back.[4]

That Drayton was chalenged for intitling one book Mortimeriados.[5]

My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel wounding thorns:
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes shames and scornes;
The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are Men's defiled souls:
For which as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.
With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind
That this was Christmas Day."

[3] Francis Beaumont was born in 1586 (thirteen years after Jonson), and died 1616.

[4] It is much to be regretted that we are not better acquainted with the history of the Roe family. See vol. viii. pp. 158, 160, 161, 227. Jonson appears to have been most warmly attached to sir John, whom he calls *amicus probatissimus;* another, William, he held in the highest esteem; and sir Thomas Roe, the ambassador to the Court of the Great Mogul, was as worthy to represent England in the East, and played his part as wisely and nobly, as Hastings or Wellesley. The detailed information which he collected on that embassy may still exist in the State Paper Office or the Bodleian Library, and, if discovered, should certainly be printed.

[5] That is, he was found fault with by the pedants of 1596 for styling a poem in "one book" *Mortimeriados. The Lamentable civell warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons.* "Grammaticasters," says Drayton, in a subsequent improved edition, "have quarrel'd at the title of Mortimeriados, as if it had been a sin

That S. J. Davies played in ane Epigrame on Draton's, who, in a sonnet, concluded his Mistriss might been the Ninth Worthy; and said, he used a phrase like Dametas in Arcadia, who said, For wit his Mistresse might be a gyant.[6]

Done's grandfather, on the mother side, was Heywood the Epigramatist. That Done himself, for not being understood, would perish.[7]

against Syntaxis to have inscribed it in the second case. But not their idle reproof hath made me now abstain from fronting it by the name of Mortimer at all, but the same better advice which hath caused me to alter the whole." He complied with their murmurs and changed his stanza as well as his title. P.C. 1842.

[6] The Epigram, and the Sonnet that provoked it, are here subjoined. The latter may be much altered from its original form:—

"To the Celestial Numbers.

"To this our world, to learning and to Heaven,
Three Nines there are, to every one a Nine,
One number of the Earth, the other both Divine,
One woman now makes three odd numbers even.
Nine orders first of Angels be in Heaven,
Nine Muses do with Learning still frequent,
These with the gods are ever resident.
Nine worthy women to the world were given:
My worthy One to these Nine Worthies addeth,
And my fair Muse one Muse unto the Nine,
And my good Angel (in my soul divine)
With one more Order these Nine Orders gladdeth:
My Muse, my Worthy, and my Angel, then
Makes every one of these three Nines a Ten."

"In Decium.

"Audacious painters have Nine Worthies made,
But poet Decius, more audacious far,
Making his mistress march with men of war,
With title of Tenth Worthy doth her lade:
Methinks that Gull did use his terms as fit,
Which termed his Love 'a Giant for her Wit.'"

[7] See the previous note, p. 373, as to Donne's not being "understood." Campbell calls him the "best good-natured man with the worst-natured Muse;" but adds, "Yet there is a beauty of thought which at intervals rises from his chaotic imagination like

That Sir W. Raughley esteemed more of fame than conscience. The best wits of England were employed for making his Historie. Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punick warre, which he altered and set in his booke.[8]

S. W. heth written the lyfe of Queen Elizabeth, of which ther is copies extant.

Sir P. Sidney had translated some of the Psalmes, which went abroad under the name of the Countesse of Pembrock.[9]

the form of Venus smiling on the waters." Warburton, with characteristic arrogance, has described Donne's Sermons as full of "jingles and play on words;" on which Coleridge remarks, "I have, and that most carefully, read Dr. Donne's sermons, and find none of these jingles. The great art of an orator—to make whatever he talks of appear of importance—this, indeed, Donne has effected with consummate skill." With regard to his descent, Walton says that "he was born of good and virtuous parents," and that "by his mother he was descended of the family of the famous and learned sir Thomas More, sometime lord chancellor of England; as also from that worthy and laborious judge Rastall, who left posterity the vast statutes of the law of this nation most exactly abridged."

[8] It appears from a MS. in the British Museum, quoted by Mr. Tytler, that Raleigh had himself given much attention to "the dominion of the Tyrians and Carthaginians by sea;" and the "sea-fights of the Grecians and Carthaginians." Mr. Tytler considered that the vast collections made by Raleigh for his work might yet be recovered. Making every allowance for the receipt of such literary assistance as Jonson refers to, there can be no doubt that the *History of the World* has justly added to Raleigh's renown. Oliver Cromwell told his son Richard to "recreate" himself with it: "It is a Body of History, and will add much more to your understanding than fragments of story" (2nd April, 1650). And Dugald Stewart speaks with admiration of certain passages in which the illustrious prisoner had anticipated some of "the soundest logical conclusions of the eighteenth century." *Philosophy of the Human Mind*, vol. ii. p. 536, note.

[9] The only form in which these Psalms "went abroad" must have been in MS. copies, as they were certainly not printed till 1823. Walpole only speaks of them as being "said" to be preserved at Wilton. Of the *Arcadia*, even, the first edition was not issued till some years after Sidney's death.

Marston wrott his Father-in-lawes preachings, and his Father-in-law his Commedies.[1]

Sheakspear, in a play, brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwrack in Bohemia, wher ther is no sea neer by some 100 miles.[2]

Daniel wrott Civil Warres, and yett hath not one batle in all his book.[3]

The Countess of Rutland was nothing inferior to her Father Sir P. Sidney in poesie.[4] Sir Th: Overburie was in love with her, and caused Ben to

[1] See vol. i. p. cvi., where Gifford has satisfactorily identified William Wilkes, Rector of Barford St. Martin, in Wiltshire, and chaplain to King James, as the father-in-law of Marston.

[2] See vol. i. p. cv., for Gifford's note on this passage. Shakspeare copied the blunder from the novel from which he borrowed the story. It is worth while to note that the *Winter's Tale* was not in print when Jonson made this natural and harmless remark.

[3] "The Civill Warres between the Houses of Lancaster and Yorke, corrected and continued by Samuel Daniel, one of the Groomes of his Majesties most honorable Privie Chamber. London, 1609." This was the first complete edition of the work to which Jonson alludes.

[4] Elizabeth, Countess of Rutland, had been dead six or seven years when this conversation took place; and Jonson had already published his opinion of her extraordinary poetical talents. See vol. viii. p. 186 and p. 267. The mysterious winding up of Drummond's note is too well explained by the following passage in Beaumont's *Elegy*:

> "As soon as thou couldst apprehend a grief,
> There were enough to meet thee; and the chief
> Blessing of women, marriage, was to thee
> Nought but a sacrament of misery;
> For whom thou hadst, if we may trust to fame,
> Could nothing change about thee but thy name;
> A name which who (that were again to do't)
> Would change without a thousand joys to boot?
> In all things else thou rather led'st a life
> Like a betrothed virgin than a wife."
>
> DYCE'S *Beaumont and Fletcher*, vol. xi. p. 508.

That shrewd critic and antiquary, C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, pointed out that the line which lady Rutland kept in remembrance was

read his Wyffe to her, which he, with ane excellent grace, did, and praised the author. That the morne thereafter he discorded with Overburie, who would have him to intend a sute that was unlawful. The lines my Lady keep'd in remembrance, *He comes to* [*o*] *near who comes to be denied.* Beaumont wrot that Elegie on the death of the Countess of Rutland; and in effect her husband wanted the half of his [*sic* in MS.] in his travells.

Owen is a pure pedantique schoolmaster, sweeping his living from the posteriors of litle children; and hath no thinge good in him, his Epigrames being bare narrations.[5]

Chapman hath translated Musæus, in his verses, like his Homer.[6]

Flesher and Beaumont, ten yeers since, hath written the Faithfull Shipheardesse, a Tragicomedie, well done.[7]

afterwards appropriated by lady Mary Wortley Montagu. It occurs in *The Lady's Resolve, written on a window soon after her marriage*, 1713:

> "Let this great maxim be my Virtue's guide;
> In part she is to blame that has been tried;
> *He comes too near that comes to be denied.*"

[5] Hallam says, "Owen's Epigrams, a well-known collection, were published in 1607; unequal enough, they are sometimes neat, and more often witty; but they scarcely aspire to the name of poetry."

[6] This must not be confounded with the famous *Hero and Leander* of Marlowe, which was finished by Chapman. Indeed, in his preface to this "*Divine Poem of Musæus, First of all Bookes*, 1616," he warns the reader against headlong presupposing it all one, or at no part matchable, with that partly excellent poem of Maister Marloes." It is dedicated to the most Generally Ingenious, and our only Learned Architect, my exceeding good Friend, Inigo Jones, Esquire.

[7] Beaumont had no share in *The Faithful Shepherdess*. It was first produced about 1610 (see vol. vi. p. 286), and utterly condemned by

Dyer died unmarried.[8]

Sir P. Sidney was no pleasant man in countenance, his face being spoilled with pimples, and of high blood, and long: that my Lord Lisle, now Earle of Worster,[9] his eldest son, resembleth him.[1]

XIII.

OF HIS OWNE LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS.

His Grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it: he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman.[2] His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfaitted; at last turn'd Minister: so

> "The wise and many-headed beast that sits
> Upon the life and death of Plays and Wits."

See vol. viii. p. 369.

[8] Sir Edward Dyer was generally coupled with Sidney in contemporary estimation. He is celebrated by Taylor, the water poet, in a couplet quoted by Mr. Dyce (*Greene's Life*, p. 26):

> "Spenser and Shakspeare did in art excell,
> Sir Edward Dyer, Greene, Nash, Daniell."

The reader must be careful to observe that there is a comma after *excell*.

[9] "Worster" is evidently a slip of the pen for "Leicester." Lord Lisle (the only brother of sir Philip Sidney) had been created earl of Leicester since Jonson had started for Scotland. "His eldest son," who so resembled sir Philip, was the father of Algernon.

[1] Mr. Laing remarks on this passage, "As Jonson was only thirteen at the time of Sidney's death in 1586, and then moved in a very different sphere of life, it is very unlikely that he could have known anything of his personal appearance." But Jonson was born at Charing Cross and educated at Westminster School, and must have known the faces of the principal courtiers who thronged daily to Whitehall, as well as those of his schoolfellows and relations. How, above all, would such a boy as Jonson take note of such a man as the poetical and heroic Philip Sidney; while the circumstances of his death would brand the features for ever on his recollection.

[2] The following note by the late Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe himself a member of a most distinguished Border family, close

him, with him, but he was advertised by his keeper: of the Spies he hath ane epigrame.[9]

When the King came in England at that tyme the pest was in London, he being in the country at Sir Robert Cotton's house with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a suord, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he sould not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes there letters from his wife of the death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.[1]

He was delated by Sir James Murray to the King, for writting something against the Scots, in a play Eastward Hoe, and voluntarily imprissonned himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should

[9] The *Epigram*, vol. viii. p. 174. So much vigilance was required to baffle the ever-renewed plots against the Queen, that the trade of spying became a very flourishing one. The most zealous and daring tools of the Jesuits were found among the converts, such as Jonson then was.

[1] In 1603, the year of Elizabeth's death, 30,578 persons died of the plague in London alone. See vol. viii. p. 167, for the Lines which Jonson wrote on this occasion—

> "Farewell, thou child of my right hand, and joy;
> My sin was too much hope of thee, loved boy:
> Seven years thou wert lent to me, and I thee pay——"

As he was seven years old in 1603, he must have been born in 1596, and if he had an elder sister (see vol. i. p. xxxvi.) the father must have been married at least as early as 1594, when he was twenty-one years old. Gifford speaks of this piece of the *Conversations*, as one of the "spiteful attempts made by the vile calumniator Drummond to injure Jonson!"

then [have] had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery, he banqueted all his friends; there was Camden, Selden, and others; at the midst of the feast, his old mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison, and that she was no churle, she told, she minded first to have drunk of it herself.[2]

He had many quarrells with Marston, beat him, and took his pistol from him,[3] wrote his Poetaster on him; the beginning of them were, that Marston represented him in the stage, in his youth given to venerie. He thought the use of a maide nothing in comparison to the wantoness of a wyfe, and would never have ane other mistress. He said two accidents strange befell him: one, that a man made his own wyfe to court him, whom he enjoyed two yeares ere he knew of it, and one day finding them by chance, was passingly delighted with it; ane other, lay divers tymes with a woman, who shew him all that he wished, except the last act, which she would never agree unto.

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclyned, among other pastimes (as the setting of

[2] Mr. Collier thinks (*Hist. Dram. Poetry*, vol. i. p. 356) that *Eastward Ho!* was acted before the end of 1604. In some few of the printed copies of 1605 there is one passage about the Scots which is omitted in the great majority of the existing copies. But there is not enough point in it to justify its quotation here. Jonson was again in trouble about a play in 1605. On this occasion his fellow prisoner was George Chapman. See his letter to Cecil, vol. i. p. cxvii. (note). The old mother producing the paper of "lustie strong poison" before Camden and Selden and Jonson would make a fine subject for a painter. There is a passage in Act iv. Sc. i. of *Eastward Hoe!* which must have been offensive in a double way—from the sneer at the king's knights, and the mimicry of the royal pronunciation. See my note, vol. i. p. 163.

[3] See *ante*, note, p. 379.

the favour of damosells on a cwd-piece), caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was, therafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawen by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them, that was a more lively image of the Crucifix then any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delyghted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it.[4]

He can set horoscopes, but trusts not in them.[5] He with the consent of a friend cousened a lady, with whom he had made ane appointment to meet ane old Astrologer, in the suburbs, which she keeped; and it was himself disguysed in a longe gowne and a whyte beard at the light of dimm burning candles, up in a little cabinet reached unto by a ledder.

Every first day of the new year he had 20lb. sent him from the Earl of Pembrok to buy bookes.[6]

[4] Raleigh's son Walter accompanied his father on his last fatal expedition, and was slain in an ambush on the banks of the Orinoco on New Year's Day, 1618, in his twenty-third year. He had been matriculated at Corpus so early as 1607, and in his Oxford career had differences with his tutors, in which, as in the present case, he was applauded by his mother and condemned by his father after patient inquiry. It is strange that Mr. Edwards, the author of the latest and best Life of Raleigh (2 vols. 8vo. 1868) should have been ignorant of the existence of this note of Drummond's. Among Aubrey's MSS. was a note, said to have been in Izaak Walton's handwriting, in which it is mentioned that Jonson accompanied a son of Raleigh's on his travels, and that they had an angry parting. But Walton was in extreme old age when he wrote the note, and antedated the employment by about twenty years. See Aubrey's *Letters*, &c., vol. iii. p. 416. Gifford was thus misled into a denial of the truth of the tradition. See notes, vol. i. pp. xxvii. and cxlviii.

[5] It was hardly necessary to record that the author of *The Alchemist* had studied astrology, or that he disbelieved in the results obtained from it.

[6] A generous deed could not have been performed in a more

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wyne.[7]

Being at the end of my Lord Salisburie's table with Inigo Jones, and demanded by my Lord, Why he was not glad? My Lord, said he, yow promised I should dine with yow, but I doe not, for he had none of his meate; he esteemed only that his meate which was of his own dish.[8]

He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination.[9]

Northampton was his mortall enimie for beating, on a St. George's day, one of his attenders: He was called before the Councell for his Sejanus, and accused both of poperie and treason by him.[1]

delicate manner, and Jonson more than repaid it by telling the latest posterity that to be "Pembroke's mother" might be boasted of in the same breath with being "Sidney's sister."

[7] In reference to this statement, Gifford says that "Jonson's feelings were always strong, and the energy of his character was impressed upon every act of his life," and that "more wine was drunk at the altar in the poet's day than in ours." But while thus admitting the anecdote to be characteristic both of the man and of the times, he goes on to say that it is "foisted" into the Conversations by Drummond, by whom it was most probably "wantonly invented to discredit" Jonson!

[8] The younger Cecil died May 24, 1612, so that this must have taken place before the quarrel with Inigo, and most probably either in July, 1606, or May, 1607. See the two *Entertainments at Theobalds*, vol. vi. pp. 469, 474. But Jonson, we may well believe, never let an opportunity slip of asserting the dignity of letters.

[9] Jonson was a free liver, and loved generous wines. He seems to be describing sleepless nights during a well earned attack of gout.

[1] *Sejanus his Fall* was "first acted in the yeare 1603, by the King's Maiesties Servants." One of the "principall Tragœdians"

Sundry tymes he hath devoured his bookes, *i.*[*e.*] *sold them all for necessity.*[2]

He heth a minde to be a churchman, and so he might have favour to make one sermon to the King, he careth not what therafter sould befall him : for he would not flatter though he saw Death.[3]

At his hither comming, S[r] Francis Bacon said to him, He loved not to sie Poesy goe on other feet than poeticall Dactylus and Spondæus.[4]

being "Will. Shakespeare." It was unequivocally condemned by the "multitude :"

> "Who screwed their scurvy jaws and looked awry,
> Like hissing snakes adjudging it to die,
> When wits of *gentry* did applaud," &c.

See vol. iii. p. 3. As Jonson tells us that the printed copy "is not (in all numbers) the same with that which was acted on the public stage," it is impossible to say what matters of "treason" the original may not have contained. It is difficult not to smile at an accusation of popery coming from Henry Howard, earl of Northampton, the very man against whom lady Bacon warns her sons Anthony and Francis as "a dangerous intelligencing man, and no doubt a subtile papist inwardly; a very instrument of the Spanish papists." In another place she calls him *subtiliter subdolus*, and a "subtle serpent." He was a son of the poet earl of Surrey.

[2] Jonson was thus a *helluo librorum* in a double sense. But besides the occasional selling of books it must always be remembered that no man ever made a better use of them while in his possession, or was more generous in giving them away. "I am fully warranted in saying that more valuable books given to individuals by Jonson are yet to be met with than by any person of that age. Scores of them have fallen under my own inspection, and I have heard of abundance of others." Gifford, vol. i. p. cxxiii.

[3] The successful clerical careers of Joseph Hall and John Donne were often in Jonson's mind (see *Discoveries*, *ante*). Besides, his own father had been a "minister."

[4] Alluding of course to Jonson's performing the journey to Scotland on foot. It is delightful to think of the kindly feeling which existed between the Prince of Philosophers and this great poet and scholar.

XIV.

HIS NARRATIONS OF GREAT ONES.

He never esteemed of a man for the name of a Lord.[5]

Queen Elizabeth never saw her self after she became old in a true glass; they painted her, and sometymes would vermilion her nose. She had allwayes about Christmass evens set dice that threw sixes or five, and she knew not they were other, to make her win and esteame herself fortunate. That she had a membrana on her, which made her incapable of man, though for her delight she tried many. At the comming over of Monsieur, ther was a French chirurgion who took in hand to cut it, yett fear stayed her and his death.[6] King Philip had intention by dispensation of the Pope to have maried her.

Sir P. Sidneye's Mother, Leicester's sister, after she had the litle pox, never shew herself in Court therafter bot masked.[7]

The Earl of Leicester gave a botle of liquor to his Lady, which he willed her to use in any faint-

[5] No man that ever breathed, not even his namesake Samuel, had a more independent spirit than Ben Jonson, and in the pulpit he would have been as outspoken as Hugh Latimer himself.

[6] Jonson had opportunities, beyond any literary man of his generation, of collecting information regarding the secret history of Elizabeth's Court. This story of the chirurgion, if true, would account for the Queen's extraordinary conduct to *Monsieur*. See Froude's *History, passim.* It is confirmed by De Mezeray. "This Princess was so shaped or formed; yet though she loved passionately, she could not admit of such love again, as to be a mother without the greatest hazard to her life."

[7] This is referred to by lord Brooke in his Life of sir Philip Sydney. "The mischance of sickness having cast such a kind of veil over her excellent beauty, she chose rather to hide herself from the curious eyes of a delicate time, than come upon the stage of the world with any disparagement." P. C.

ness; which she, after his returne from Court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died.[8]

Salisbury never cared for any man longer nor he could make use of him.[9]

My Lord Lisle's daughter, my Lady Wroth, is unworthily maried on a jealous husband.[1]

Ben one day being at table with my Lady Rutland, her Husband comming in, accused her that she keept table to poets, of which she wrott a letter to him [Jonson], which he answered. My Lord intercepted the letter, but never chalenged him.[2]

My Lord Chancelor of England wringeth his

[8] Sir Walter Scott quotes this passage in the Introduction to *Kenilworth*, p. x., and appears to give credit to it. The famous satirical epitaph on the earl of Leicester is also given in *Kenilworth* (note to chap. xxiv.) from the MS. copy in the Hawthornden papers. Mr. Laing suggests that it may have been communicated to Drummond by Jonson.

"Here lies a valiant warrior,
Who never drew a sword;
Here lies a noble courtier,
Who never kept his word;
Here lies the Earle of Leister,
Who governed the Estates;
Whom the' Earth could never living love,
And the just Heaven now hates."

[9] Both Burghley and Salisbury were intensely selfish in their distribution of patronage. Their great kinsman Francis Bacon, in a letter of advice to Buckingham, tells him to "Countenance and encourage and advance able men in all kinds, degrees, and professions. For in the time of the Cecils, the father and the son, able men were by design and of purpose suppressed."

[1] Lady Mary was the daughter of Robert, earl of Leicester, younger brother of sir Philip Sidney. Jonson dedicated *The Alchemist* to her (vol. iv. p. 5). See also *Epigram*, vol. viii. p. 206. She was married to sir Robert Wroth, of Durance, co. Middlesex.

[2] Lady Rutland being unhappy in her marriage, cultivated her hereditary talent for literature, and loved to have men of letters about her. "Chalenged," of course, means "took to task."

speeches from the strings of his band, and other Councellours from the pyking of their teeth.[3]

Pembrok and his Lady discoursing, the Earl said, The woemen were men's shadowes, and she maintained them. Both appealing to Jonson, he affirmed it true; for which my Lady gave a pennance to prove it in verse: hence his epigrame.[4]

Essex wrote that Epistle or preface befor the translation of the last part of Tacitus, which is A.B. The last book the gentleman durst not translate for the evill it containes of the Jewes.[5]

[3] The Lord Chancellor during Jonson's visit to Scotland was Francis Bacon. It is interesting to know the action which he employed when "the fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end" (see *Discoveries*, p. 163, *ante*). By the "pyking of their teeth," I think Jonson means that what was mere play to Bacon was serious toil to others. Richard Brome must have heard this from Jonson—

> "Your fingers fibulating on your breast,
> As if your Buttons or your Bandstrings were
> Helpes to your memory."
>
> *The Antipodes*, A. ii. S. 2.

[4] See the graceful and ingenious song at vol. viii. p. 256. Lady Pembroke was eldest daughter and co-heiress of Gilbert Talbot, seventh earl of Shrewsbury. Clarendon says that Pembroke's domestic life was "most unhappy, for he paid much too dear for his wife's fortune by taking her person into the bargain."

[5] This piece of information is very interesting, for the Epistle or Preface is remarkable in itself, and would not shame any writer even of that age. Here is a brief extract: "In these foure bookes of the storie thou shalt see all the miseries of a torne and declining State: the Empire usurped: the Princes murdered: the people wavering: the souldiers tumultuous: nothing unlawfull to him that hath power, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent." This "last part of Tacitus" was translated by sir Henry Savile, and was regarded by Jonson in a very different light from the translation of the *Annals* by Richard Greenwey (see *post*, p. 410, and the *Epigram to Savile*, vol. viii. p. 198). In those days of intense religious feeling, when in particular the Old Testament was looked to for the daily rule of life, readers might have been shocked to find the Jews described by the great historian from a pagan point

The King said Sir P. Sidney was no poet. Neither did he see ever any verses in England equal to the Scullor's.[6]

It were good that the half of the preachers of England were plain ignorants, for that either in their sermons they flatter, or strive to shew their own eloquence.[7]

XV.

HIS OPINIONE OF VERSES.

That he wrott all his first in prose, for so his Master, Cambden, had learned him.

That verses stood by sense without either colours or accent; *which yett other tymes he denied.*[8]

A great many epigrams were ill, because they expressed in the end what sould have been understood by what was said. That of S. Joh. Davies, 'Some loved running verses,' *plus mihi complacet.*

He imitated the description of a night from Bonifonius his *Vigilium Veneris.*[9]

He scorned such verses as could be transponed.

of view. A better reason may have been that this Book V. is a mere fragment.

[6] This is one of the earliest specimens of that "wut" for which, according to Sydney Smith, the countrymen of King James are now distinguished. Had he delivered these opinions seriously, they might have been easily refuted from his own writings. One sonnet of his composition is devoted to the loss which the muses sustained in the death of Sidney; and another "Decifring the Perfyte Poete," might almost be taken as a picture of Jonson himself, and the very opposite therefore of "the Scullor." But see *Discoveries*, No. lxx., which may possibly be aimed at this heresy of King James.

[7] Bishop Latimer's sermons would have been discourses after Jonson's own heart.

[8] I see no contradiction here. During the long conversations between the two poets verses of every sort and kind must have come under discussion, and it is easy to understand that while Jonson would, of course, prefer meaning to sound, he would still not admit that good sense alone constituted poetry.

[9] See *ante*, p. 370.

"Wher is the man that never yett did hear
Of faire Penelope, Ulisses Queene?
Of faire Penelope, Ulisses Queene,
Wher is the man that never yett did hear?"[1]

XVI.

OF HIS WORKES.

That the half of his Comedies were not in print.[2]

He hath a pastorall intitled The May Lord.[3] His own name is Alkin, Ethra the Countesse of Bedfoord's, Mogibell Overberry, the old Countesse of Suffolk ane inchanteress; other names are given to Somersett's Lady, Pembrook, the Countesse of Rutland, Lady Wroth. In his first storie, Alkin commeth in mending his broken pipe. *Contrary to all other pastoralls, he bringeth the clownes making mirth and foolish sports.*

[1] These are the opening lines of sir John Davies' "Orchestra, or a Poeme of Dauncing, judicially prooving the true observation of tune measure, in the Authenticall and laudable use of Dauncing. London, 1596." Jonson has another fling at this couplet, see *post*, p. 405.

[2] How much it is to be regretted that Jonson did not mention (or Drummond record) the names of the Comedies written before 1619, and not then in print. *Bartholomew Fair* and *The Devil is an Ass* are the only ones known to us, as against at least eight that had been published.

[3] This is the only record left of what, judging by the powers displayed in *The Sad Shepherd*, must have been a delightful poem. Gifford calls Drummond's harmless criticism at the end a "libel which his treacherous friend, whose prudence was almost equal to his malignity, kept to himself, at least while the poet lived!" (See vol. vi. p. 234.) For the sake of this last hit Gifford had reluctantly to give up the notion that Drummond was the person aimed at in the Prologue to *The Sad Shepherd*.

"But here's an heresy of late let fall,
That mirth by no means fits a Pastoral:
Such say so who can make none, he presumes:
Else there's no scene more properly assumes
The sock."

He hath intention to writt a fisher or pastorall play, and sett the stage of it in the Lowmond lake.[4]

That Epithalamium that wants a name in his printed Workes was made at the Earl of Essex['s] mariage.[5]

He is to writt his foot Pilgrimage hither, and to call it a Discoverie.[6]

In a poem he calleth Edinborough,[7]

"The heart of Scotland, Britaines other eye."

A play of his, upon which he was accused, The Divell is ane Ass; according to *Comedia Vetus*, in England the Divell was brought in either with one Vice or other: the play done the Divel caried away the Vice, he brings in the Divel so overcome with the wickedness of this age that thought himself

[4] Here again is another opening for deep regret. Jonson evidently fully appreciated Highland scenery, thereby upsetting the theory of Macaulay, that the taste for such matters depended on roads, bridges, snug beds, and good dinners. (See *Hist.* chap. xiii.) After his return to England he wrote to Drummond for some promised particulars concerning Loch Lomond, in communicating which Drummond added, "a map of Inch Merionach, which may by your book be made most famous." See vol. i. pp. cxii. cxiii.

[5] See vol. vii. p. 45. The names were given in the original 4to., but in the interval between 1606 and 1616, when the Folio was published, events had occurred which rendered this marriage one of the most memorable for shame and guilt of any recorded in history.

[6] See the *Execration upon Vulcan*, vol. viii. p. 403, where in enumerating the works destroyed he mentions—

"Among
The rest my journey into Scotland sung
With all the Adventures."

[7] If this poem had all been written in the spirit of the single line preserved—

"The heart of Scotland, Britaine's other eye,"

Edinburgh, on the *ex pede Herculem* principle, may have lost a poetic tribute not second to any that has been paid to her by the most illustrious of her sons.

ane Ass. Παρεργους is discoursed of the Duke of Drounland: the King desired him to conceal it.[8]

He hath commented and translated Horace['s] Art of Poesie:[9] it is in dialogue wayes; by Criticus he understandeth Dr. Done. The old book that goes about, The Art of English Poesie, was done 20 yeers since, and keept long in wrytt as a secret.

He had ane intention to have made a play like Plautus['s] Amphitrio, but left it of, for that he could never find two so like others that he could persuade the spectators they were one.[1]

[8] This is one of the Comedies which Jonson referred to as "not in print." The spelling of Divell for Devil is the author's own, and I regret that, in this particular case at least, it was not retained by Gifford. The schemes by which *Meercraft* proposed to raise *Fitzdottrel* to the Dukedom of Drowndland are among the richest scenes in comedy, but some of the details may have given offence to James, or perhaps have made him apprehensive that they might open the eyes of some of the "woodcocks" who helped to replenish his exchequer. See vol. v. p. 56, &c.

[9] Jonson's translation of the *Ars Poetica* was accompanied by a vast body of notes, forming a critical commentary in a dialogue form, which, judging from the powers displayed in certain portions of *The Discoveries*, must have been of the very highest value. These all perished in the fire (*circa* 1623), which destroyed so many of his labours. In his *Execration upon Vulcan*, he places them in the first rank of his losses, and calls them—

> "I dare not say a body, but some parts
> There were of search and mastery in the Arts;
> All the old Venusine, in poetry
> And lighted by the Stagyrite, could spy,
> Was there made English."

[1] Mr. Laing here says, "If the spectators were so persuaded they could not possibly relish the play." It is absolutely necessary, however, that the performers should be so much alike as to justify to the audience the confusion on which such a plot turns. In our own times there have been two brothers of the name of Webb, who so closely resembled each other in voice and appearance that when carefully dressed for the purpose it was impossible to distinguish them. This extraordinary likeness led to the revival of the *Comedy of Errors*, when for perhaps the first and last time

XVII.

OF HIS JEASTS AND APOTHEGMS.

At what tyme Henry the Fourth turn'd Catholick, Pasquill had in his hand a book, and was asked by Morphorius What it was? he told him, It was gramer, Why doe ye studie gramer, being so old? asked Morphorius. Because, ansuered he, I have found a positive that hath no superlative, and a superlative that wants a positive: The King of Spain is Rex Catholicus, and is not Catholicissimus; and the French King Christianissimus, yett is not Christianus.

When they drank on him he cited that of Plinie that they had call'd him *Ad prandium, non ad pœnam et notam.*

And said of that Panagyrist who wrott panagyriques in acrostics, windowes crosses, that he was *Homo miserrimæ patientiæ.*

He scorned Anagrams; and had ever in his mouth[2]

"Turpe est difficiles amare nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum."

A Cook who was of ane evill lyfe, when a minister told him He would to hell; askt, What torment was there? Being ansuered Fyre. Fire (said he), that is my play-fellow.

A Lord playing at Tenis, and having asked those in the gallerie Whither a strock was Chase or Losse? A Brother of my Lord Northumberland's[3] answered, it was Loss. The Lord demanded If he did say it? I say it, said he, what are yow? I have played your

the two Dromios were adequately represented. They so managed it that the *spectators* should be always aware that they were different, and the persons to be deceived never.

[2] He may have been quizzing Drummond for his *Mœliades*, i. e. Miles a Deo. But he had himself worked in Charles James Stuart as *Claims Arthurs Seate*, see vol. vii. p. 150.

[3] I cannot identify this "brother of my lord Northumberland's."

worth! said the Lord. Ye know not the worth of a gentleman! replyed the other. And it proved so, for ere he died he was greater than the other. Ane other English Lord lossed all his game, if he had seen a face that liked him not he stroke his balls at that gallerie.

Ane Englishman who had maintained Democritus' opinion of atomes, being old, wrott a book to his son (who was not then six years of age), in which he left him arguments to maintain, and answer objections, for all that was in his book; only, if they objected obscuritie aginst his book, he bid him answer, that his father, above all names in the world, hated most the name of Lucifer, and all open writters were *Luciferi*.

Butlar excommunicat from his table all reporters of long poems, wilfull disputers, tedious discoursers: the best banquets were those wher they mistered no musitians to chase tym.

The greatest sport he saw in France was the picture of our Saviour with the Apostles eating the Pascall lamb that was all larded.

At a supper wher a gentlewoman had given him unsavoury wild-foul, and therefter, to wash, sweet water; he commended her that shee gave him sweet water, because her flesh stinked.

He said to Prince Charles of Inigo Jones, that when he wanted words to express the greatest villaine in the world, he would called him ane Inigo.

Jones having accused him for naming him, behind his back, A foole: he denied it; but, says he, I said, He was ane arrant knave, and I avouch it.[4]

One who fired a Tobacco pipe with a ballet [ballad] the next day having a sore-head, swoare he

[4] It is worth while noting that as early as 1619, Jonson repeated these sarcasms against Inigo Jones.

had a great singing in his head, and he thought it was the ballet: A Poet should detest a Ballet maker.

He saw a picture painted by a bad painter, of Easter, Haman and Assuerus. Haman courting Esther in a bed, after the fashion of ours, was only seen by one leg. Assuerus back was turned, with this verse over him, And wilt thou, Haman, be so malitious as to lye with myne own wyfe in myne house?

He himselfe being once so taken, the Goodman said, I would not believe yee would abuse my house so.

In a profound contemplation a student of Oxeford ran over a man in the fields, and walked 12 miles ere he knew what he was doing.

One who wore side hair being asked of ane other who was bald, why he suffered his haire to grow so long, answered, It was to sie if his haire would grow to seed, that he might sow of it on bald pates.[5]

A Painter who could paint nothing but a rose,[6] when ane Innkeeper had advised with him about ane ensing, said, That a horse was a good one, so was a hare, but a rose was above them all.

A little man drinking Prince Henrie's health between two tall fellowes, said, He made up the H.

Sir Henry Wotton, befor his Majesties going to England, being disguised at Leith on Sunday, when all the rest were at church, being interrupted of his occupation by ane other wenche who came in at the door, cryed out, "Pox on thee, for thou hast hin-

[5] In *The Staple of News*, vol. v. p. 232, mention is made of—

> "A precept for the wearing of long hair,
> To run to seed to sow bald pates withal."

[6] Jonson liked this story of the painter and the rose. He has it in *The Staple of News*, vol. v. p. 255, and in the Prologue to *The Sad Shepherd*, vol. vi. p. 235.

dered the procreation of a chyld," and betrayed himself.[7]

A Justice of Peace would have commanded a Captaine to sit first at a table, because, sayes he, I am a Justice of Peace; the other drawing his sword comanded him, for, sayeth he, I am a Justice of War.

What is that, the more yow cut of it, groweth still the longer?—A Ditch.

He used to say, that they who delight to fill men extraordinarie full in their own houses, loved to have their meate againe.

A certain Puritain minister would not give the Communion save unto 13 at once: (imitating, as he thought, our Master.) Now, when they were sett, and one bethinking himself that some of them must represent Judas, that it sould not be he returned, and so did all the rest, understanding his thought.

A Gentlewoman fell in such a phantasie or phrensie with one Mr. Dod, a puritan preacher, that she requested her Husband that, for the procreation of ane Angel or Saint, he might lye with her; which having obtained, it was but ane ordinarie birth.

Scaliger writtes ane epistle to Casaubone, wher he scorns his [us?] Englishe speaking of Latine, for he thought he had spoken English to him.

A Gentleman reading a poem that began with

> "Wher is the man that never yet did hear
> Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene?"

calling his Cook, asked If he had ever heard of her? Who answering, No, demonstrate to him,

[7] See Izaak Walton's *Life of Sir Henry Wotton* for an account of his being sent by the Grand Duke of Florence on a secret mission to Edinburgh. To avoid England he went by way of Norway.

"Lo, ther the man that never yet did hear
Of fair Penelope, Ulysses Queene!"[8]

A waiting woman having cockered with muskadel and eggs her mistresse page, for a shee meeting in the dark, his mistress invaded; of whom she would of such boldness have a reason. "Faith, Lady (said hee) I have no reason, save that such was the good pleasure of muskadel and eggs."

A Judge comming along a hall, and being stopped by a throng, cried *Dominum cognoscite vestrum.* One of them ther said, They would, if he durst say the beginning of that verse (for he had a fair wyfe): *Actæon ego sum*, cryed he, and went on.

A packet of letters which had fallen over board was devored of a fish that was tane at Flushing, and the letters were safely delivered to him to whom they were written at London.

He scorned that simplicitie of Cardan about the peeble stone of Dover, which he thought had that vertue, keeped betweene one's teeth, as to save him from being sick.

A scholar expert in Latine and Greke, but nothing in the English, said of hott broath that he would make the danger of it: for it could not be ill English that was good Latine, *facere periculum.*

A translatour of the Emperours lyves, translated Antonius Pius, Antonie Pye.[9]

The word Harlott was taken from Arlotte, who was the mother of William the Conquerour; a Rogue from the Latine, Erro, by putting a G to it.[1]

[8] See note [1], *ante*, p. 399.

[9] This book is well known. But, after all, why is Antony Pye more absurd than Mark Antony?

[1] This derivation, which passed current long after Jonson's days, is now altogether exploded. The original form of the word is believed to be *horelet*, or little *hore*, as the word was at first spelled,

S^r^ Geslaine Piercy asked the Maior of Plimmouth, Whether it was his own beard or the Town's beard that he came to welcome my Lord with? for, he thought, it was so long, that he thought every one of the Town had eked some part to it.

That he stroke at S^r^ Hierosme Bowes' breast, and asked him If he was within.

An epitaph was made upon one who had a long beard,

"Here lyes a man at a beard's end," &c.[2]

He said to the King, his master, M. G. Buchanan, had corrupted his eare when young, and learned him to sing verses when he sould have read them.[3]

S^r^ Francis Walsingham said of our King, when he was Ambassadour in Scotland, *Hic nunquam regnabit super nos.*

Of all his Playes he never gained two hundreth pounds.

He had oft this verse, though he scorned it:

"So long as we may, let us enjoy this breath,
For nought doth kill a man so soon as Death."

* * * * *

Heywood the Epigrammatist being apparelled in velvet by Queen Mary, with his cap on in the

being directly derived from *to hire*. *Rogue* is considered to be the past tense of the Anglo-Saxon verb *wregan*, to conceal, to cloak.

[2] Mr. Laing found this epitaph among the Hawthornden MSS.—

"At a beard's end here lies a man,
The odds 'tween them was scarce a span;
Living, with his wombe it did meet,
And now, dead, it covers his feet."

[3] The Scotch practice of elocution still leans, I believe, in this direction. Sir Walter Scott's recitation, and nothing could be more effective, was a notable example in point. Jonson himself

presence, in spight of all the Gentlemen, till the Queen herself asked him what he meaned? and then he asked her, If he was Heywood? for she had made him so brave that he almost had misknowen himself.[4]

His Impressa was a compass with one foot in center, the other broken, the word, *Deest quod duceret orbem.*[5]

Essex, after his brother's death, Mr. D'Evreux,[6] in France, at tilt had a black shield void, the word, *Par nulla figura dolori.* Ane other tyme, when the Queen was offended at him, a diamond with its own ashes, with which it is cutt, about it the word, *Dum formas minuis.*

He gave the Prince, *Fax gloria mentis honestæ.*[7]

He said to me, that I was too good and simple,

read beautifully. The duke of Newcastle told the duchess that Ben was the only good reader he had ever heard.

[4] John Heywood (d. *circ.* 1565) was the maternal grandfather of John Donne, the poet and divine (see *ante*, p. 383). He was a friend of sir Thomas More, and an inflexible Catholic, which, more than his verse, commended him to Queen Mary. On her death he went into exile, a circumstance which, according to Warton, moved the wonder of Anthony Wood, who could not understand how a *poet* could have so much principle. Had he been compelled to read his works the cause of wonder might have been removed.

[5] The mutual dependence of the legs of a pair of compasses was often in Jonson's mind. *Impresa* is defined by Florio, 1611, as "a jewell worne in ones hat, with some devise in it."

[6] Walter Devereux was slain at the siege of Rouen. "His father," writes sir E. Brydges, "is said to have originally conceived a higher opinion of his abilities than of those of his elder brother." *Collins' Peerage*, vol. vi. p. 9, note. But this could hardly have been the case, as they were only nine and seven years old, respectively, when their father died. Sir Henry Wotton described Walter as "indeed a diamond of the time."

[7] This is the motto of the Nova Scotia Baronets, whose order was instituted in 1625. It was probably given to them by Prince Charles.

and that oft a man's modestie made a fool of his witt.[8]

His armes were three spindles or *rhombi;* his own word about them, *Percunctabor* or *Perscrutator.*[9]

His Epitaph, by a companion written, is,[1]

"Here lyes BENJAMIN JOHNSON dead,
And hath no more wit than [a] goose in his head;
That as he was wont, so doth he still,
Live by his wit, and evermore will."

Ane other

"Here lies honest Ben,
That had not a beard on his chen."[2]

XVIII.

MISCELLANIES.

John Stow had monstrous observations in his Chronicle, and was of his craft a tailour.[3] He and I

[8] *Pace* William Gifford, there is some evidence, and every presumption, that this is a just estimate of Drummond's character.

[9] Mr. Laing states here that "Mr. J. P. Collier is in possession of a title-page of a copy of the *Diana* of Montemayor, which formerly belonged to Ben Jonson, and upon the title-page he has written his name, with the addition of the words *Tanquam Explorator.*

[1] Mr. Laing says, "These lines are also found in the Hawth. MSS., with some verbal alterations, entitled 'B. Johnson, his Epitaph, told to me by himselfe; not made by him.'"

[2] As represented in the best portrait, Jonson had thin black whiskers, and hardly any beard. The jokes previously recorded against beards had, no doubt, been made by way of repartee. In compensation he had a huge fell of jet black hair, which in his younger days must have given great dignity to his manly and thoughtful face.

[3] John Stow was born in 1525, forty-eight years before Jonson. He was also very poor before his death. He seems to have thought that the infirmity of old age and poverty put him on a level with the begging cripples.

walking alone, he asked two criples, what they would have to take him to their order.

In his Sejanus he hath translated a whole oration of Tacitus: the first four bookes of Tacitus ignorantly done in Englishe.[4]

J. Selden liveth on his owne, is the Law book of the Judges of England, the bravest man in all languages; his booke "Titles of Honour," written to his chamber-fellow Heyward.[5]

Tailor was sent along here to scorn him.[6]

[4] Jonson's own notes to *Sejanus* prove the whole tragedy to be a mosaic of translations from and allusions to the great Roman writers, who had described the events or lashed the vices of that time. Mr. Laing is puzzled to reconcile this disparaging remark on the Translation with what Jonson had previously said about Savile in his Epigram (vol. viii. p. 198). But it is evident that he could never have used the words "first four books," with regard to the *History*, when there are only four books altogether. He must have spoken here of the *Annals* of Tacitus, from the "first four books" of which, and not from the *History*, Jonson drew the materials of his *Sejanus*.

[5] The *Titles of Honor*, London, 1614, has a long dedication "To my most beloved Friend and Chamberfellow, Master Edward Heyward." This "bravest man in all languages" reciprocated Jonson's admiration.

[6] Hear what Taylor himself says on this point. "Reader, these Travailes of mine into Scotland, were not undertaken, neither in imitation, or emulation of any man, but onely devised by myselfe, on purpose to make triall of my friends, both in this kingdome of England, and that of Scotland, and because I would be an eye-witness of divers things, which I had heard of that Country; and whereas many shallow-brained Critickes, doe lay an aspersion on me, that I was set on by others, or that I did undergoe this project, either in malice or mockage of Master BENJAMIN JONSON, I vow by the faith of a Christian that their imaginations are all wide, for he is a Gentleman to whom I am so much obliged for many undeserved courtesies that I have received from him, and from others by his favour, that I durst never to be so impudent or ingratefull, as either to suffer any man's perswasions, or mine own instigation, to incite me to make so bad a requitall for so much goodnesses formerly received."

Jonson indeed seems to have altogether acquitted his friend, the

Cambden wrot that book "Remaines of Bretagne."[7]

Joseph Hall the harbenger to Done's Anniversarie.[8]

The epigrame of Martial, *Vir verpium* he vantes to expone.

Lucan, Sidney, Guarini, make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum, for Dametas sometymes speaks grave sentences.[9] Lucan taken in parts excellent, altogidder naught.

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant.[1]

Sculler, from understanding the purposes for which, with some reason, he imagined him to have been "sent" by others; as is evident by his treatment of Taylor when he came across him in Scotland.

"Now the day before I came from Edenborough, I went to Leeth, where I found my long approved and assured good friend, Master Benjamin Johnson, at one Master John Stuart's house: I thanke him for his great kindnesse towards me; for at my taking leave of him, he gave me a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England; and withall willed me to remember his kind commendations to all his friends. So with a friendly farewell, I left him as well as I hope never to see him in a worse estate; for he is amongst Noblemen and Gentlemen that knowe his true worth, and their own honours, where with much respective love he is worthily entertained."

Jonson evidently intended that the man who was "sent to scorn him" should have to make a flourishing report of him.

[7] Camden's "Remains concerning Britain" was published in 1605 without the author's name. His great work the *Britannia* had been published in 1586, and passed through eight editions before the end of 1590, during the very year in which he was laying the young Jonson (and the world) under such obligations.

[8] See Donne's *Poems*, ed. 1669, p. 291, where the *Progress of the Soul, The Second Anniversary*, is prefaced by *The Harbinger to the Progress*. As a satirist Bishop Hall is not excelled by Dryden and Pope, while as a writer of sermons he rivals Jeremy Taylor.

[9] He had already made this remark about the *Arcadia* (*ante*, p. 366).

[1] Jonson's vigorous talents and extraordinary industry would

Questioned about English, *them, they, those. They* is still the nominative, *those* accusative, *them* newter; collective, not *them men, them* trees, but *them* by itself referred to many. *Which, who,* be relatives, not *that. Flouds, hilles,* he would have masculines.

He was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England, and quintessence their braines.[2]

He made much of that Epistle of Plinius, wher *Ad prandium, non ad notam* is; and that other of Marcellinus, who Plinie made to be removed from the table; and of the grosse turbat.

One wrote one epigrame to his father, and vanted he had slain ten, the quantity of *decem* being false.

have insured his success in any pursuit, and he had such a passion for letters that we may be sure the pen would have been constantly in his hand whatever his profession might have been. He is a great poet certainly, though not of the highest class, but rather one after sir Joshua Reynolds' heart, as being the possessor of great general powers forced in a particular direction. I find the following remark in Coleridge's handwriting in the margin of Charles Lamb's copy of the folio Beaumont and Fletcher, and I transcribe it because it seems to be more applicable to Jonson than to the man whose writings suggested it. "A noble subject for the few noble minds capable of treating it would be this. What are the probable, what the possible defects of *Genius*, and of each given *sort* of *Genius*? and of course what defects are psychologically impossible? This would comprise what semblance of *Genius* can Talent supply? and what *Talent*, united with strong feelings for Poetry, aided by *Taste* and *Judgment*? And how are the effects to be distinguished from those of Genius? Lastly, what degree of Talent may be produced by an intense desire of the end (ex. gr. to be and to be thought a Poet) without any natural, more than general, aptitude for the means?"

[2] The last part of this remark is somewhat obscure, but there can be little doubt that in the whole line of our poets, from Chaucer to Tennyson, Jonson stands unrivalled in this respect. Gifford, indeed—and he was a most competent judge—was of opinion that in the vastness of range of his learning, no Englishman had gone beyond him.

An other answered the epigrame, telling that *decem* was false.

S. J. Davies' epigrame of the whoores C. compared to a coule.[3]

Of all styles he loved most to be named Honest, and hath of that ane hundreth letters so naming him.

He had this oft,—

"Thy flattering picture, Phrenee, is lyke thee
Only in this, that ye both painted be."[4]

In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr againe: they were appearing like Coriat's: the first two dayes he was all excoriate.[5]

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.[6]

[3] This is evidently Epigram viii. *In Katum*, but it is a "buff jerkin," not a "coule:"

"For no buff jerkin hath been oftener worn,
Nor hath more scrapings, nor more dressings borne."

[4] Jonson says in his *Discoveries*, *ante*, p. 150, that in his youth he could have "repeated all that he had ever made," and that it so continued till he was past forty. Even in later life he says, "I can repeat whole books that I have read, and poems of some selected friends, which I have liked to charge my memory with." Donne was one of the chief of his selected friends, and was the author of this epigram. (See his *Works*, 1669, p. 94.) Jonson was forty-six years old when he visited Drummond.

[5] Darnton may be supposed to be Darlington. The name of Tom Coryate must have been a fertile subject of joking. The news of his death at Surat in December, 1617, had most probably not reached Scotland in January, 1619, although it was known in London in that month. See Gerrard to Carleton in *Calendar of State Papers*.

[6] Had Jonson's Journals reached us, even "hewen as they were," they would no doubt have thrown a flood of light on the

I have to send him descriptions of Edinbrough, Borrow Lawes, of the Lowmond.[7]

That piece of the Pucelle of the Court was stolen out of his pocket by a gentleman who drank him drousie, and given Mistress Boulstraid; which brought him great displeasure.[8]

XIX.

He sent to me this Madrigal:

"ON A LOVERS DUST, MADE SAND FOR ANE HOURE GLASSE.[9]

"Doe but consider this smal dust here running in
the glasse
by atomes moved,
Could thou believe that this the bodie ever was
of one that loved?
And, in his Mistresse flaming playing like the flye,
turned to cinders by her eye?
Yes, and in death, as lyfe unblest
to have it exprest
Even ashes of Lovers find no rest."

Borders and Southern Highlands at the most interesting period of their history, when the clans in both parts had begun to find that harrying, and lifting, and rebellion were no longer to be recognized as honourable and rather engaging pursuits. Among many other points of resemblance between two very great men, no one has mentioned that Ben Jonson was the first distinguished Englishman who visited the Highlands, as Samuel Johnson was to visit the Hebrides.

[7] Drummond did not forget his promise, as evidenced by a letter of July 1st, 1619.

[8] See *ante*, p. 372.

[9] These verses, in an altered form, will be found, vol. viii. p. 310. It is proper to repeat here the "cordial, respectful, and affectionate" address with which they were prefaced:—

And that which is (as he said) a Picture of himselfe.[1]

I doubt that Love is rather deafe than blinde,
For else it could not bee,
That shee
Whom I adore so much, should so slight mee,
And cast my sute behinde:
I'm sure my language to her is as sweet,
And all my closes meet
In numbers of as subtile feete
As makes the youngest hee,
That sits in shadow of Apollo's tree.

"O! but my conscious feares,
That flye my thoughts betweene,
Prompt mee that shee hath seene
My hundred of gray haires,
Told six and forty yeares,
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My mountaine belly, and my rockye face,
And all these, through her eies, have stop'd her eares."

"To the Honouring Respect
Born
To the Friendship contracted with
The Right Virtuous and Learned
MASTER WILLIAM DRUMMOND,
And the Perpetuating the same by all Offices of
Love Hereafter,
I, Benjamin Jonson,
Whom he hath honoured with the leave to be called his,
Have with my own hand, to satisfy his Request,
Written this imperfect Song,
On a Lover's Dust, made Sand for an
Hour-glass."

[1] See "My Picture left in Scotland," vol. viii. p. 312. These were headed with the following brief inscription, which may be regarded as a continuation of the longer one in the last note; "Yet that love when it is at full may admit heaping, receive another, and this a Picture of myself."

January 19, 1619.

*He [Jonson] is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well bot what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindicative, but, if he be well answered, at himself.*[2]

*For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inven-*

[2] I have no doubt that Drummond, a valetudinarian and "minor poet," was thoroughly borne down by the superior powers, physical and mental, of Jonson, and heartily glad when he saw the last of his somewhat boisterous and somewhat arrogant guest. The picture drawn by one who thus felt himself "sat upon" at every turn was not likely to be a flattering one, and yet there is nothing in the Conversations to lead us to expect that the portrait given at the end of them would be composed almost entirely of shadows. But may we not suppose that on the 24th of January, 1619, on his way to Leith, Jonson may have passed the night at Hawthornden, and full of the idea of returning home, and warmed with the generous liquors, for the abundance and quality of which

"The heart of Scotland, Britain's other eye"

has always been famous, have forgotten that he was at the table of a prim Scotch laird, and dreaming himself already in the Apollo or at the Mermaid, given vent to each feeling as it rose, whether vanity, scorn, contempt, ridicule, mistrust, boasting, love of country and friends, passionate kindness, regardlessness of money and gain, eagerness to conquer, and readiness to own himself vanquished. Had Drummond waited till time and distance had mellowed his feelings, he would, I am persuaded, have employed some such terms as I have here one by one carefully softened down from the harsher-sounding synonymes actually recorded.

*tions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.*[3]

*When his play of a Silent Woman was first acted, ther was found verses after on the stage against him, concluding that that play was well named the Silent Woman, ther was never one man to say Plaudite to it.*[4]

[3] The spirit of toleration and respect for honest difference of religious opinion, which Jonson had arrived at by study and reflection, must have led him to be regarded as a "very Gallio" by the average Scotchman of his age; while his great and various experience of courts and courtiers doubtless caused him to express anything but blind confidence in the large promises and smooth excuses of the great. What follows about the characteristics of his poetry is quite consistent with what we know to have been his own honest belief, although surely no poet has ever been farther from allowing fancy to master reason. Enough has been already said of his peculiar ideas about translation.

[4] This amusing circumstance was in all likelihood derived from Johnson's own mouth, and at the worst is innocent and probable enough; but Gifford (vol. iii. p. 326) must needs say of it, "The story is highly worthy of the hypocrite who picked it up; and not at all discreditable to the loads of malignant trash which the reporter has so industriously heaped together to fling at Jonson!"

# JONSONUS VIRBIUS:

OR, THE MEMORY OF

# BEN JONSON

REVIVED BY THE FRIENDS OF THE MUSES.

MDCXXXVIII.

# THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

*IT is now about six months*[1] *since the most learned and judicious poet,* B. JONSON, *became a subject for these Elegies. The time interjected between his death and the publishing of these, shews that so great an argument ought to be considered, before handled; not that the Gentlemen's affections were less ready to grieve, but their judgments to write. At length the loose papers were consigned to the hands of a Gentleman,*[2] *who truly honoured him (for he knew why he did so). To his care you are beholding that they are now made yours. And he was willing to let you know the value of what you have lost, that you might the better recommend what you have left of him, to your posterity.*

*Farewell.*

E. P.

[1] *It is now about* six months.] Jonson died on the sixth of August, 1637; the Poems must therefore have appeared about the beginning of March, 1638.

[2] This "gentleman," we find in Howell's Letters, was Dr. Bryan Duppa, bishop of Winchester. Nor was the present collection of tributary offerings the only praise of this excellent man. The patron of learning when learning was proscribed,—for the greater part of what is beautiful and useful in the writings of Mayne, Cartwright, and many others, religion and literature are indebted to the fostering protection of doctor Bryan Duppa. He was born at Greenwich, 10th March, 1588, admitted of Christ Church, Oxford, from Westminster School, in May, 1605. After passing through various honourable situations in the university and at court, he was successively consecrated bishop of Chichester, Salisbury, and Winchester, and died at his favourite residence at Richmond the 26th March, 1662. Charles II. visited him on his death bed, and begged his blessing on his bended knees.

There is great pleasure in opposing these honourable and liberal proofs of the good understanding which subsisted between contemporary poets to the slight and imperfect premises from which dramatic editors have laboured to deduce proofs of most opposite and disgraceful feelings. GILCHRIST.

# AN EGLOGUE ON THE DEATH OF BEN JONSON,

## BETWEEN MELIBŒUS AND HYLAS.

MELIBŒUS.

HYLAS, the clear day boasts a glorious sun,
Our troop is ready, and our time is come:
That fox who hath so long our lambs destroy'd,
And daily in his prosperous rapine joy'd,
Is earth'd not far from hence; old Ægon's son,
Rough Corilas, and lusty Corydon,
In part the sport, in part revenge desire,
And both thy tarrier and thy aid require.
Haste, for by this, but that for thee we stay'd,
The prey-devourer had our prey been made.

*Hyl.* Oh! Melibœus, now I list not hunt,
Nor have that vigour as before I wont;
My presence will afford them no relief,
That beast I strive to chase is only grief.

*Mel.* What mean thy folded arms, thy downcast eyes,
Tears which so fast descend, and sighs which rise?

What mean thy words, which so distracted fall
As all thy joys had now one funeral?
Cause for such grief, can our retirements yield?
That follows courts, but stoops not to the field.
Hath thy stern step-dame to thy sire reveal'd
Some youthful act, which thou couldst wish conceal'd?
Part of thy herd hath some close thief convey'd
From open pastures to a darker shade?
Part of thy flock hath some fierce torrent drown'd?
Thy harvest fail'd, or Amarillis frown'd?
*Hyl.* Nor love nor anger, accident nor thief,
Hath rais'd the waves of my unbounded grief:
To cure this cause, I would provoke the ire
Of my fierce step-dame or severer sire,
Give all my herds, fields, flocks, and all the grace
That ever shone in Amarillis' face.
Alas, that bard, that glorious bard is dead,
Who, when I whilom cities visited,
Hath made them seem but hours, which were full days,
Whilst he vouchsafed me his harmonious lays:
And when he lived, I thought the country then
A torture, and no mansion, but a den.
*Mel.* Jonson you mean, unless I much do err,
I know the person by the character.
*Hyl.* You guess aright, it is too truly so,
From no less spring could all these rivers flow.
*Mel.* Ah, Hylas! then thy grief I cannot call
A passion, when the ground is rational.
I now excuse thy tears and sighs, though those
To deluges, and these to tempests rose:
Her great instructor gone, I know the age
No less laments than doth the widow'd stage,
And only vice and folly now are glad,
Our gods are troubled, and our prince is sad:
He chiefly who bestows light, health, and art,
Feels this sharp grief pierce his immortal heart,

He his neglected lyre away hath thrown,
And wept a larger, nobler Helicon,
To find his herbs, which to his wish prevail,
For the less love should his own favourite fail:
So moan'd himself when Daphne he ador'd,
That arts relieving all, should fail their lord.
*Hyl.* But say, from whence in thee this knowledge springs,
Of what his favour was with gods and kings.
*Mel.* Dorus, who long had known books, men, and towns,
At last the honour of our woods and downs,
Had often heard his songs, was often fir'd
With their enchanting power, ere he retir'd,
And ere himself to our still groves he brought,
To meditate on what his muse had taught:
Here all his joy was to revolve alone,
All that her music to his soul had shown,
Or in all meetings to divert the stream
Of our discourse; and make his friend his theme,
And praising works which that rare loom hath weav'd,
Impart that pleasure which he had receiv'd.
So in sweet notes (which did all tunes excell,
But what he praised) I oft have heard him tell
Of his rare pen, what was the use and price,
The bays of virtue and the scourge of vice:
How the rich ignorant he valued least,
Nor for the trappings would esteem the beast;
But did our youth to noble actions raise,
Hoping the meed of his immortal praise:
How bright and soon his Muse's morning shone,
Her noon how lasting, and her evening none.
How speech exceeds not dumbness, nor verse prose,
More than his verse the low rough times of those,
(For such, his seen, they seem'd,) who highest rear'd,
Possest Parnassus ere his power appear'd.

Nor shall another pen his fame dissolve,
Till we this doubtful problem can resolve,
Which in his works we most transcendant see,
Wit, judgment, learning, art, or industry;
Which *till* is never, so all jointly flow,
And each doth to an equal torrent grow:
His learning such, no author old nor new,
Escap'd his reading that deserved his view,
And such his judgment, so exact his test,
Of what was best in books, as what books best,
That had he join'd those notes his labours took,
From each most prais'd and praise-deserving book,
And could the world of that choice treasure boast,
It need not care though all the rest were lost:
And such his wit, he writ past what he quotes,
And his productions far exceed his notes.
So in his works where aught inserted grows,
The noblest of the plants engrafted shows,
That his adopted children equal not
The generous issue his own brain begot:
So great his art, that much which he did write,
Gave the wise wonder, and the crowd delight,
Each sort as well as sex admir'd his wit,
The he's and she's, the boxes and the pit;
And who less lik'd within, did rather choose,
To tax their judgments than suspect his muse.
How no spectator his chaste stage could call
The cause of any crime of his, but all
With thoughts and wills purg'd and amended rise,
From th' ethic lectures of his comedies,
Where the spectators act, and the sham'd age
Blusheth to meet her follies on the stage;
Where each man finds some light he never sought,
And leaves behind some vanity he brought;
Whose politics no less the minds direct,
Than these the manners, nor with less effect,
When his Majestic Tragedies relate

All the disorders of a tottering state,
All the distempers which on kingdoms fall,
When ease, and wealth, and vice are general,
And yet the minds against all fear assure,
And telling the disease, prescribe the cure:
Where, as he tells what subtle ways, what friends,
(Seeking their wicked and their wish'd-for ends)
Ambitious and luxurious persons prove,
Whom vast desires, or mighty wants do move,
The general frame to sap and undermine,
In proud Sejanus, and bold Catiline;
So in his vigilant Prince and Consul's parts,
He shews the wiser and the nobler arts,
By which a state may be unhurt, upheld,
And all those works destroyed, which hell would build.
Who (not like those who with small praise had writ,
Had they not call'd in judgment to their wit)
Us'd not a tutoring hand his to direct,
But was sole workman and sole architect.
And sure by what my friend did daily tell,
If he but acted his own part as well
As he writ those of others, he may boast,
The happy fields hold not a happier ghost.
*Hyl.* Strangers will think this strange, yet he (dear youth)
Where most he past belief, fell short of truth:
Say on, what more he said, this gives relief,
And though it raise my cause, it bates my grief,
Since fates decreed him now no longer liv'd,
I joy to hear him by thy friend reviv'd.
*Mel.* More he would say, and better, (but I spoil
His smoother words with my unpolish'd style)
And having told what pitch his worth attain'd,
He then would tell us what reward it gained:
How in an ignorant, and learn'd age he sway'd,
(Of which the first he found, the second made)

How he, when he could know it, reap'd his fame,
And long out-liv'd the envy of his name:
To him how daily flock'd, what reverence gave,
All that had wit, or would be thought to have,
Or hope to gain, and in so large a store,
That to his ashes they can pay no more,
Except those few who censuring, thought not so,
But aim'd at glory from so great a foe:
How the wise too, did with mere wits agree,
As Pembroke, Portland, and grave Aubigny;
Nor thought the rigid'st senator a shame,
To contribûte to so deserv'd a fame:
How great Eliza, the retreat of those
Who, weak and injur'd, her protection chose,
Her subjects' joy, the strength of her allies,
The fear and wonder of her enemies,
With her judicious favours did infuse
Courage and strength into his younger muse.
How learned James, whose praise no end shall find,
(But still enjoy a fame pure like his mind)
Who favour'd quiet, and the arts of peace,
(Which in his halcyon days found large encrease)
Friend to the humblest if deserving swain,
Who was himself a part of Phœbus' train,
Declar'd great Jonson worthiest to receive
The garland which the Muses' hands did weave;
And though his bounty did sustain his days,
Gave a more welcome pension in his praise.
How mighty Charles amidst that weighty care,
In which three kingdoms as their blessing share,
Whom as it tends with ever watchful eyes,
That neither power may force, nor art surprise,
So bounded by no shore, grasps all the main,
And far as Neptune claims, extends his reign;
Found still some time to hear and to admire,
The happy sounds of his harmonious lyre,
And oft hath left his bright exalted throne,

And to his Muse's feet combin'd his own :[1]
As did his queen, whose person so disclos'd
A brighter nymph than any part impos'd,
When she did join, by an harmonious choice,
Her graceful motions to his powerful voice :
How above all the rest was Phœbus fired
With love of arts, which he himself inspired,
Nor oftener by his light our sense was cheer'd,
Than he in person to his sight appear'd,
Nor did he write a line but to supply,
With sacred flame the radiant god was by.

*Hyl.* Though none I ever heard this last rehearse,
I saw as much when I did see his verse.

*Mel.* Since he, when living, could such honours have,
What now will piety pay to his grave ?
Shall of the rich (whose lives were low and vile,
And scarce deserv'd a grave, much less a pile)
The monuments possess an ample room,
And such a wonder lie without a tomb ?
Raise thou him one in verse, and there relate
His worth, thy grief, and our deplored state;
His great perfections our great loss recite,
And let them merely weep who cannot write.

*Hyl.* I like thy saying, but oppose thy choice;
So great a task as this requires a voice
Which must be heard, and listened to, by all,
And Fame's own trumpet but appears too small,
Then for my slender reed to sound his name,
Would more my folly than his praise proclaim,
And when you wish my weakness sing his worth,
You charge a mouse to bring a mountain forth.
I am by nature form'd, by woes made, dull,
My head is emptier than my heart is full;
Grief doth my brain impair, as tears supply,
Which makes my face so moist, my pen so dry.

[1] In his Masques. *Old Copy.*

Nor should this work proceed from woods and downs,
But from the academies, courts, and towns;
Let Digby, Carew, Killigrew, and Maine,
Godolphin, Waller, that inspired train,
Or whose rare pen beside deserves the grace,
Or of an equal, or a neighbouring place,
Answer thy wish, for none so fit appears,
To raise his tomb, as who are left his heirs:
Yet for this cause no labour need be spent,
Writing his works, he built his monument.
*Mel.* If to obey in this, thy pen be loth,
It will not seem thy weakness, but thy sloth:
Our towns prest by our foes' invading might,
Our ancient druids and young virgins fight,
Employing feeble limbs to the best use;
So Jonson dead, no pen should plead excuse.
For Elegies, howl all who cannot sing,
For tombs bring turf, who cannot marble bring,
Let all their forces mix, join verse to rhyme,
To save his fame from that invader, Time;
Whose power, though his alone may well restrain,
Yet to so wish'd an end, no care is vain;
And time, like what our brooks act in our sight,
Oft sinks the weighty, and upholds the light.
Besides, to this, thy pains I strive to move
Less to express his glory than thy love:
Not long before his death, our woods he meant
To visit, and descend from Thames to Trent,
Mete with thy elegy his pastoral,
And rise as much as he vouchsafed to fall.
Suppose it chance no other pen do join
In this attempt, and the whole work be thine?—
When the fierce fire the rash boy kindled, reign'd,
The whole world suffer'd; earth alone complain'd.
Suppose that many more intend the same,
More taught by art, and better known to fame?

To that great deluge which so far destroy'd,
The earth her springs, as heaven his showers employ'd.
So may who highest marks of honour wears,
Admit mean partners in this flood of tears;
So oft the humblest join with loftiest things,
Nor only princes weep the fate of kings.
*Hyl.* I yield, I yield, thy words my thoughts have fired,
And I am less persuaded than inspired;
Speech shall give sorrow vent, and that relief,
The woods shall echo all the city's grief:
I oft have verse on meaner subjects made,
Should I give presents and leave debts unpaid?
Want of invention here is no excuse,
My matter I shall find, and not produce,
And (as it fares in crowds) I only doubt,
So much would pass, that nothing will get out,
Else in this work which now my thoughts intend
I shall find nothing hard, but how to end:
I then but ask fit time to smooth my lays,
(And imitate in this the pen I praise)
Which by the subject's power embalm'd, may last,
Whilst the sun light, the earth doth shadows cast,
And, feather'd by those wings, fly among men,
Far as the fame of poetry and Ben.

FALKLAND.[2]

[2] With the success usually attendant upon his endeavours to philosophize, Horace Walpole has laboured to depreciate the character of this amiable and high-spirited man, who joined with the popular party in resisting royalty, till he discovered that their aims were directed not against the encroachments of prerogative, but against the crown itself. He then took up arms for the king and bravely fell at the fatal battle of Newbury, the 20th September, 1643. GILCHRIST. See p. 6 of this volume.

TO THE MEMORY OF

## BENJAMIN JONSON.

IF Romulus did promise in the fight,
To Jove the Stator, if he held from flight
His men, a temple, and perform'd his vow:
Why should not we, learn'd Jonson, thee allow
An altar at the least? since by thy aid,
Learning, that would have left us, has been stay'd.
The actions were different: that thing
Requir'd some mark to keep't from perishing;
But letters must be quite defaced, before
Thy memory, whose care did them restore.

BUCKHURST.[3]

TO THE MEMORY OF

HIM WHO CAN NEVER BE FORGOTTEN,

## MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

HAD this been for some meaner poet's herse,
I might have then observ'd the laws of verse:
But here they fail, nor can I hope to express
In numbers, what the world grants numberless;
Such are the truths, we ought to speak of thee,
Thou great refiner of our poesy,

[3] Richard Sackville lord Buckhurst, son of Edward earl of Dorset, by Mary, daughter and heir of sir George Curson of Croxall in Derbyshire, married Frances daughter and heir to Lionel earl of Middlesex, by whom he had three sons and three daughters. He succeeded his father as earl of Dorset in 1652, and dying in 1677 was succeeded by his son Charles the poet. GILCHRIST.

Who turn'st to gold that which before was lead;
Then with that pure elixir rais'd the dead!
Nine sisters who (for all the poets lies)
Had been deem'd mortal, did not Jonson rise
And with celestial sparks (not stoln) revive
Those who could erst keep winged fame alive:
'Twas he that found (plac'd) in the seat of wit,
Dull grinning ignorance, and banish'd it;
He on the prostituted stage appears
To make men hear, not by their eyes, but ears;
Who painted virtues, that each one might know,
And point the man, that did such treasure owe:
So that who could in Jonson's lines be high
Needed not honours, or a riband buy;
But vice he only shewed us in a glass,
Which by reflection of those rays that pass,
Retains the figure lively, set before,
And that withdrawn, reflects at us no more;
So, he observ'd the like decorum, when
He whipt the vices, and yet spar'd the men:
When heretofore, the Vice's only note,
And sign from virtue was his party-coat;
When devils were the last men on the stage,
And pray'd for plenty, and the present age.
Nor was our English language, only bound
To thank him, for he Latin Horace found
(Who so inspired Rome, with his lyric song)
Translated in the macaronic tongue;
Cloth'd in such rags, as one might safely vow,
That his Mæcenas would not own him now:
On him he took this pity, as to clothe
In words, and such expression, as for both,
There's none but judgeth the exchange will come
To twenty more, than when he sold at Rome.
Since then, he made our language pure and good,
And us to speak, but what we understood,
We owe this praise to him, that should we join

To pay him, he were paid but with the coin
Himself hath minted, which we know by this,
That no words pass for current now, but his.
And though he in a blinder age could change
Faults to perfections, yet 'twas far more strange
To see (however times, and fashions frame)
His wit and language still remain the same
In all men's mouths; grave preachers did it use
As golden pills, by which they might infuse
Their heavenly physic; ministers of state
Their grave dispatches in his language wrate;
Ladies made curt'sies in them, courtiers, legs,
Physicians bills;—perhaps, some pedant begs
He may not use it, for he hears 'tis such,
As in few words a man may utter much.
Could I have spoken in his language too,
I had not said so much, as now I do,
To whose clear memory I this tribute send,
Who dead 's my Wonder, living was my Friend.

JOHN BEAUMONT, Bart.[4]

TO THE MEMORY OF

## MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON.

TO press into the throng, where wits thus strive
To make thy laurels fading tombs survive,
Argues thy worth, their love, my bold desire,
Somewhat to sing, though but to fill the quire:

[4] The family of Beaumont boasts a royal descent; there is a letter of king John's to one of the Beaumonts, preserved in Rymer's Fœdera, acknowledging the consanguinity. The baronet before us was the eldest son of the author of "Bosworth field," and other poems: he was born at Grace-dieu in Leicestershire in 1607. In the rebellion, which followed hard upon the composition of this poem, sir John Beaumont took up arms, obtained a colonel's commission, and was slain at the siege of Gloucester, 1644. GILCHRIST.

But (truth to speak) what muse can silent be,
Or little say, that hath for subject, thee?
Whose poems such, that as the sphere of fire,
They warm insensibly, and force inspire,
Knowledge, and wit infuse, mute tongues unloose,
And ways not track'd to write, and speak disclose.
But when thou put'st thy tragic buskin on,
Or comic sock of mirthful action,
Actors, as if inspired from thy hand,
Speak, beyond what they think, less, understand;
And thirsty hearers, wonder-stricken, say,
Thy words make that a truth, was meant a play.
Folly, and brain-sick humours of the time,
Distemper'd passion, and audacious crime,
Thy pen so on the stage doth personate,
That ere men scarce begin to know, they hate
The vice presented, and there lessons learn,
Virtue, from vicious habits to discern.
Oft have I seen thee in a sprightly strain,
To lash a vice, and yet no one complain;
Thou threw'st the ink of malice from thy pen,
Whose aim was evil manners, not ill men.
Let then frail parts repose, where solemn care
Of pious friends their Pyramids prepare;
And take thou, Ben, from Verse a second breath,
Which shall create Thee new, and conquer death.

Sir THOMAS HAWKINS.[5]

[5] *Sir Thomas Hawkins*, Knt. was the grandson of Thomas Hawkins, Esq.—of a family resident at the manor of Nash in the parish of Boughton under the Blean in Kent from the time of Edward III. —who attained the age of 101 years and died on the 15th March 1588, and lies buried in the north chancel of the church of Boughton, under a tomb of marble which bears honourable testimony to his services to king Henry VIII., and speaks of him as a man of great strength and lofty stature.

The friend of Jonson was the eldest of seven sons of sir Thomas Hawkins of Nash, and married Elizabeth daughter of George Smith of Ashby Folvile in Leicestershire, by whom he had two

TO THE MEMORY OF

## MY FRIEND, BEN JONSON.

SEE that wreath which doth the wearer arm
'Gainst the quick strokes of thunder, is no charm
To keep off death's pale dart; for, Jonson, then
Thou hadst been number'd still with living men:
Time's scythe had fear'd thy laurel to invade,
Nor thee this subject of our sorrow made.
Amongst those many votaries that come
To offer up their garlands at thy tomb,
Whilst some more lofty pens in their bright verse,
(Like glorious tapers flaming on thy herse)
Shall light the dull and thankless world to see,
How great a maim it suffers, wanting thee;
Let not thy learned shadow scorn, that I
Pay meaner rites unto thy memory:
And since I nought can add but in desire,
Restore some sparks which leap'd from thine own fire.
What ends soever other quills invite,
I can protest, it was no itch to write,
Nor any vain ambition to be read,
But merely love and justice to the dead,

sons, John and Thomas, both of whom he survived, and dying without issue in 1640, was succeeded in a considerable patrimony by Richard his brother and heir, the lineal descendant of whom, Thomas Hawkins, Esq., was living at Nash in 1790.

Sir Thomas translated Caussin's Holy Court, several times reprinted in folio; the Histories of Sejanus and Philippa, from the French of P. Mathieu; and certain Odes of Horace, the 4th edition of which is before me, dated 1638. In a poem before the latter he is celebrated by H. Holland, for his skill in music. GILCHRIST.

Which rais'd my fameless muse; and caus'd her bring
These drops, as tribute thrown into that spring,
To whose most rich and fruitful head we owe
The purest streams of language which can flow.
For 'tis but truth; thou taught'st the ruder age,
To speak by grammar; and reform'dst the stage;
Thy comic sock induc'd such purged sense,
A Lucrece might have heard without offence.
Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it to the rate
And value it now holds, thyself was one
Help'd lift it up to such proportion,
That, thus refined and robed, it shall not spare
With the full Greek or Latin to compare.
For what tongue ever durst, but ours, translate
Great Tully's eloquence, or Homer's state?
Both which in their unblemish'd lustre shine,
From Chapman's pen, and from thy Catiline.
All I would ask for thee, in recompense
Of thy successful toil and time's expense
Is only this poor boon; that those who can,
Perhaps, read French, or talk Italian;
Or do the lofty Spaniard affect,
(To shew their skill in foreign dialect)
Prove not themselves so' unnaturally wise
They therefore should their mother-tongue despise;
(As if her poets both for style and wit,
Not equall'd, or not pass'd their best that writ)
Until by studying Jonson they have known
The height, and strength, and plenty of their own.
Thus in what low earth, or neglected room
Soe'er thou sleep'st, thy Book shall be thy tomb.
Thou wilt go down a happy corse, bestrew'd
With thine own flowers, and feel thyself renew'd,
Whilst thy immortal, never-withering bays
Shall yearly flourish in thy reader's praise:

And when more spreading titles are forgot,
Or, spite of all their lead and sear-cloth, rot;
Thou wrapt and shrin'd in thine own sheets wilt lie,
A Relic fam'd by all posterity.

HENRY KING.[6]

TO THE MEMORY OF

## BENJAMIN JONSON.

MIGHT but this slender offering of mine,
Crowd 'midst the sacred burden of thy shrine,
The near acquaintance with thy greater name
Might style me wit, and privilege my fame,
But I've no such ambition, nor dare sue
For the least legacy of wit, as due.
I come not t' offend duty, and transgress
Affection, nor with bold presumption press,
'Midst those close mourners, whose nigh kin in verse,
Hath made the near attendance of thy hearse.
I come in duty, not in pride, to shew
Not what I have in store, but what I owe;
Nor shall my folly wrong thy fame, for we
Prize, by the want of wit, the loss of thee.
As when the wearied sun hath stol'n to rest,
And darkness made the world's unwelcome guest,

[6] Henry King, eldest son of Dr. John King, bishop of London, was born at Wornal in Buckinghamshire in January, 1592. He was educated first at Thame, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was entered in 1608. He was successively chaplain to James I., archdeacon of Colchester, residentiary of St. Paul's, chaplain in ordinary to Charles I., dean of Rochester, and lastly bishop of Chichester, in which place he died 1st October, 1669, and was buried in the cathedral. The writings of bishop King are for the most part devotional, but in his "Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets," 8vo. 1657, there is a neatness, an elegance, and even a tenderness, which entitle them to more attention than they have lately obtained. GILCHRIST.

We grovelling captives of the night, yet may
With fire and candle beget light, not day;
Now he whose name in poetry controls,
Goes to converse with more refined souls,
Like country gazers in amaze we sit,
Admirers of this great eclipse in wit.
Reason and wit we have to shew us men,
But no hereditary beam of Ben.
Our knock'd inventions may beget a spark,
Which faints at least resistance of the dark;
Thine like the fire's high element was pure,
And like the same made not to burn, but cure.
When thy enraged Muse did chide o' the stage,
'Twas to reform, not to abuse the age.
—But thou'rt requited ill, to have thy herse,
Stain'd by profaner parricides in verse,
Who make mortality a guilt, and scold,
Merely because thou'dst offer to be old:
'Twas too unkind a slight'ning of thy name,
To think a ballad could confute thy fame;
Let's but peruse their libels, and they'll be
But arguments they understood not thee.
Nor is 't disgrace, that in thee, through age spent,
'Twas thought a crime not to be excellent:
For me, I'll in such reverence hold thy fame,
I'll but by invocation use thy name,
Be thou propitious, poetry shall know,
No deity but Thee to whom I'll owe.

HEN. COVENTRY.[7]

[7] Henry Coventry, son of the lord keeper, was educated at All Soul's College, Oxford, of which he was fellow, and where, on the 31st August, 1636, the degree of M. A. was conferred upon him by the king in person; he took a degree in law the 26th June, 1638. He suffered much for the royal cause in the rebellion, but upon the restoration of the king he was made groom of the bed chamber to Charles II., sent upon embassies to Breda and Sweden, and on the 3d July, 1672, was sworn one of the principal secretaries of state. In 1680 he resigned his high office, and died at his house

AN ELEGY UPON

## BENJAMIN JONSON.

THOUGH once high Statius o'er dead Lucan's hearse,
Would seem to fear his own hexameters,
And thought a greater honour than that fear,
He could not bring to Lucan's sepulchre;
Let not our poets fear to write of thee,
Great Jonson, king of English poetry,
In any English verse, let none whoe'er,
Bring so much emulation as to fear:
But pay without comparing thoughts at all,
Their tribute—verses to thy funeral;
Nor think whate'er they write on such a name,
Can be amiss: if high, it fits thy fame;
If low, it rights thee more, and makes men see,
That English poetry is dead with thee;
Which in thy genius did so strongly live.—
Nor will I here particularly strive,
To praise each well composed piece of thine;
Or shew what judgment, art and wit did join
To make them up, but only (in the way
That Famianus honour'd Virgil) say,
The Muse herself was link'd so near to thee,
Whoe'er saw one, must needs the other see;
And if in thy expressions aught seem'd scant,
Not thou, but Poetry itself, did want.

THOMAS MAY.[8]

near Charing Cross on the 5th December, 1686, aged 68 years. He was buried in St. Martin's church. GILCHRIST.

[8] Thomas May,—the son of Thomas May, Esq., who purchased the manor of Mayfield-place in Sussex (formerly an archiepiscopal palace, and afterwards the seat of the Greshams) and who was knighted at Greenwich in 1603 and died in 1616,—was born in 1595, educated at Sidney College, Cambridge, where he took the

AN ELEGY ON

## BEN JONSON.

I DARE not, learned Shade, bedew thy herse
With tears, unless that impudence, in verse,
Would cease to be a sin; and what were crime
In prose, would be no injury in rhyme.
My thoughts are so below, I fear to act
A sin, like their black envy, who detract;
As oft as I would character in speech
That worth, which silent wonder scarce can reach.
Yet, I that but pretend to learning, owe
So much to thy great fame, I ought to shew
My weakness in thy praise; thus to approve,
Although it be less wit, is greater love:
'Tis all our fancy aims at; and our tongues
At best, will guilty prove of friendly wrongs.
For, who would image out thy worth, great Ben,
Should first be, what he praises; and his pen
Thy active brains should feed, which we can't have,
Unless we could redeem thee from the grave.
The only way that's left now, is to look
Into thy papers, to read o'er thy book;
And then remove thy fancies, there doth lie
Some judgment, where we cannot make, t' apply
Our reading: some, perhaps, may call this wit,
And think, we do not steal, but only fit

degree of Bachelor of Arts, and was admitted of Grays Inn the 6th August, 1615. In 1617 he joined with his mother Joan May and his cousin Richard May of Eslington, in alienating the estate of Mayfield to John Baker, Esq., whose descendants have ever since enjoyed it. May's attachment to Charles I. and his subsequent apostacy,—his dramatic writings and translations, and his history of the parliament, are sufficiently known. He died—*already dead-drunk*—the 13th November, 1650. GILCHRIST.

Thee to thyself; of all thy marble wears,
Nothing is truly ours, except the tears.
O could we weep like thee! we might convey
New breath, and raise men from their beds of clay
Unto a life of fame; he is not dead,
Who by thy Muses hath been buried.
Thrice happy those brave heroes, whom I meet
Wrapt in thy writings, as their winding sheet!
For, when the tribute unto nature due,
Was paid, they did receive new life from you;
Which shall not be undated, since thy breath
Is able to immortal, after death.
Thus rescued from the dust, they did ne'er see
True life, until they were entomb'd by thee.
You that pretend to courtship, here admire
Those pure and active flames, love did inspire:
And though he could have took his mistress' ears,
Beyond faint sighs, false oaths, and forced tears;
His heat was still so modest, it might warm,
But do the cloister'd votary no harm.
The face he sometimes praises, but the mind,
A fairer saint, is in his verse enshrin'd.
He that would worthily set down his praise,
Should study lines as lofty as his plays.
The Roman worthies did not seem to fight
With braver spirit, than we see him write;
His pen their valour equals; and that age
Receives a greater glory from our stage.
Bold Catiline, at once Rome's hate and fear,
Far higher in his story doth appear;
The flames those active furies did inspire,
Ambition and Revenge, his better fire
Kindles afresh; thus lighted, they shall burn,
Till Rome to its first nothing do return.
Brave fall, had but the cause been likewise good,
Had he so, for his country, lost his blood!
Some like not Tully in his own; yet while

All do admire him in thy English style,
I censure not; I rather think, that we
May well his equal, thine we ne'er shall see.

DUDLEY DIGGS.[9]

TO THE IMMORTALITY OF MY LEARNED FRIEND,

## MASTER JONSON.

PARLIED once with death, and thought to yield,
When thou advised'st me to keep the field;
Yet if I fell, thou wouldst upon my herse,
Breathe the reviving spirit of thy verse.
I live, and to thy grateful Muse would pay
A parallel of thanks, but that this day
Of thy fair rights, thorough th' innumerous light,
That flows from thy adorers, seems as bright,
As when the sun darts through his golden hair,
His beams diameter into the air.
In vain I then strive to encrease thy glory,
These lights that go before make dark my story.
Only I'll say, heaven gave unto thy pen
A sacred power, immortalizing men,
And thou dispensing life immortally,
Dost now but sabbatise from work, not die.

GEORGE FORTESCUE.[1]

[9] Dudley Digges, the son of sir Dudley Digges, master of the rolls, was born at Chilham in Kent in 1612. He became a commoner in University College, Oxford, in 1629, took his B. A. degree in 1631, the year following was made probationer-fellow of All Souls, as founder's-kin, and in 1635 was licensed M. A. He was a man of strong parts and considerable attainments, and was firmly attached to the service of the king. He died at an early age, of a malignant fever called the *Camp disease*, and was buried in the chapel of All Soul's College, October 1643. GILCHRIST.

[1] I am unable to mention any thing concerning George For-

AN ELEGY UPON THE DEATH OF

## BEN JONSON,

THE MOST EXCELLENT OF ENGLISH POETS.

WHAT doth officious fancy here prepare?—
Be't rather this rich kingdom's charge and care
To find a virgin quarry, whence no hand
E'er wrought a tomb on vulgar dust to stand,
And thence bring for this work materials fit:
Great Jonson needs no architect of wit;
Who forc'd from art, receiv'd from nature more
Than doth survive him, or e'er liv'd before.
And, poets, with what veil soe'er you hide,
Your aim, 'twill not be thought your grief, but pride,
Which, that your cypress never growth might want,
Did it near his eternal laurel plant.
Heaven at the death of princes, by the birth
Of some new star, seems to instruct the earth,
How it resents our human fate. Then why
Didst thou, wit's most triumphant monarch, die
Without thy comet? Did the sky despair
To teem a fire, bright as thy glories were?
Or is it by its age, unfruitful grown,
And can produce no light, but what is known,
A common mourner, when a prince's fall
Invites a star t' attend the funeral?
But those prodigious sights only create,
Talk for the vulgar: Heaven, before thy fate,

tescue, further than his having some commendatory verses prefixed to Rivers's Devout Rhapsodies, 4to. 1648; Sir John Beaumont's Bosworth Field, 8vo. 1629; and sir Thomas Hawkins's translation of some of Horace's Odes, 4th edition 8vo. 1638. GILCHRIST.

That thou thyself might'st thy own dirges hear,
Made the sad stage close mourner for a year;
The stage, which (as by an instinct divine,
Instructed,) seeing its own fate in thine,
And knowing how it ow'd its life to thee,
Prepared itself thy sepulchre to be;
And had continued so, but that thy wit,
Which as the soul, first animated it,
Still hovers here below, and ne'er shall die,
Till time be buried in eternity.

But you! whose comic labours on the stage,
Against the envy of a froward age
Hold combat! how will now your vessels sail,
The seas so broken and the winds so frail,
Such rocks, such shallows threat'ning everywhere,
And Jonson dead, whose art your course might steer?

Look up! where Seneca and Sophocles,
Quick Plautus and sharp Aristophanes,
Enlighten yon bright orb! doth not your eye,
Among them, one far larger fire, descry,
At which their lights grow pale? 'tis Jonson, there
He shines your Star, who was your Pilot here.

W. HABINGTON.[2]

[2] William Habington, the son of Thomas Habington of Hendlip in Worcestershire by Mary Parker, sister to the lord Mounteagle to whom the mysterious letter was sent by which the Gunpowder Plot was discovered, was born at his father's seat on the 5th November, 1605. He was educated in the religion of his father at Paris and St. Omer's. He married Lucy, daughter of lord Powis, the Castara of his muse, and died on the 30th November, 1654. The poems of Habington, though aspiring to none of the higher classes of poetry, are tolerably musical in their numbers, and indicate a purity of morals and gentleness of manners in their author: they must have been at one period popular, since they passed through three impressions between 1635 and 1640. Indeed, his merits have been rewarded with unusual liberality, his comedy found a place in Dodsley's Collection of old Plays; his life of Edward IV. was admitted into bishop Kennet's compleat history of England, and the volume of poems before spoken of has been lately reprinted. GILCHRIST.

## UPON BEN JONSON,

### THE MOST EXCELLENT OF COMIC POETS.

MIRROR of poets! mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy stage,
Pleas'd and displeas'd with her own faults endures,
A remedy, like those whom music cures.
Thou not alone those various inclinations,
Which nature gives to ages, sexes, nations,
Hast traced with thy all-resembling pen,
But all that custom hath impos'd on men,
Or ill-got habits, which distort them so,
That scarce the brother can the brother know,
Is represented to the wondering eyes,
Of all that see or read thy Comedies.
Whoever in those glasses looks may find,
The spots return'd, or graces of his mind;
And by the help of so divine an art,
At leisure view, and dress his nobler part.
Narcissus cozen'd by that flattering well,
Which nothing could but of his beauty tell,
Had here, discovering the deform'd estate
Of his fond mind, preserv'd himself with hate.
But virtue too, as well as vice, is clad
In flesh and blood so well, that Plato had
Beheld what his high fancy once embraced,
Virtue with colours, speech, and motion graced.
The sundry postures of thy copious muse,
Who would express, a thousand tongues must use:
Whose fate's no less peculiar than thy art;
For as thou couldst all characters impart,
So none can render thine, who still escapes,
Like Proteus in variety of shapes,

Who was nor this nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in mankind.

E. WALLER.[3]

UPON THE POET OF HIS TIME,

## BENJAMIN JONSON,

HIS HONOURED FRIEND AND FATHER.

AND is thy glass run out? is that oil spent,
Which light to such tough sinewy labours lent?
Well, Ben, I now perceive that all the Nine,
Though they their utmost forces should combine,
Cannot prevail 'gainst Night's three daughters, but,
One still will spin, one wind, the other cut.
Yet in despight of spindle, clue, and knife,
Thou, in thy strenuous lines, hast got a life,
Which, like thy bay, shall flourish every age,
While sock or buskin move upon the stage.

JAMES HOWELL.[4]

AN OFFERTORY AT THE TOMB OF THE FAMOUS POET

## BEN JONSON.

IF souls departed lately hence do know
How we perform the duties that we owe
Their reliqués, will it not grieve thy spirit
To see our dull devotion? thy merit
Profaned by disproportion'd rites? thy herse
Rudely defiled with our unpolish'd verse?—

[3] Edmund Waller born in 1605, died of a dropsy, the 1st October, 1687. GILCHRIST.

[4] James Howell, the author of "Familiar Epistles," is so well

Necessity's our best excuse: 'tis in
Our understanding, not our will, we sin;
'Gainst which 'tis now in vain to labour, we
Did nothing know, but what was taught by thee.
The routed soldiers when their captains fall
Forget all order, that men cannot call
It properly a battle that they fight;
Nor we (thou being dead) be said to write.
'Tis noise we utter, nothing can be sung
By those distinctly that have lost their tongue;
And therefore whatsoe'er the subject be,
All verses now become thy Elegy:
For, when a lifeless poem shall be read,
Th' afflicted reader sighs, Ben Jonson's dead.
This is thy glory, that no pen can raise
A lasting trophy in thy honour'd praise;
Since fate (it seems) would have it so exprest,
Each muse should end with thine, who was the best:
And but her flights were stronger, and so high,
That time's rude hand cannot reach her glory,
An ignorance had spread this age, as great
As that which made thy learned muse so sweat,
And toil to dissipate; until, at length,
Purg'd by thy art, it gain'd a lasting strength;
And now secur'd by thy all-powerful writ,
Can fear no more a like relapse of wit:
Though (to our grief) we ever must despair,
That any age can raise thee up an heir.

JOHN VERNON,[5]
*è Societ. In Temp.*

known that it seems scarcely necessary to say more than that he was born at Abernant, in Carnarvonshire, educated at Jesus College, Oxford, and died in November, 1666, and was buried in the Temple Church. GILCHRIST.

[5] John Vernon was the son and heir of Robert Vernon, of Camberwell, in the county of Surrey, Knt.; he was admitted of the Inner Temple the 15th October, 2nd Charles I. (1626) and was called to the bar the 15th October, 1634. GILCHRIST.

TO THE

## MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

THE Muses' fairest light in no dark time;
The wonder of a learned age; the line
Which none can pass; the most proportion'd wit,
To nature, the best judge of what was fit;
The deepest, plainest, highest, clearest pen;
The voice most echo'd by consenting men;
The soul which answer'd best to all well said
By others, and which most requital made;
Tuned to the highest key of ancient Rome,
Returning all her music with his own,
In whom with nature, study claim'd a part,
And yet who to himself ow'd all his art:
Here lies Ben Jonson! Every age will look
With sorrow here, with wonder on his Book.

J. C.

## TO THE SAME.

WHO first reform'd our stage with justest laws,
And was the first best judge in your own cause:
Who, when his actors trembled for applause,
Could (with a noble confidence) prefer
His own, by right, to a whole theatre;
From principles which he knew could not err.

Who to his Fable did his persons fit,
With all the properties of art and wit,
And above all, that could be acted, writ.

Who public follies did to covert drive,
Which he again could cunningly retrive,
Leaving them no ground to rest on, and thrive,

Here Jonson lies, whom, had I nam'd before,
In that one word alone, I had paid more
Than can be now, when plenty makes me poor.

JOHN CLEVELAND.[6]

TO THE

## MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

AS when the vestal hearth went out, no fire
Less holy than the flame that did expire,
Could kindle it again: so at thy fall
Our wit, great Ben, is too apocryphal
To celebrate the loss, since 'tis too much
To write thy Epitaph, and not be such.
What thou wert, like th' hard oracles of old,
Without an extasy cannot be told.
We must be ravish'd first; thou must infuse
Thyself into us both the theme and muse.
Else, (though we all conspir'd to make thy herse
Our works) so that 't had been but one grate verse,

[6] Amid much coarseness, indelicacy and quaintness, "the genuine remains of John Cleveland" contain many examples of nervous thought and unaffected tenderness. Though educated under a puritan minister, he rejected the frigid tenets and anti-monarchical feelings of the sectaries, and satirized their disloyalty and hypocrisy without mercy. When his zeal and perseverance in the royal cause had brought his person under restraint, the dignified and manly terms in which he remonstrated with Cromwell, and which under a meaner usurper would have put his life in jeopardy, extorted from the Protector his liberty. He was born at Loughborough in 1613, educated at Christ's and St. John's Colleges, Cambridge, and died in Gray's Inn on the 29th April, 1658:—greatly lamented by the royalists. GILCHRIST.

Though the priest had translated for that time
The liturgy, and buried thee in rhyme,
So that in metre we had heard it said,
Poetic dust is to poetic laid:
And though, that dust being Shakspeare's, thou might'st have
Not his room, but the poet for thy grave;
So that, as thou didst prince of numbers die
And live, so now thou might'st in numbers lie,
'Twere frail solemnity: verses on thee
And not like thine, would but kind libels be;
And we, (not speaking thy whole worth) should raise
Worse blots, than they that envied thy praise.
Indeed, thou need'st us not, since above all
Invention, thou wert thine own funeral.
Hereafter, when time hath fed on thy tomb,
Th' inscription worn out, and the marble dumb,
So that 'twould pose a critic to restore
Half words, and words expir'd so long before;
When thy maim'd statue hath a sentenced face,
And looks that are the horror of the place,
That 'twill be learning, and antiquity,
And ask a Selden to say, this was thee,
Thou'lt have a whole name still, nor need'st thou fear
That will be ruin'd, or lose nose, or hair.
Let others write so thin, that they can't be
Authors till rotten, no posterity
Can add to thy works; they had their whole growth then
When first borne, and came aged from thy pen.
Whilst living thou enjoy'dst the fame and sense
Of all that time gives, but the reverence.
When thou'rt of Homer's years, no man will say
Thy poems are less worthy, but more gray:
'Tis bastard poetry, and of false blood
Which can't, without succession, be good.

Things that will always last, do thus agree
With things eternal; th' at once perfect be.
Scorn then their censures, who gave out, thy wit
As long upon a comedy did sit
As elephants bring forth; and that thy blots
And mendings took more time than Fortune plots:
That such thy drought was, and so great thy thirst,
That all thy plays were drawn at the Mermaid first;
That the king's yearly butt wrote, and his wine
Hath more right than thou to thy Catiline.
Let such men keep a diet, let their wit
Be rack'd, and while they write, suffer a fit:
When they've felt tortures which out-pain the gout,
Such, as with less, the state draws treason out;
Though they should the length of consumptions lie
Sick of their verse, and of their poem die,
'Twould not be thy worse scene, but would at last
Confirm their boastings, and shew made in haste.
He that writes well, writes quick, since the rule's true,
Nothing is slowly done, that's always new.
So when thy Fox had ten times acted been,
Each day was first, but that 'twas cheaper seen;
And so thy Alchemist play'd o'er and o'er,
Was new o' the stage, when 'twas not at the door.
We, like the actors, did repeat; the pit
The first time saw, the next conceiv'd thy wit:
Which was cast in those forms, such rules, such arts,
That but to some not half thy acts were parts:
Since of some silken judgments we may say,
They fill'd a box two hours, but saw no play.
So that th' unlearned lost their money; and
Scholars sav'd only, that could understand.
Thy scene was free from monsters; no hard plot
Call'd down a God t'untie th' unlikely knot:
The stage was still a stage, two entrances
Were not two parts o' the world, disjoin'd by seas.

Thine were land-tragedies, no prince was found
To swim a whole scene out, then o' the stage drown'd;
Pitch'd fields, as Red-bull wars, still felt thy doom;
Thou laid'st no sieges to the music room;
Nor wouldst allow, to thy best Comedies,
Humours that should above the people rise.
Yet was thy language and thy style so high,
Thy sock to th' ancle, buskin reach'd to th' thigh;
And both so chaste, so 'bove dramatic clean,
That we both safely saw, and liv'd thy scene.
No foul loose line did prostitute thy wit,
Thou wrot'st thy comedies, didst not commit.
We did the vice arraign'd not tempting hear,
And were made judges, not bad parts by th' ear.
For thou ev'n sin did in such words array,
That some who came bad parts, went out good play.
Which, ended not with th' epilogue, the age
Still acted, which grew innocent from the stage.
'Tis true thou hadst some sharpness, but thy salt
Serv'd but with pleasure to reform the fault:
Men were laugh'd into virtue, and none more
Hated Face acted than were such before.
So did thy sting not blood, but humours draw,
So much doth satire more correct than law;
Which was not nature in thee, as some call
Thy teeth, who say thy wit lay in thy gall:
That thou didst quarrel first, and then, in spite,
Didst 'gainst a person of such vices write;
That 'twas revenge, not truth, that on the stage
Carlo was not presented, but thy rage;
And that when thou in company wert met,
Thy meat took notes, and thy discourse was net.
We know thy free vein had this innocence,
To spare the party, and to brand th' offence;
And the just indignation thou wert in
Did not expose Shift, but his tricks and gin.

Thou mightst have us'd th' old comic freedom, these
Might have seen themselves play'd like Socrates;
Like Cleon, Mammon might the knight have been,
If, as Greek authors, thou hadst turn'd Greek spleen;
And hadst not chosen rather to translate
Their learning into English, not their hate:
Indeed this last, if thou hadst been bereft
Of thy humanity, might be call'd theft;
The other was not; whatsoe'er was strange,
Or borrow'd in thee: did grow thine by the change,
Who without Latin helps hadst been as rare
As Beaumont, Fletcher, or as Shakspeare were;
And like them, from thy native stock could'st say,
Poets and Kings are not born every day.

J. MAYNE.[7]

IN THE MEMORY OF THE

## MOST WORTHY BENJAMIN JONSON.

FATHER of poets, though thine own great day,
Struck from thyself, scorns that a weaker ray
Should twine in lustre with it, yet my flame,
Kindled from thine, flies upwards tow'rds thy name.

[7] Jasper Mayne, whose entertaining comedies have endeared his name to dramatic readers, was born at Hatherly in Devon, 1604, educated at Westminster, and afterwards at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degrees of B. A. 1628, and M. A. 1631. Ejected from his vicarages of Pyrton and Cassington by the Parliamentary visitors, he found an asylum under the roof of the earl of Devonshire, and the storm subsiding, was restored to his livings, made canon of Christ Church and archdeacon of Chichester. He died the 6th December, 1672. His character has been thus briefly and boldly sketched: "*Ingenio sanè felicissimo et eruditione propemodum omnigena locupletato, fruebatur; theologus accurate doctus et annunciator evangelii disertus: Poeta porro non incelebris et ob sales ac facetias in precio habitus.*" GILCHRIST.

For in the acclamation of the less
There's piety, though from it no access.
And though my ruder thoughts make me of those,
Who hide and cover what they should disclose;
Yet, where the lustre's such, he makes it seen
Better to some, that draws the veil between.
And what can more be hoped, since that divine
Free filling spirit took its flight with thine?
Men may have fury, but no raptures now;
Like witches, charm, yet not know whence, nor how;
And, through distemper, grown not strong but fierce,
Instead of writing, only rave in verse:
Which when by thy laws judg'd, 'twill be confess'd,
'Twas not to be inspir'd, but be possess'd.
Where shall we find a muse like thine, that can
So well present and shew man unto man,
That each one finds his twin, and thinks thy art
Extends not to the gestures but the heart?
Where one so shewing life to life, that we
Think thou taught'st custom, and not custom thee?
Manners, that were themes to thy scenes still flow
In the same stream, and are their comments now:
These times thus living o'er thy models, we
Think them not so much wit, as prophecy;
And though we know the character, may swear
A Sybil's finger hath been busy there.
Things common thou speak'st proper, which though known
For public, stampt by thee grow thence thine own:
Thy thoughts so order'd, so express'd, that we
Conclude that thou didst not discourse, but see,
Language so master'd, that thy numerous feet,
Laden with genuine words, do always meet
Each in his art; nothing unfit doth fall,
Shewing the poet, like the wiseman, All.
Thine equal skill thus wresting nothing, made
Thy pen seem not so much to write as trade.

That life, that Venus of all things, which we
Conceive or shew, proportion'd decency,
Is not found scattered in thee here and there,
But, like the soul, is wholly every where.
No strange perplexed maze doth pass for plot,
Thou always dost untie, not cut the knot.
Thy labyrinth's doors are opened by one thread
That ties, and runs through all that's done or said:
No power comes down with learned hat and rod,
Wit only, and contrivance is thy god.
'Tis easy to gild gold; there's small skill spent
Where even the first rude mass is ornament:
Thy muse took harder metals, purg'd and boil'd,
Labour'd and tried, heated, and beat and toil'd,
Sifted the dross, filed roughness, then gave dress,
Vexing rude subjects into comeliness.
Be it thy glory then, that we may say,
Thou run'st where th' foot was hinder'd by the way.
Nor dost thou pour out, but dispense thy vein,
Skill'd when to spare, and when to entertain:
Not like our wits, who into one piece do
Throw all that they can say, and their friends too;
Pumping themselves, for one term's noise so dry,
As if they made their wills in poetry.
And such spruce compositions press the stage,
When men transcribe themselves, and not the age:
Both sorts of plays are thus like pictures shewn,
Thine of the common life, theirs of their own.
Thy models yet are not so fram'd, as we
May call them libels, and not imag'ry;
No name on any basis: 'tis thy skill
To strike the vice, but spare the person still.
As he, who when he saw the serpent wreath'd
About his sleeping son, and as he breath'd,
Drink in his soul, did so the shot contrive,
To kill the beast, but keep the child alive:

So dost thou aim thy darts, which, even when
They kill the poisons, do but wake the men;
Thy thunders thus but purge, and we endure
Thy lancings better than another's cure;
And justly too: for th' age grows more unsound
From the fool's balsam, than the wiseman's wound.
No rotten talk brokes for a laugh; no page
Commenc'd man by th' instructions of thy stage;
No bargaining line there; provoc'tive verse;
Nothing but what Lucretia might rehearse;
No need to make good countenance ill, and use
The plea of strict life for a looser muse.
No woman ruled thy quill; we can descry
No verse born under any Cynthia's eye:
Thy star was judgment only, and right sense,
Thyself being to thyself an influence.
Stout beauty is thy grace; stern pleasures do
Present delights, but mingle horrors too:
Thy muse doth thus like Jove's fierce girl appear,
With a fair hand, but grasping of a spear.
Where are they now that cry, thy lamp did drink
More oil than the author wine, while he did think?
We do embrace their slander: thou hast writ
Not for dispatch but fame; no market wit:
'Twas not thy care, that it might pass and sell,
But that it might endure, and be done well:
Nor wouldst thou venture it unto the ear,
Until the file would not make smooth, but wear;
Thy verse came season'd hence, and would not give;
Born not to feed the author, but to live:
Whence 'mong the choicer judges risse a strife,
To make thee read as classic in thy life.
Those that do hence applause, and suffrage beg,
'Cause they can poems form upon one leg,
Write not to time, but to the poet's day:
There's difference between fame, and sudden pay.
These men sing kingdoms' falls, as if that fate

Used the same force to a village, and a state;
These serve Thyestes' bloody supper in,
As if it had only a sallad been:
Their Catilines are but fencers, whose fights rise
Not to the fame of battle, but of prize.
But thou still put'st true passions on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things,
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth, yet not weak, and by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair.
They, wretches, while they cannot stand to fit,
Are not wits, but materials of wit.
What though thy searching wit did rake the dust
Of time, and purge old metals of their rust?
Is it no labour, no art, think they, to
Snatch shipwrecks from the deep, as divers do?
And rescue jewels from the covetous sand,
Making the seas hid wealth adorn the land?
What though thy culling muse did rob the store
Of Greek, and Latin gardens to bring o'er
Plants to thy native soil? their virtues were
Improv'd far more, by being planted here.
If thy still to their essence doth refine
So many drugs, is not the water thine?
Thefts thus become just works; they and their grace
Are wholly thine: thus doth the stamp and face
Make that the king's, that's ravish'd from the mine;
In others then 'tis ore, in thee 'tis coin.
Blest life of authors! unto whom we owe
Those that we have, and those that we want too:
Thou art all so good, that reading makes thee worse,
And to have writ so well's thine only curse.
Secure then of thy merit, thou didst hate
That servile base dependence upon fate:
Success thou ne'er thought'st virtue, nor that fit,
Which chance, and th' age's fashion did make hit;

Excluding those from life in after-time,
Who into poetry first brought luck and rhyme;
Who thought the people's breath good air; styled name
What was but noise; and, getting briefs for fame,
Gather'd the many's suffrages, and thence
Made commendation a benevolence.
Thy thoughts were their own laurel, and did win
That best applause of being crown'd within.
And though th' exacting age, when deeper years
Had interwoven snow among thy hairs,
Would not permit thou shouldst grow old, 'cause they
Ne'er by thy writings knew thee young; we may
Say justly, they're ungrateful, when they more
Condemn'd thee, 'cause thou wert so good before.
Thine art was thine art's blur, and they'll confess
Thy strong perfumes made them not smell thy less.
But, though to err with thee be no small skill,
And we adore the last draughts of thy quill:
Though those thy thoughts, which the now queasy age,
Doth count but clods, and refuse of the stage,
Will come up porcelain-wit some hundreds hence,
When there will be more manners, and more sense;
'Twas judgment yet to yield, and we afford
Thy silence as much fame, as once thy word:
Who like an aged oak, the leaves being gone,
Wast food before, art now religion;
Thought still more rich, though not so richly stor'd,
View'd and enjoy'd before, but now ador'd.
Great soul of numbers, whom we want and boast;
Like curing gold, most valued now thou art lost!
When we shall feed on refuse offals, when
We shall from corn to acorns turn again;
Then shall we see that these two names are one,
Jonson and Poetry, which now are gone.

W. CARTWRIGHT.[8]

[8] The plays and poems of William Cartwright are too well known to dramatic readers to render a minute account of his life

AN ELEGY

## UPON BEN JONSON.

NOW thou art dead, and thy great wit and name
Is got beyond the reach of chance or fame,
Which none can lessen, nor we bring enough
To raise it higher, through our want of stuff;
I find no room for praise, but elegy,
And there but name the day when thou didst die:
That men may know thou didst so, for they will
Hardly believe disease or age could kill
A body so inform'd, with such a soul,
As, like thy verse, might fate itself control.
But thou art gone, and we like greedy heirs,
That snatch the fruit of their dead father's cares,
Begin to enquire what means thou left'st behind
For us, pretended heirs unto thy mind:
And myself, not the latest 'gan to look
And found the inventory in thy Book;
A stock for writers to set up withal:
That out of thy full comedies, their small
And slender wits by vexing much thy writ
And their own brains, may draw good saving wit;

necessary or even excusable. Wood, whose narrative corresponds with the calculation of Humphrey Mosely, a printer to whom literature is much indebted, says that he was born in 1611, educated first at Cirencester, afterwards at Westminster, and lastly at Oxford, where in 1628 he was admitted student of Christ Church, and where in 1635 he took the degree of Master of Arts. In 1642 the editor of this collection (B. Duppa), appointed him his successor in the church of Salisbury. On the 12th of April, 1643, he was chosen junior proctor of the University of Oxford, where he died on the 29th of the November following,

"Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the muse he lov'd."

GILCHRIST.

And when they shall upon some credit pitch,
May be thought well to live, although not rich.
Then for your songsters, masquers, what a deal
We have? enough to make a commonweal
Of dancing courtiers, as if poetry
Were made to set out their activity.
Learning great store for us to feed upon,
But little fame; that, with thyself, is gone,
And like a desperate debt, bequeath'd, not paid
Before thy death has us the poorer made.
Whilst we with mighty labour it pursue,
And after all our toil, not find it due.

JO. RUTTER.[9]

TO THE

## MEMORY OF IMMORTAL BEN.

TO write is easy; but to write of thee
Truth, will be thought to forfeit modesty.
So far beyond conceit thy strengths appear,
That almost all will doubt, what all must hear.
For, when the world shall know, that Pindar's height,
Plautus his wit, and Seneca's grave weight,
Horace his matchless nerves, and that high phrase
Wherewith great Lucan doth his readers maze,
Shall with such radiant illustration glide,
(As if each line to life were propertied)
Through all thy works; and like a torrent move,
Rolling the muses to the court of Jove,
Wit's general tribe will soon entitle thee
Heir to Apollo's ever verdant tree.
And 'twill by all concluded be, the stage

[9] Joseph Rutter translated the Cid, from the French of Corneille, the first part of which was presented with success at the Cockpit. He was also author of a pastoral tragi-comedy, called the Shepherd's Holiday, 8vo. 1635. The particulars of his life are, it is believed, altogether unknown. GILCHRIST.

Is widowed now; was bed-rid by thy age.
As well as empire, wit his zenith hath,
Nor can the rage of time, or tyrant's wrath
Encloud so bright a flame: but it will shine
In spight of envy, till it grow divine.
As when Augustus reign'd, and war did cease,
Rome's bravest wits were usher'd in by peace:
So in our halcyon days, we have had now
Wits, to which, all that after come, must bow.
And should the stage compose herself a crown
Of all those wits, which hitherto she has known:
Though there be many that about her brow,
Like sparkling stones, might a quick lustre throw;
Yet, Shakspeare, Beaumont, Jonson, these three shall
Make up the gem in the point vertical.
And now since Jonson's gone, we well may say,
The stage hath seen her glory and decay.
Whose judgment was't refined it? or who
Gave laws, by which hereafter all must go,
But solid Jonson? from whose full strong quill,
Each line did like a diamond drop distil,
Though hard, yet clear. Thalia that had skipt
Before, but like a maygame girl, now stript
Of all her mimic jigs, became a sight
With mirth to flow each pleas'd spectator's light;
And in such graceful measures, did discover
Her beauties now, that every eye turn'd lover.
Who is't shall make with great Sejanus' fall,
Not the stage crack, but th' universe and all?
Wild Catiline's stern fire, who now shall show,
Or quench'd with milk, still'd down by Cicero?
Where shall old authors in such words be shown,
As vex their ghosts, that they are not their own?
Admit his muse was slow. 'Tis judgment's fate
To move, like greatest princes, still in state.
Those planets placed in the higher spheres,
End not their motion but in many years;

Whereas light Venus and the giddy moon,
In one or some few days their courses run.
Slow are substantial bodies: but to things
That airy are, has nature added wings.
Each trivial poet that can chant a rhyme,
May chatter out his own wit's funeral chime:
And those slight nothings that so soon are made,
Like mushrooms, may together live and fade.
The boy may make a squib; but every line
Must be considered, where men spring a mine:
And to write things that time can never stain,
Will require sweat, and rubbing of the brain.
Such were those things he left. For some may be
Eccentric, yet with axioms main agree.
This I'll presume to say. When time has made
Slaughter of kings that in the world have sway'd:
A greener bays shall crown Ben Jonson's name,
Than shall be wreath'd about their regal fame.
For numbers reach to infinite. But he
Of whom I write this, has prevented me,
And boldly said so much in his own praise,
No other pen need any trophy raise.

OW. FELTHAM.[1]

[1] It seems somewhat remarkable that nothing should be known of the author of a book so popular as Feltham's "Resolves" has always been, beyond the bare circumstances related by Oldys in his MS. notes on Langbaine, of his father Thomas Feltham being a Suffolkman, and that Owen was one of three children. Although Owen has many poems scattered up and down, it is upon his prose work that his fame depends; and his "Resolves," though by no means free from pedantry, is rational and pious, and shews a mind of no ordinary strength and attainments. If Feltham was indeed the author of the ode in answer to Ben Jonson's address to himself (which is printed by Langbaine, and afterwards by him called Mr. Oldham's) it must be owned that by the present effusion he was equally ready to do homage to the general merits of the departed bard; nor did he deteriorate the value of his offering by the coldness of delay.

*Si bene quod facias, facias cito: nam cito factum,*
*Gratum erit; ingratum, gratia tarda facit.* GILCHRIST.

TO THE

## MEMORY OF BEN JONSON.

I DO not blame their pains, who did not doubt
By labour, of the circle to find out
The quadrature; nor can I think it strange
That others should prove constancy in change.
He studied not in vain, who hoped to give
A body to the echo, make it live,
Be seen, and felt; nor he whose art would borrow
Belief for shaping yesterday, to-morrow:
But here I yield; invention, study, cost,
Time, and the art of Art itself is lost.
When any frail ambition undertakes
For honour, profit, praise, or all their sakes,
To speak unto the world in perfect sense,
Pure judgment, Jonson, 'tis an excellence
Suited his pen alone, which yet to do
Requires himself, and 'twere a labour too
Crowning the best of Poets: say all sorts
Of bravest acts must die, without reports,
Count learned knowledge barren, fame abhorr'd,
Let memory be nothing but a word;
Grant Jonson the only genius of the times,
Fix him a constellation in all rhymes,
All height, all secrecies of wit invoke
The virtue of his name, to ease the yoke
Of barbarism; yet this lends only praise
To such as write, but adds not to his bays:
For he will grow more fresh in every story,
Out of the perfum'd spring of his own glory.

GEORGE DONNE.[2]

[2] George Donne, the mediocrity of whose muse is compensated in some measure by the warmth of his friendship, appears to have limited his endeavours to measured praises of his companions'

A FUNERAL SACRIFICE TO THE SACRED MEMORY OF HIS THRICE HONOURED FATHER,

## BEN JONSON.

I CANNOT grave, nor carve; else would I give
Thee statues, sculptures, and thy name should live
In tombs, and brass, until the stones, or rust
Of thine own monument mix with thy dust:
But nature has afforded me a slight
And easy muse, yet one that takes her flight
Above the vulgar pitch. Ben, she was thine,
Made by adoption free and genuine;
By virtue of thy charter, which from heaven,
By Jove himself, before thy birth was given.
The sisters nine this secret did declare,
Who of Jove's counsel, and his daughters are.
These from Parnassus' hill came running down,
And though an infant did with laurels crown.
Thrice they him kist, and took him in their arms,
And dancing round, encircled him with charms,
Pallas her virgin breast did thrice distil
Into his lips, and him with nectar fill.
When he grew up to years, his mind was all
On verses; verses, that the rocks might call
To follow him, and hell itself command,
And wrest Jove's three-fold thunder from his hand.
The satyrs oft-times hemm'd him in a ring,
And gave him pipes and reeds to hear him sing;
Whose vocal notes, tun'd to Apollo's lyre,
The syrens, and the muses did admire.

labours. He was evidently familiar with several poets of eminence, and has commendations prefixed to the plays of Massinger and Ford, as well as before the writings of authors of inferior fame. GILCHRIST.

The nymphs to him their gems and corals sent;
And did with swans, and nightingales present,
Gifts far beneath his worth. The golden ore,
That lies on Tagus or Pactolus' shore,
Might not compare with him, nor that pure sand
The Indians find upon Hydaspes' strand.
His fruitful raptures shall grow up to seed.
And as the ocean does the rivers feed,
So shall his wit's rich veins, the world supply
With unexhausted wealth, and ne'er be dry.
For whether he, like a fine thread does file
His terser poems in a comic style,
Or treats of tragic furies, and him list,
To draw his lines out with a stronger twist;
Minerva's, nor Arachne's loom can shew
Such curious tracts; nor does the spring bestow
Such glories on the field, or Flora's bowers,
As his work smile with figures, and with flowers.
Never did so much strength, or such a spell
Of art, and eloquence of papers dwell.
For whilst that he in colours, full and true,
Men's natures, fancies, and their humours drew
In method, order, matter, sense and grace,
Fitting each person to his time and place;
Knowing to move, to slack, or to make haste,
Binding the middle with the first and last:
He framed all minds, and did all passions stir,
And with a bridle guide the theatre.
To say now he is dead, or to maintain
A paradox he lives, were labour vain:
Earth must to earth. But his fair soul does wear
Bright Ariadne's crown; or is placed near,
Where Orpheus' harp turns round with Læda's swan:
Astrologers, demonstrate where you can,
Where his star shines, and what part of the sky,
Holds his compendious divinity.

There he is fixed; I know it, 'cause from thence,
Myself have lately receiv'd influence.
The reader smiles; but let no man deride
The emblem of my love, not of my pride.

SHACKERLEY MARMION.[8]

## ON THE BEST OF ENGLISH POETS,

## BEN JONSON,

### DECEASED.

SO seems a star to shoot; when from our sight
Falls the deceit, not from its loss of light;
We want use of a soul, who merely know
What to our passion, or our sense we owe:
By such a hollow glass, our cozen'd eye
Concludes alike, all dead, whom it sees die.
Nature is knowledge here, but unrefin'd,
Both differing, as the body from the mind;
Laurel and cypress else, had grown together,
And withered without memory to either:
Thus undistinguish'd, might in every part
The sons of earth vie with the sons of art.
Forbid it, holy reverence, to his name,
Whose glory hath fill'd up the book of fame!

[8] Shackerley Marmion, heir of the Shackerley's of Little Longsdon in Derbyshire, was the eldest son of Shackerley Marmion, lord of the manor of Aynho in Northamptonshire, where the poet was born in January, 1602. Wood has attributed the dissipation of the family estate to the Shackerley before us, from the habitual prodigality of poets; but the estate was alienated by the elder of the name in the 13th year of James I., when the poet was only thirteen years of age. The poet Shackerley was educated at Thame, and afterwards at Wadham College, where in 1624 he took his master of arts degree. He joined sir John Suckling's memorable regiment, and died after a short illness in 1639. He has left several plays, some of which possess considerable merit, and has commendatory verses prefixed to the writings of his contemporaries. GILCHRIST.

Where in fair capitals, free, uncontroll'd,
Jonson, a work of honour lives enroll'd:
Creates that book a work; adds this far more,
'Tis finish'd what unperfect was before.
The muses, first in Greece begot, in Rome
Brought forth, our best of poets hath call'd home,
Nurst, taught, and planted here; that Thames now sings
The Delphian altars, and the sacred springs.
By influence of this sovereign, like the spheres,
Moved each by other, the most low (in years)
Consented in their harmony; though some
Malignantly aspected, overcome
With popular opinion, aim'd at name
More than desert: yet in despight of shame
Even they, though foil'd by his contempt of wrongs,
Made music to the harshness of their songs.
Drawn to the life of every line and limb,
He (in his truth of art, and that in him)
Lives yet, and will, whilst letters can be read;
The loss is ours; now hope of life is dead.
Great men, and worthy of report, must fall
Into their earth, and sleeping there sleep all:
Since he, whose pen in every strain did use
To drop a verse, and every verse a muse,
Is vow'd to heaven; as having with fair glory,
Sung thanks of honour, or some nobler story.
The court, the university, the heat
Of theatres, with what can else beget
Belief, and admiration, clearly prove
Our Poet first in merit, as in love:
Yet if he do not at his full appear,
Survey him in his Works, and know him there.

JOHN FORD.[4]

[4] John Ford was the second son of Thomas Ford, Esq., of Bagtor, a hamlet in the parish of Ilsington in Devonshire, where the poet was baptized the 17th April, 1589. On the 6th November,

UPON THE

## DEATH OF MASTER BEN JONSON.

THIS not secure to be too learn'd, or good,
These are hard names, and now scarce understood:
Dull flagging souls with lower parts, may have
The vain ostents of pride upon their grave,
Cut with some fair inscription, and true cry,
That both the man and Epitaph there lie!
Whilst those that soar above the vulgar pitch,
And are not in their bags, but studies rich,
Must fall without a line, and only be
A theme of wonder, not of poetry.
He that dares praise the eminent, he must
Either be such, or but revile their dust:
And so must we, great Genius of brave verse!
With our injurious zeal profane thy herse.
It is a task above our skill, if we
Presume to mourn our own dead elegy;
Wherein, like bankrupts in the stock of fame,
To patch our credit up, we use thy name;
Or cunningly to make our dross to pass,
Do set a jewel in a foil of brass:
No, 'tis the glory of thy well-known name,
To be eternized, not in verse but fame.
Jonson! that's weight enough to crown thy stone:
And make the marble piles to sweat and groan
Under the heavy load! a name shall stand
Fix'd to thy tomb, till time's destroying hand

1602, Ford was entered of the Middle Temple, and while there published "Fame's Memorial, or the earl of Devonshire deceased," a poem, 4to, 1606. He wrote for the stage as early as 1613, and as he ceased his dramatic labours in 1639, it is likely he did not long survive that period. GILCHRIST.

Crumble our dust together, and this all
Sink to its grave, at the great funeral.
If some less learned age neglect thy pen,
Eclipse thy flames, and lose the name of Ben,
In spight of ignorance thou must survive
In thy fair progeny; that shall revive
Thy scattered ashes in the skirts of death,
And to thy fainting name give a new breath;
That twenty ages after, men shall say
(If the world's story reach so long a day,)
Pindar and Plautus with their double quire
Have well translated Ben the English lyre.
What sweets were in the Greek or Latin known,
A natural metaphor has made thine own:
Their lofty language in thy phrase so drest,
And neat conceits in our own tongue exprest,
That ages hence, critics shall question make
Whether the Greeks and Romans English spake.
And though thy fancies were too high for those
That but aspire to Cockpit-flight, or prose,
Though the fine plush and velvets of the age
Did oft for sixpence damn thee from the stage,
And with their mast and acorn stomachs ran
To the nasty sweepings of thy serving-man,
Before thy cates, and swore thy stronger food,
'Cause not by them digested, was not good;
These moles thy scorn and pity did but raise,
They were as fit to judge as we to praise.
Were all the choice of wit and language shown
In one brave epitaph upon thy stone,
Had learned Donne, Beaumont, and Randolph, all
Surviv'd thy fate, and sung thy funeral,
Their notes had been too low: take this from me,
None but thyself could write a verse for thee.

i R. BRIDEOAKE.[5]

[5] Ralph son of Richard and Cicely Brideoake, was born at Chetham Hill near Manchester about 1614. On the 15th July,

## ON MASTER BEN JONSON.

POET of princes, Prince of poets (we,
If to Apollo, well may pray to thee.)
Give glow-worms leave to peep, who till thy night
Could not be seen, we darken'd were with light.
For stars t' appear after the fall of the sun,
Is at the least modest presumption.
I've seen a great lamp lighted by the small
Spark of a flint, found in a field or wall.
Our thinner verse faintly may shadow forth
A dull reflection of thy glorious worth;
And (like a statue homely fashion'd) raise
Some trophies to thy memory, though not praise.
Those shallow sirs, who want sharp sight to look
On the majestic splendour of thy book.
That rather choose to hear an Archy's prate,
Than the full sense of a learn'd laureat,
May, when they see thy name thus plainly writ,
Admire the solemn measures of thy wit,
And like thy works beyond a gaudy show
Of boards and canvas, wrought by Inigo.

1630, he was admitted of Brazen Nose College, but removed to New College, where in 1636 he was created M. A. by royal mandate. Being patronized by the earl of Derby, he defended that nobleman's house against the parliamentary forces; but the earl being taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester, Brideoake plied Lenthal with so much zeal and skill to preserve his patron's life that, though he was unsuccessful in his object, he so interested the Speaker that he was appointed preacher to the parliament. Notwithstanding his acceptance of this office, upon the restoration he was appointed chaplain to Charles II., installed canon of Windsor, dean of Salisbury, and ultimately advanced to the see of Chichester. While in the active discharge of his episcopal duties he was seized with a fever that hastily terminated his existence on the 5th October, 1678. He was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where a handsome monument remains to his memory. GILCHRIST.

Ploughmen who puzzled are with figures, come
By tallies to the reckoning of a sum;
And milk-sop heirs, which from their mother's lap
Scarce travell'd, know far countries by a map.
Shakspeare may make grief merry, Beaumont's style
Ravish and melt anger into a smile;
In winter nights, or after meals they be,
I must confess, very good company:
But thou exact'st our best hours industry;
We may read them; we ought to study thee:
Thy scenes are precepts, every verse doth give
Counsel, and teach us not to laugh, but live.
Thou that with towering thoughts presum'st so high,
(Swell'd with a vain ambitious tympany)
To dream on sceptres, whose brave mischief calls
The blood of kings to their last funerals,
Learn from Sejanus his high fall, to prove
To thy dread sovereign a sacred love;
Let him suggest a reverend fear to thee,
And may his tragedy thy lecture be.
Learn the compendious age of slippery power
That's built on blood; and may one little hour
Teach thy bold rashness that it is not safe
To build a kingdom on a Cæsar's grave.
Thy plays were whipt and libell'd, only 'cause
They are good, and savour of our kingdom's laws.
Histrio-Mastix (lightning like) doth wound
Those things alone that solid are and sound.
Thus guilty men hate justice; so a glass
Is sometimes broke for shewing a foul face.
There's none that wish thee rods instead of bays,
But such, whose very hate adds to thy praise.
Let scribblers (that write post, and versify
With no more leisure than we cast a dye)
Spur on their Pegasus, and proudly cry,
This verse I made in the twinkling of an eye.

Thou couldst have done so, hadst thou thought
it fit;
But 'twas the wisdom of thy muse to sit
And weigh each syllable; suffering nought to pass
But what could be no better than it was.
Those that keep pompous state ne'er go in haste;
Thou went'st before them all, though not so fast.
While their poor cobweb-stuff finds as quick fate
As birth, and sells like almanacks out of date;
The marble glory of thy labour'd rhyme
Shall live beyond the calendar of time.
Who will their meteors 'bove thy sun advance?
Thine are the works of judgment, theirs of chance.
How this whole kingdom's in thy debt! we have
From others periwigs and paints, to save
Our ruin'd sculls and faces; but to thee
We owe our tongues, and fancies remedy.
Thy poems make us poets; we may lack
(Reading thy Book) stolen sentences and sack.
He that can but one speech of thine rehearse,
Whether he will or no, must make a verse:
Thus trees give fruit, the kernels of that fruit,
Do bring forth trees, which in more branches shoot.
Our canting English, of itself alone,
(I had almost said a confusion)
Is now all harmony; what we did say
Before was tuning only, this is play.
Strangers, who cannot reach thy sense, will throng
To hear us speak the accents of thy tongue
As unto birds that sing; if't be so good
When heard alone, what is't when understood!
Thou shalt be read as classic authors; and,
As Greek and Latin, taught in every land.
The cringing Monsieur shall thy language vent,
When he would melt his wench with compliment.
Using thy phrases he may have his wish
Of a coy nun, without an angry pish!

And yet in all thy poems there is shown
Such chastity, that every line's a zone.
Rome will confess that thou mak'st Cæsar talk
In greater state and pomp than he could walk:
Catiline's tongue is the true edge of swords,
We now not only hear, but feel his words.
Who Tully in thy idiom understands,
Will swear that his orations are commands.
  But that which could with richer language dress
The highest sense, cannot thy worth express.
Had I thy own invention (which affords
Words above action, matter above words)
  To crown thy merits, I should only be
  Sumptuously poor, low in hyperbole.

RICHARD WEST.[6]

TO THE

## MEMORY OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

OUR bays, methinks, are withered, and they look
As if (though thunder-free) with envy, strook;
While the triumphant cypress boasts to be
Design'd, as fitter for thy company.
  Where shall we now find one dares boldly write,
Free from base flattery yet as void of spight?

[6] Richard West, the son of Thomas West of Northampton, was admitted student of Christ Church, from Westminster School in 1632; took his degrees of bachelor and master of arts, and during the rebellion joined the soldiers of his sovereign. At the restoration he became rector of Shillingston in Dorsetshire, and prebendary of Wells. He published some sermons, and has "a Poem to the pious memory of his dear brother-in-law, Mr. Thomas Randolph," prefixed to the works of that excellent dramatic writer. GILCHRIST.

That grovels not in 's satires, but soars high,
Strikes at the mounting vices, can descry
With his quick eagle's pen those glorious crimes,
That either dazzle, or affright the times ?
Thy strength of judgment oft did thwart the tide
O' the foaming multitude, when to their side
Throng'd plush, and silken censures, whilst it chose,
(As that which could distinguish men from clothes,
Faction from judgment) still to keep thy bays
From the suspicion of a vulgar praise.
  But why wrong I thy memory whilst I strive,
In such a verse as mine to keep't alive ?
Well we may toil, and shew our wits the rack,
Torture our needy fancies, yet still lack
  Worthy expressions thy great loss to moan ;
  Being none can fully praise thee but thy own.

R. MEADE.[7]

UPON THE

## DEATH OF BENJAMIN JONSON.

LET thine own Sylla, Ben, arise, and try
To teach my thoughts an angry extasy,
That I may fright Contempt, and with just darts
Of fury stick thy palsy in their hearts !

[7] Robert Meade was born in Fleet Street in 1616; after receiving the earlier part of his education at Westminster, he removed to Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of M. A., and afterwards a doctor's degree in physic. When the rebellion broke out, in common with almost all the poets of his day, he followed the fortunes of his royal and indulgent master, and was appointed by the governor of Oxford to treat with the Parliamentary army concerning the surrender of that city. After the death of the king, he followed Charles II. into France, and was employed by that monarch as his agent in Sweden. Returning into England, he died, in the same house, it is said, in which he was born, the 12th Feb.

But why do I rescue thy name from those
That only cast away their ears in prose?
Or, if some better brain arrive so high,
To venture rhymes, 'tis but court balladry,
Singing thy death in such an uncouth tone,
As it had been an execution.
What are his faults (O envy!)—That you speak
English at court, the learned stage acts Greek?
That Latin he reduced, and could command
That which your Shakspeare scarce could understand?
That he exposed you, zealots, to make known
Your profanation, and not his own?
That one of such a fervent nose, should be
Posed by a Puppet in Divinity?
Fame write them on his tomb, and let him have
Their accusations for an epitaph:
Nor think it strange if such thy scenes defy,
That erect scaffolds 'gainst authority.
Who now will plot to cozen vice, and tell
The trick and policy of doing well?
Others may please the stage, his sacred fire
Wise men did rather worship than admire:
His lines did relish mirth, but so severe;
That as they tickled, they did wound the ear.
Well then, such virtue cannot die, though stones
Loaded with epitaphs do press his bones:
He lives to me; spite of this martyrdom,
Ben, is the self-same poet in the tomb.
You that can aldermen new wits create,
Know, Jonson's skeleton is laureat.

H. RAMSAY.[8]

1652. He left one comedy, "The combat of Love and Friendship," printed in 4to. 1654. GILCHRIST.

[8] H. Ramsay was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, whence, in 1638, he contributed a poem to the "*Musarum Oxoniensium Charisteria pro serenissima Regina Maria, recens è nixus laboriosi discrimine recepta,*" printed in 4to. GILCHRIST.

*En*
JONSONUS. NOSTER
*Lyricorum Drammaticorumque*
*Coryphæus*
*Qui*
*Pallade auspice*
*Laurum â Græcia ipsaque Roma*
*rapuit,*
*Et*
*Fausto omine*
*In Britanniam transtulit*
*nostram :*
*Nunc*
*Invidia major*
*Fato, non Æmulis*
*cessit.*

*Anno Dom.* CIↃCIXXXVII.
*Id. Nonar.*

FR. WORTLEY,[9]
Bar.

[9] Sir Francis Wortley, son of sir Richard Wortley, of Wortley in Yorkshire, became a commoner of Magdalen College (according to Wood) in 1610, and a baronet the year following. When the parliament took up arms in defiance of the king, sir Edward fortified Wortley Hall, and defended it for the king's service. Upon the declining of the royal cause, sir Edward was made prisoner and committed to the Tower. Compounding for his release from imprisonment by forfeiting a large portion of his estate, he became embarrassed with debts. Wood, from whom this account is taken, has given a list of his writings; but professes to be ignorant of the time of sir Edward's death. GILCHRIST.

IN OBITUM

## BEN JONSONI

POETARUM FACILE PRINCIPIS.

*IN quæ projicior discrimina? quale trementem*
*Traxit in officium pietas temeraria musam?*
*Me miserum! incusso pertentor frigore, et umbrâ*
*Territus ingenti videor pars funeris ipse*
*Quod celebro; famæ concepta mole fatisco,*
*Exiguumque strues restringuit prægravis ignem.*
*Non tamen absistam, nam si spes talibus ausis*
*Excidat, extabo laudum Jonsone tuarum*
*Uberior testis: totidem quos secula norunt,*
*Solus tu dignus, cujus præconia spiret,*
*Deliquum musarum, et victi facta poetæ.*
*Quis nescit, Romane tuos, in utrâque triumphos*
*Militiâ, laurique decus mox sceptra secutum?*
*Virgilius quoque Cæsar erat, nec ferre priorem*
*Noverat: Augustum fato dilatus in ævum,*
*Ut regem vatem jactares regia, teque*
*Suspiceres gemino prælustrem Roma monarcha.*
*En penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos,*
*Munera jactantes eadem, similique beatos*
*Fortuna; hæc quoque sêcla suum videre Maronem,*
*Cæsarei vixit qui lætus imagine sceptri,*
*Implevitque suum Romano carmine nomen.*
*Utque viam cernas, longosque ad summa paratus;*
*En series eadem, vatumque simillimus ordo.*
*Quis neget incultum Lucretî carmen, et Ennî*
*Deformes numeros, musæ incrementa Latinæ?*
*Haud aliter nostri præmissa in principis ortum*
*Ludicra Chauceri, classisque incompta sequentum;*
*Nascenti apta parum divina hæc machina regno,*

*In nostrum servanda fuit tantæque decebat*
*Prælusisse Deos ævi certamina famæ;*
*Nec geminos vates, nec te Shakspeare silebo,*
*Aut quicquid sacri nostros conjecit in annos*
*Consilium fati: per seros ite nepotes*
*Illustres animæ, demissaque nomina semper*
*Candidior fama excipiat; sed parcite divi,*
*Si majora vocant, si pagina sanctior urget.*
*Est vobis decor, et nativæ gratia Musæ,*
*Quæ trahit atque tenet, quæ me modò læta remittit,*
*Excitum modò in alta rapit, versatque legentem.*
*Sed quàm te memorem vatum Deus: O nova gentis*
*Gloria et ignoto turgescens musa cothurno!*
*Quàm solidat vires, quàm pingui robore surgens*
*Invaditque hauritque animam: haud temerarius ille*
*Qui mos est reliquis, probat obvia, magnaque fundit*
*Felici tantum genio; sed destinat ictum,*
*Sed vafer et sapiens cunctator prævia sternit,*
*Furtivoque gradu subvectus in ardua, tandem*
*Dimittit pleno correptos fulmine sensus.*
*Huc, precor, accedat quisquis primo igne calentem*
*Ad numeros sua musa vocat, nondumque subacti*
*Ingenii novitate tumens in carmina fertur*
*Non normæ legisve memor; quis ferre soluti*
*Naufragium ingenii poterit, mentisque ruinam?*
*Quanto pulchrior hic mediis qui regnat in undis,*
*Turbine correptus nullo: cui spiritus ingens*
*Non artem vincit: medio sed verus in æstro,*
*Princeps insano pugnantem numine musam*
*Edomat, et cudit suspenso metra furore.*
*In rabiem Catilina tuam conversus et artes*
*Qualia molitur; quali bacchatur hiatu?*
*En mugitum oris, conjurat æque Camœnæ,*
*Divinas furias et non imitabile fulmen!*
*O verum Ciceronis opus, linguæque disertæ*
*Elogium spirans! O vox æterna Catonis,*
*Cæsaream reserans fraudem, retrahensque sequaces*

*Patricios in cædem, et funera certa reorum!*
*Quis fando expediat primæ solennia pompæ,*
*Et circumfusi studium plaususque theatri?*
*Non tu divini Cicero dux inclyte facti,*
*Romave majores vidit servata triumphos.*
*Celsior incedis nostro, Sejane, cothurno*
*Quàm te Romani, quàm te tua fata ferebant:*
*Hinc magis insigni casu, celebrique ruina*
*Volveris, et gravius terrent exempla theatri.*
*At tu stas nunquam ruituro in culmine vates,*
*Despiciens auras, et fallax numen amici,*
*Tutus honore tuo, genitæque volumine famæ.*
*A Capreis verbosa et grandis epistola frustra*
*Venerat, offenso major fruerere Tonante,*
*Si sic crevisses, si sic, Sejane, stetisses.*
*O fortunatum, qui te, Jonsone, sequutus*
*Contexit sua fila, suique est nominis author.*

T. TERRENT.[1]

VATUM PRINCIPI

## BEN. JONSONO

SACRUM.

*Poëtarum Maxime!*
*Sive tu mortem, sive ecstasin passus,*
*Jaces verendum et plus quam hominis funus.*
*Sic post receptam sacri furoris gloriam,*
*Cum exhaustum jam numen decoxit emerita vates*
*Jugique fluxu non reditura se prodegit anima,*

[1] This poem by Thomas Terrent is a very creditable proof of his skill in the composition of Latin poetry, in which it should seem he principally exercised his muse, since we find a similar tribute prefixed by the same author to the plays and poems of Thomas Randolph.

Terrent was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took the degree of master of arts, and was tutor of the College. He is

*Jacuit Sibyllæ cadaver,*
*Vel trepidis adhuc cultoribus consulendum.*
*Nulli se longius indulsit* Deus, *nulli ægrius valedixit;*
*Pares testatus flammas,*
*Dum exul, ac dum incola.*
*Annorumque jam ingruente vespere,*
*Pectus tuum, tanquam poeseos horizonta,*
*Non sine rubore suo reliquit:*
*Vatibus nonnullis ingentia prodere; nec scire datur:*
*Magnum aliis mysterium, majus sibi,*
*Ferarum ritu vaticinantium*
*Inclusum jactant numen quod nesciunt,*
*Et instinctu sapiunt non intellecto.*
*Quibus dum ingenium facit audacia, prodest ignorare.*
*Tibi primo contigit furore frui proprio,*
*Et numen regere tuum.*
*Dum pari luctâ afflatibus indicium commisisti,*
*Bis entheatus:*
*Aliasque musis mutas addidisti, artes et scientias,*
*Tui plenus poeta.*
*Qui furorem insaniæ eximens*
*Docuisti, et sobrie Aonios latices hauriri.*
*Primus omnium,*
*Qui effrænem caloris luxuriem frugi consilio castigaveris,*
*Ut tandem ingenium sine veniâ placiturum*
*Possideret Britannia,*
*Miraretur orbis,*
*Nihilque inveniret scriptis tuis donandum, præter famam.*
*Quòd prologi igitur*
*Velut magnatum propylæa domini titulos proferunt,*
*Perpetuumque celebratur argumentum, ipse author,*

entirely overlooked by Antony Wood, unless he be the *Jerumae* Terrent said to be the tutor of Cartwright the poet, (*Athenæ*, 2. 35.) which seems not unlikely. GILCHRIST.

*Non arrogantis hoc est, sed judicantis,*
*Aut vaticinantis,*
*Virtutis enim illud et vatis est, sibi placere.*
*Proinde non invidiâ tantum nostrâ, sed laude tuâ*
*Magnum te prodire jusserunt fata.*
*Qui integrum nobis poetam solus exhibuisti,*
*Unusque omnes exprimens.*
*Cum frondes alii laureas decerpunt, tu totum nemus vindicas,*
*Nec adulator laudas, nec invidus perstringis:*
*Utrumque exosus,*
*Vel sacrificio tuo mella, vel medicinæ acetum immiscere.*
*Nec intenso nimis spiritu avenam dirupisti,*
*Nec exili nimis tubam emasculasti;*
*Servatis utrinque legibus, lex ipse factus.*
*Unâ obsequii religione imperium nactus es:*
*Rerum servus, non temporum.*
*Ita omnium musarum amasius,*
*Omnibus perpetuum certamen astas.*
*Sit Homeri gloria*
*Urbes de se certantes habere, de te disputant musæ,*
*Qui seu cothurno niteris, inter poetas tonans pater,*
*Sive soccum pede comples rotundo,*
*Et epigrammata dictas agenda,*
*Facetiasque manibus exprimendas,*
*Adoranda posteris ducis vestigia, et nobis unus es theatrum metari.*
*Non arenæ spectacula scena exhibuit tua,*
*Nec poemata, sed poesin ipsam parturiit,*
*Populoque mentes, et leges ministravit,*
*Quibus te damnare possent, si tu poteras peccare.*
*Sic et oculos spectanti præstas, et spectacula;*
*Scenamque condis quæ legi magis gestiat quam spectari.*
*Non histrioni suum delitura ingenium,*
*Alii, queis nullus Apollo, sed Mercurius numen,*
*Quibus afflatus præstant vinum et amasia,*
*Truduntque in scenam vitia, morbo poetæ.*

*Quibus musa pagis primisque plaustris apta,*
*Præmoriturum vati carmen,*
*Non edunt, sed abortiunt;*
*Cui ipsum etiam prælum conditorium est,*
*Novâque lucinæ fraude in tenebras emittuntur authores,*
*Dum poemata sic ut diaria,*
*Suo tantum anno et regioni effingunt,*
*Sic quoque Plauti moderni sales,*
*Ipsi tantum Plauto* σύγχρονοι *:*
*Et vernaculæ nimium Aristophanis facetiæ*
*Non extra suum theatrum plausus invenerunt:*
*Tu interim*
*Sæculi spiras quoque post futuri genium.*
*Idemque tuum et orbis theatrum est.*
*Dum immensum, cumque lectore crescens carmen,*
*Et perenne uno fundis poema verbo,*
*Tuas tibi gratulamur fælices moras!*
*Quanquam quid moras reprehendimus, quas nostri fecit reverentia?*
*Æternum scribi debuit quicquid æternum legi.*
*Poteras tu solus*
*Stylo sceptris majore orbem moderari.*
*Romæ Britannos subjugavit gladius,*
*Romam Britannis calamus tuus,*
*Quam sic vinci gestientem,*
*Cothurno Angliaco sublimiorem quam suis collibus cernimus.*
*Demum quod majus est, ætatem nobis nostram subjicis;*
*Oraculique vicarius,*
*Quod jussit* Deus, *fides præstat sacerdos,*
*Homines seipsos noscere instituens.*
*Lingua nostra*
*Tibi collactanea tecum crevit,*
*Vocesque patrias, et tuas simùl formasti.*
*Nec indigenam amplius, sed Jonsoni jactamus facundiam,*

*Ut inde semper tibi contingat tuâ linguâ celebrari;*
*Qui et Romam*
*Disertiores docuisti voces,*
*Mancipiali denuò idiomate superbientem.*
*Græciamque etiam*
*Orbis magistram excoluisti,*
*Nunc aliâ quàm Atticâ Minervâ eloquentem.*
*Te solo dives poteras aliorum ingenia contemnere,*
*Et vel sine illis evasisses ingenii compendium:*
*Sed ut ille pictor,*
*Mundo daturus par ideæ exemplar,*
*Quas hinc et inde pulchritudines*
*Sparserat natura,*
*Collegit artifex:*
*Formæque rivulos palantes in unum cogens oceanum,*
*Inde exire jussit alteram sine nævo Venerem.*
*Ita tibi parem machinam molito,*
*In hoc etiam ut pictura erat poesis:*
*Alii inde authores materies ingenio tuo accedunt,*
*Tu illis ars, et lima adderis.*
*Et si poetæ audient illi, tu ipsa poesis;*
*Authorum non alius calamus, sed author.*
*Scriptores diu sollicitos teipso tandem docens,*
*Quem debeat genium habere victurus liber.*
*Qui præcesserunt, quotquot erant, viarum tantùm judices fuerunt:*
*Tu solùm Columna.*
*Quæ prodest aliis virtus, obstat domino.*
*Et qui cæteros emendatiùs transcripseras,*
*Ipse transcribi nescis.*
*Par prioribus congressus, futuris impar,*
*Scenæ Perpetuus Dictator.*

ROB. WARING.[2]

[2] Robert Waring, the son of Edward Waring of Lea in Staffordshire, and of Oldbury in Shropshire, was born in Staffordshire in 1613, was elected into Christ Church Oxford from Westminster school, and took the degree of master of arts. In 1647 he was

## EPITAPHIUM

## IN BEN. JONSON.

*ADSTA, hospes! pretium moræ est, sub isto*
*Quid sit, discere, conditum sepulchro.*
*Socci deliciæ; decus cothurni;*
*Scenæ pompa; cor et caput theatri;*
*Linguarum sacer helluo; perennis*
*Defluxus venerum; scatebra salsi*
*Currens lene joci, sed innocentis;*
*Artis perspicuum jubar; coruscum*
*Sydus; judicii pumex, profundus*
*Doctrinæ puteus, tamen serenus;*
*Scriptorum genius; poeticus dux,*
*Quantum O sub rigido latet lapillo!*

WILLIAM BEW.[8]
*N. Coll. Oxon. soc.*

chosen proctor and historical professor: but, following the loyal example of his companions in taking up arms for the king, he was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors. He then travelled into France with sir William Whitmore, "a great patron of distressed cavaliers,"—but returning to England, he contracted an inveterate disorder which terminated his existence in 1658. GILCHRIST.

[8] William Bew was born at Hagborne in Berkshire, and, after being educated at Winchester school, removed to New College, Oxford, of which he became fellow in 1637, and where he took his degree as master of arts in 1644. When his rebellious subjects took up arms against the king, Bew joined the soldiers of his sovereign, and had a majority of horse. Being chosen proctor for 1648, he was set aside by the parliamentary visitors, and, being ejected from his fellowship by the same authority, he quitted England and served the Swedes in their war against the Poles. Hitherto arms appear to have been his profession,—but more peaceable times arriving, with the return of Charles II., Bew returned, and being restored to his fellowship, he became vicar of Ebberbury in Oxfordshire. On the 22nd June 1679, he was consecrated bishop of Landaff, and died, in his ninetieth year, on the 10th Feb. 1705. GILCHRIST.

IN OBITUM

## BEN. JONSON.

*NEC sic excidimus: pars tantùm vilior audit*
*Imperium Libitina tuum, cælestior urget*
*Æthereos tractus, mediasque supervolat auras,*
*Et velut effusum spissa inter nubila lumen*
*Ingenii strictura micat: fælicior ille,*
*Quisquis ab hoc victuram actavit lampada Phœbo.*
*In famulante faces accendimus, idque severæ.*
*Quod damus alterius vitæ, concedimus umbræ.*
*Sic caput Ismarii, cæsa cervice, Poetæ,*
*Nescio quid rapido vocale immurmurat Hebro,*
*Memnonis adverso sic stridit chordula Phœbo,*
*Datque modos magicos, tenuesque reciprocat auras.*
*Seu tu grandiloqui torques vaga fræna theatri,*
*En tibi vox geminis applaudit publica palmis;*
*Seu juvat in numeros, palantes cogere voces*
*Mæoniâ Jonsone cheli, te pronus amantum*
*Prosequitur cœtus, studioso imitamine vatum.*
*Benjamini insignis quondam quintuplice ditis*
*Suffitu mensæ, densaque paropside, sed tu*
*Millenâ plus parte alios excedis, et auctis*
*Accumulas dapibus, propriâ de dote, placentam.*

SAM. EVANS, *LL. Bacc.*
*No. Coll. Oxon. Soc.*

IN

## BEN. JONSON.

*QUOD martes Epico tonat cothurno,*
*Sive aptat Elegis leves amores,*
*Seu sales Epigrammatum jocosos*
*Promit, seu numerosiora plectro*
*Jungit verba, sibi secundat orsa*

*Cyrrhæus, nec Hyantiæ sorores*
*Ulli dexterius favent poetæ,*
*Hoc cum Mæonide sibi et Marone,*
*Et cum Callimacho, et simul Tibullo*
*Commune est, aliisque cum trecentis:*
*Sed quòd Anglia quotquot eruditos*
*Fœcundo ediderit sinu poetas*
*Acceptos referat sibi, sua omnes*
*Hos industria finxerit, labosque*
*Jonsoni, hoc proprium est suumque totum,*
*Qui Poëmata fecit et Poetas.*

R. BRIDEOAKE.[4]

Ιωνσωνῳ ποτε φυντι παρεστη ποτνια Μουσα,
Και Βρομιος, και Ερως, και Χαριτων θιασος,
Ευϊος αρτιτυκον λαβε νεβριδι, σπαιρξε τε κισσῳ,
Λουσας και ποτισας νεκταρ τῳ βοτρυος.
Κυσσαν δι' αἱ Χαριτες, και αειθαλεεσσι ῥοδοισιν
Εστεφον, ηδ' ἱεροις βακχαριδος πεταλοις.
Κεστον τυτθος ερως, συλησας μητερα δωκεν,
Ἁγνον θελξινοῳ φιλτρον αοιδοπολῳ·
Τοις δ' επι Μωσα σοφῳ ψιθυρισματι παιδ' εμυησε,
Χρυσειας πτερυγας λικνου ὑπερσχομενη·
Χαιρε θεων κηρυξ, γαιης μεγα χαρμα Βρεταννης.
Χαιρ' ελπις Σκηνων των ετι γυμνοποδων·
Αἰς συ χορηγησων ειτ' εμβαδως, ειτε κοθορνους,
Ἑλλαδα και Ῥωμην ες φθονον οιστρελασεις·
Γαυριοων θριγκοισι νεοδμητοιο Θεατρου,
Ικρι' αμειψαμενου μαρμαρεων ψαλιδων.
Ην και ἀπιπταμενη, βρεφεος παλαμῃσιν ενηκε
Πλινθον, ἀρειοτερης συμβολον οικοδομης.

[4] Bishop of Chichester. See p. 470.

# ADDITIONAL NOTES.

P. 33. *Where nature such a large survey hath* ta'en,
*As other souls, to his, dwelt in a lane.*] Southey pronounces this to be a "sad conceit," and nobody will dispute the point with him. Sir Kenelm Digby was a man of vast bulk, as may be seen in his portrait.

P. 34. *Witness his action done at Scanderoon,*
*Upon his birthday, the eleventh of June.*] Old Antony's words are "Kenelm Digby was born at Gothurst, on the eleventh day of July, 1603, yet Ben Johnson for rhyme sake will have it *June.*" But surely the allusion to Saint "Barnaby the bright," and Ferrar's Epitaph settle the question.

P. 41. *The* dotes *were such*
*Thereof, no notion can express how much*
*Their caract was.*] This word was used in the *Silent Woman*, vol. iii. p. 364. I have not seen another instance of it. It is direct from the Latin, and means *endowments*.

P. 43. *Speaks heaven's language, and* discourseth *free*
*To every order, every hierarchy.*] I am not aware of Gifford's authority for the word *discourseth* in the first line. The folio has *discovereth*, and I have no doubt it is right.

P. 58. *T'were time that I dy'd too, now she is dead,*
*Who was my Muse, and life of all I* said.] The folio has "did" in the place of "said" at the end of the second line.

P. 62. *Nor dare we under blasphemy conceive*
*He that shall be our supreme judge,* shall *leave, &c.*] The folio has, and surely rightly,
"He that shall be our supreme judge *should* leave," &c.

P. 71. *Let our wines without mixture or* stum, *be all fine.*] *Stum* is strong new wine, used to give strength and spirit to what is vapid. It is supposed to be contracted from the Latin *mustum*. Dryden employs it very characteristically in *The Medal*, l. 269-270, speaking of Shaftesbury's friends—
"That preach up thee for God, dispense thy laws,
And with thy *stum* ferment their fainter cause."

P. 73. *Cries old Sim, the king of* skinkers.] A *skinker* was a tapster or drawer. On April 22nd, 1661, Pepys tells us that "Wadlow, the vintner at The Devil in Fleet Street, did lead a fine company of soldiers, all young comely men, in white doublets." But this one would think must be Simon the Second. That noble Bacchanalian line,
"Wine it is the milk of Venus,"
was improved by William Howitt into
"Wine it is the *cream* of Venus"!

## NOTES TO HORACE OF THE ART OF POETRY.

I SHALL limit my notes here to the citation of a few lines in which the unchangeable Latin helps to explain some fluctuating English.

P. 83. Feign words unheard of to the *well-truss'd* race.
Fingere *cinctutis* non exaudita Cethegis.

P. 83. Still in their leaves, throughout the *sliding* years.
Ut sylvæ foliis *pronos* mutantur in annos.

P. 85. The *gests* of kings, great captains and sad wars.
*Res gestæ* regumque, ducumque, et tristia bella.

P. 87. Their *bombard-phrase* and *foot and half-foot* words.
Projicit *ampullas*, et *sesquipedalia* verba.

P. 87. By the tongue her *truchman.*
*Interprete* linguâ.

P. 91. As if he knew it *raps* his hearer.
Non secus ac notas, auditorem *rapit.*

P. 93. Looks after honours, and *bewares* to act.
Commisisse *cavet*, quod mox mutare laboret.

[The word *beware* is always now used as if its two component parts were independent.]

P. 95. The *hau'boy*, not as now with *latten* bound.
*Tibia* non, ut nunc, *orichalcho* vincta.

P. 95. *But soft, and simple, at few* holds *breath'd time.*] On reference to the folio this meaningless word *holds* of course turned out to be *holes.*

P. 99. I can out of *known geer* a fable frame.
Ex *noto* fictum carmen sequar, &c.

P. 101. Too patiently, that I not *fondly* say.
Ne dicam *stultè.*

P. 101. Whether the *garded* tragedy they wrought.
Vel qui *prætextas*, vel qui docuêre togatas.

P. 103. A great *sort* will not pare their nails.
Bona *pars* non ungues ponere curat.

P. 105. And I still bid the learned *maker* look.
Doctum *imitatorem*, &c.

P. 105. *Orpheus, a priest, and speaker* of *the gods.*] This ought to be, as in the folio:

"Orpheus, a priest, and speaker *for* the gods."

P. 107. *Their minds to wars*, and *rhymes they did rehearse.*] This exquisite nonsense ceases to be so by following the folio:

"Their minds to wars *with* rhymes they did rehearse."

P. 107. *The docile mind* might *soon thy precepts know.*] This ungrammatical stuff ceases to be so by following the folio:

"The docile mind *may* soon thy precepts know."

P. 113. *Cry, and do more* to *the true mourners.*] This is utter nonsense. The folio reads:

"Cry, and do more *than* the true mourners."

## NOTES TO TIMBER OR DISCOVERIES.

Page 130.

*DISCOVERIES.*] Gifford does not say one word too much in praise of this noble series of criticisms and reflections. Antony Wood tells us that Jonson and Bishop Hacket translated the Essays of Bacon into Latin, and we think it might be discovered that the writer of the Discoveries was filled with the very spirit of the great author of the Essays.

My notes are confined to verbal criticism.

P. 133. *Only they set the sign of the cross over their outer doors.*] See the Epigrams No. cxvii. and cxviii., vol. viii. p. 220.

P. 138. *Men that* see *the caract and value.*] The folio has, rightly of course, "Men that *set* the caract."

P. 138. *The devil take all.*] These words do not occur in the beginning of the paragraph to which they have been removed from almost the end: "with his four last words, The Divell take all, in his mouth."

P. 139. *His arms set up in his last* herborough.] From the Saxon *hereberga*. It is more usually written *harborough*. Queen Elizabeth makes a verb of it, on one occasion when lecturing James: "Far be it from kingly magnanimity to *harbrough* in their brest so unseemly a gest." (*Letters, Cam. Soc.* p. 162.)

P. 142. *He is upbraidingly called a poet, as if it were a* contemptible *nick-name.*] Jonson wrote *most contemptible*, why should the word "most" be left out?

P. 145. Indice *of a fool.*] *Indice* for *index* was a frequent form with Jonson:

> "You know (without my flattering you) too much
> For me to be your indice."
>
> *Underwoods*, vol. viii. p. 350.

P. 146. *The only person* that *said nothing.*] Jonson wrote:

> "The only person *had* said nothing."

P. 148. *Whole volumes dispatched by the* umbratical *doctors on all sides.*] We cannot do better than quote Cooper's *Thesaurus*, the great Latin Dictionary of 1587, "*Umbraticæ literæ*, partes of learning touchyng school mattiers, and such as are only disputed in private conference."

P. 149. *It is true, some* men *may receive a courtesy, and not know it.*] Jonson wrote, "some *man*," not *men*.

P. 153. *Cloth of* bodkin *or tissue.*] This should rather be cloth of baudkin, being derived from *Baldekinus*, meaning Babylonian, or of Bagdad. It was made of gold and silk woven together, like the *kinkob* of modern India. *Minsheu's* derivation from *bawd* is very ludicrous,—*primum a lenis et meretricibus ad ornatum et mangonizationem inventum.* As *Baldachino* is the same word, the derivation is flattering. Cotgrave defines it the "Canopy that's carried over a prince, or a cloth of estate."

P. 154. *They who have but saluted her on the by, and now and then tendered their visits, she hath done much for.*] Here he alludes to Donne and Hall, who had been advanced in the profession of the Gospel, and to Sir John Davies, who had been advanced in that of the law. The rise of the last led Jonson very often to think of what his own position might have been had he been content to love literature "only on the by."

P. 155. *Indeed, the multitude commend writers.*] This passage (with the difference of only two words) is found in the Address to the Reader, which precedes the *Alchemist* in the quarto, 1612, but was omitted in the folio. See vol. iv. p. 6.

P. 155. *I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that, in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out* a *line.*] What a man like Ben Jonson says of a man like Shakspeare is of such great importance that the utmost accuracy is to be desired. Am I wrong in thinking it worthy of note that "never blotted *out a line*" should be "never blotted *out line*"?

P. 157. *Women's poets they are called, as you have women's tailors.*] So in the *News from the New World in the Moon*: "Your woman's poet must flow and stroke the ear, and, as one of them said of himself sweetly,

"Must write a verse as smooth and calm as cream,
In which there is no torrent, nor scarce stream."

See vol. vii. p. 341, and Gifford's note.

P. 158. *What they have discredited and impugned in one* week, *they have before or after extolled the same in another.*] Here the meaning is altogether destroyed by the stupid change of "in one *work*" to "in one *week!*"

P. 158. *False* venditation *of their own naturals.*] In Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1587, we have "*Vendidatio*, a glorious or bragging setting foorth."

P. 159. *Because they speak all they can they are thought to have the greater* copy.] Copy is here used for copiousness of ideas and knowledge.

P. 159. *The Tamer-lanes and Tamer-chams of the late age.*] This of course refers to Marlowe's famous plays, in which, in spite of all their "bumbard phrases," Jonson was not backward to recognize the "mighty lines" of a genuine master.

P. 160. *With what sweetness he* strokes *them.*] There is no doubt that Gifford was right in saying that to *stroke*, in the sense of to *flatter*, was a favourite word of Jonson's. See vol. vi. p. 78, and note.

P. 161. *In her* indagations *oft-times new scents put her by.*] Gifford carefully slurs over all these peculiar words. Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1587, has "*Indagatio*, a diligent searchynge, or seekynge out."

P. 161. *An extreme madness to* bind *or wrest that which ought to be right.*] "*Bind*" is nonsense. The folio has "*bend*."

P. 162. *Socrates is neither worthy* of *the patron*, nor *the person defended.*] Jonson wrote more characteristically, "Socrates is neither worthy *or* the patron *or* the person defended."

P. 163. *For no imitator ever grew up to his author.*] Here the folio reads: "For *never* no imitator ever grew up to his author," and so I believe Jonson wrote.

P. 163. *Dominus Verulamius. "No man ever spake more neatly,* more pressly, *more weightily.*"] This passage is continually quoted, but I have not observed that any one explains what is meant by more *pressly*. It cannot here mean *weightily*, as that is the term which immediately follows in the eulogy, yet this is the sense in which it appears to have been used by Chapman: "Hesiodus surnamed Ascræus, was one of the most ancient Greek Poets, and is one of the purest and *pressest* writers." In the folio, the only authority for the text, it is printed *presly*. Can this be *prestly*—readily? Or does it mean *compressedly* or *compactly*? In *Cynthia's Revels*, vol. ii. p. 319, Jonson uses the word *prest* for ready: "I am prest for the encounter."

P. 164. *The Earl of Essex, noble and high.*] It may appear strange to find the Earl of Essex occupying so high a place among the masters of composition in so great an age; but it ceases to be so when one reads "that Epistle or preface befor the translation of the last part of Tacitus, which is A. B." (See vol. ix. p. 397.) Jonson's authority is not to be gainsaid, but I should otherwise have guessed that A. B. stood for Antony Bacon, and that the pen was the pen of his brother Francis.

P. 166. *We should find more evils* belonging *to us than happen to us.*] Why *belonging* was substituted for the *belong* of the folio I am unable to guess.

P. 170. *I have considered our whole life is like a play.*] "All the world's a stage."

P. 171. *They were not famous* for *any public calamity.*] Jonson wrote, "They were not famous *by* any public calamity."

P. 176. *Though the prince himself be of* a *most prompt inclination to all virtue.*] It was no improvement to interpolate *a* before "most prompt."

P. 176. *A prince is the pastor of the people. He ought to sheer, not to flay his sheep; to take their fleeces, not their* fells.] Nothing can be more definite than Jonson's use of the word *fell* in this place, but elsewhere, it may be remembered, he is not so clear (see vol. vi. p. 244). When the Philological Society in their great and most promising scheme for a dictionary, parcelled out the English language among the right number of self-devoted scholars, the letter F fell to the Rev. Mr. Wheelwright. Being well aware that whatever *he* undertook would be done, as Carlyle says, with

*knuckles white*, I thought I could not do better than apply to him about the true history of this word Fell. By return of post I received the full and scholarly answer which I knew would come eventually, but which another man would not have sent under a month! From this I learn that his earliest extract is of A.D. 940, when it meant the skin of a beast with or without its covering of hair or wool; that he first finds it used in contradistinction to *fleece* in 1520; in contradistinction to *hide* in 1296; and in contradistinction to *wool* in 1502. "The word gave me a deal of trouble, and is still very unsatisfactory."

P. 176. *Neither to seek war in peace, nor* peace in war.] *Pax quæritur bello*, a few years after this, was adopted by Oliver Cromwell as the motto for his medals.

P. 177. *Which are the only two attributes make kings a-kin to* God.] Jonson wrote "akin to *gods*."

P. 177. *Heredes ex asse.*] This was the old Roman phrase for "full heirs of the whole."

P. 179. *Too late* (*being entered so* fair) *to seek starting-holes.*] Jonson wrote, "Too late (being entered so *far*)."

P. 181. *Bleaching their hands at midnight;* gumming *and bridling their beards.*] Mr. Dyce quotes this passage as satisfactorily clearing up a puzzling expression in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*, vol. i. p. 300:

"Art thou the dainty darling of the king?
Art thou the Hylas to our Hercules?
Do the lords bow, and the regarded scarlets
Kiss their *gummed* golls, and say, 'We are your servants.'"

Now *golls* are *hands, fists, paws*, and it will be observed that the process of *gumming*, which is perfectly intelligible when applied to *beards*, as in Jonson, is not the least so when applied to *golls*. Can "gummed" in this case be a misprint for "gemm'd?" I suspect it is.

P. 183. *It enjoys the pleasure of sinning, in beholding others' sin, as in* dining, *drinking, drabbing, &c.*] The ridiculous misprint of *dining* for *dicing* makes rare nonsense of this passage!

P. 183. *Spied by his master coming forth of* Black Lucy's.] Archdeacon Nares, quoting this passage, says: "It is much to be regretted that we have no further account of this disreputable lady." (*Glossary*, p. 532.)

P. 185. Occupy, *nature, and the like.*] Jonson himself plays

upon the double meaning of the word *occupy*, see *ante*, vol. viii. p. 220:

"Groine, come of age, his state sold out of hand
For's whore: Groine doth still occupy his land."

It was employed in the widest senses of the word *use*. In the *Nomenclator*, 1585, we find, "Inke, made of soote, such as printers *occupie;*" and in Bishop Jewell, vol. ii. p. 858 (Parker Soc.), "But if the [hundred pounds] stock be put to *occupying*, something will grow to the relief of the orphan, and yet his stock remain whole."

*Nature* is also used by Jonson in *Every Man out of His Humour*, vol. ii. p. 87.

P. 188. *To enquire after domestic* simulties.] This is another hateful latinism. Cooper's *Thesaurus*, 1587, defines "*Simultas*, privie grudge."

P. 188. *It pleased* your lordship *of late.*] There can be no doubt that "your lordship" in this place means the Earl of Newcastle. In the next page, seven lines from bottom, when Jonson says, "Your lordship, I fear, *hardly hears*," he means *listens with a deaf ear to.*

P. 191. *We force back our arms, to make our* loose *the stronger.*] This passage ought to have shown Gifford the strange blunder he had made in *Every Man out of His Humour*, vol. ii. p. 118.

P. 191. *For all that we invent doth please us* in conception of birth.] I fail to perceive a meaning here. The folio has, "in *the conception or birth.*"

P. 193. *Therefore these things are no more written to a dull disposition than rules of husbandry* to a soil.] The folio makes sense of this passage by reading, "to a *barren* soil."

P. 198. *The eldest of the present, and* newness *of the past language, is the best.*] There can be no doubt, I should say, that the word *newness* is palpably a misprint for *newest*. There is otherwise no meaning in the passage. In p. 196, l. 15, *wracked* should certainly be *racked;* and in p. 197, l. 16, I am inclined to think *obsceneness* is a misprint for *obscureness*. Jonson's thought in the passage at the head of this note has been adopted by Pope:

"In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."
*Essay on Criticism*, l. 333.

P. 199. *Marry we must not play or riot too much with them, as in* Paronomasies.] *Paronomasies* are *puns*, or *clinches;* although a slightly different meaning seems assigned to it in *Poetaster*, vol. ii. p. 411. It is certainly, however, the sense in which Dryden understood it: "'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the jingle of a more poor paronomasia." *Annus Mirabilis* ("*Globe*" *ed.* p. 40).

P. 201. *Who would say with us, but a madman?*] The folio has, "Who would say *this* with us but a madman?"

P. 202. *All* well-torned, *composed, elegant, and accurate.*] See the lines on Shakspeare, and note, vol. viii. p. 320.

P. 202. *Vast and* tumorous.] Giles Fletcher also uses this disagreeable word:

> "Making his child the toothless serpent chace,
> Or with his little hands her tum'rous gorge embrace."
> (*Ed. Grosart*, p. 176.)

P. 203. *We say it is a* fleshy *style, when there is much periphrasis and circuit of words.*] This passage reminds me of a letter from Edmund Burke to Sir Philip Francis, which I have always been surprised has not been made a trump card in the Junius controversy. "It was with unmixed pleasure that I heard Mr. Fox the other day do justice to my friend, by owning the information he had, and the wisdom he might have gained, had he had such a flapper at his elbow in his most high and palmy days. 'I have sucked many brains in my time (he said), and seldom found more to reward me.' 'Ay, sir (I replied), *multum in parvo: his style has no gummy flesh* about it.'"

P. 207. *You are bound to measure him in three farther points: first,* with *interest in him; secondly, his capacity in your letters.*] The folio makes sense of this by reading, "first, *your* interest in him."

P. 211. *Auriculas teneras mordaci rodere vero.*"] Gifford himself translates this line: "Grate the tender ear with harsh truth."

P. 212. *What is a Poet?*] This seems as proper a place as any for quoting what Dryden says about these *Discoveries* in his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* (*Works, Scott ed.* vol. xv. p. 354): "If I would compare Jonson with Shakspeare I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father, of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love

Shakspeare. To conclude of him, as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts laid down, in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French have furnished us."

P. 217. *An accession or* conformation *of learning.*] This word should be *confirmation*, as in the folio.

P. 224. *For the structure* he *would raise.*] This should of course be "the structure *we* would raise," as in the folio.

P. 227. *The rest of his journey*, his error by sea.] His "error" is direct from Cicero's *Ulyssis errores.*

## NOTES TO THE ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

THE want of general interest in the subject prevents my going into the text of the grammar with the same pains I have bestowed upon the *Discoveries*, but the reader may be assured that the much-abused folio has been equally badly treated. Horne Tooke, who was a warm admirer of Jonson, pronounces this to be "the *first*, as well as the *best*, English Grammar."

P. 230. *Howell writes to him.*] Howell's letter is short, and should be given entire.

"Father Ben, you desired me lately to procure you Dr. Davies' Welsh Grammar, to add to those many you have; I have lighted upon one at last, and I am glad I have it in so seasonable a time, that it may serve for a New Year's gift, in which quality I send it you; and because it was not you, but your muse, that desired it of me, for your Letter runs on feet, I thought it a good Correspondence with you to accompany it with what follows.

"1629 [1630]. Your Son and Servitor, J. H."

Howell's rhymes are not worth transcribing. It is a pity he did not give those which Jonson appears to have written to him.

P. 275. *The monstrous syntax of the pronoun* his *joining with a noun betokening a possessor.*] On this Mr. Fitzedward Hall remarks: "Jonson, however, published in 1605—as I see by the original edition now lying before me—his drama, entitled *Sejanus His Fall*, in the preface to which he speaks of 'my observations upon Horace, his Art of Poetry,' and he has like expressions elsewhere."

Mr. Hall might have added the intended title of another play, *Mortimer His Fall.*

P. 317. *Hither pertaineth a* parenthesis.] By some accident a note of Jonson's has been allowed to slip out at this place. "The Hebrewes have no peculiar note to discover a Parenthesis by, nor the Interrogation and Admiration following."

## NOTES TO JONSONUS VIRBIUS.

P. 421.

HOWELL'S Letter to Bishop Duppa ought to be inserted in this place :—

"To Dr. Duppa, L.B. of Chichester, His Highness' Tutor at St. James'.

"My Lord, May 1, 1636.

"It is a well-becoming, and very worthy work you are about, not to suffer Mr. Ben Johnson to go so silently to his grave, or not so suddenly: Being newly come to town, and understanding that your *Johnsonus Virbius* was in the Press, upon the solicitation of Sir Thomas Hawkins, I suddenly fell upon the ensuing Decastich, which, if your Lordship please, may have room among the rest."—*Letters*, p. 266.

Here follows the Decastich, winding up with "Sic vaticinatur Hoellus."

## SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE.

SINCE the last page of this work was printed off, I have stumbled upon two pieces of information which ought to have been noted at their proper places.

At vol. viii. p. 114, is what Jonson calls *A Corollary*, addressed to *Inigo, Marquis Would-be*, the point of which turns on the assumption that the king of Spain had raised his architect to that rank of nobility, and that Jones aspired to a similar honour. But had the king of Spain done this? I turned over every accessible book on the subject without discovering any allusion to the circumstance, and at last bethought me of consulting Mr. Cosens, of Queen's Gate, whose acquaintance with Spanish art and Spanish literature is so well known to every student. Mr. Cosens' own library did not supply the information, but he was kind enough to apply for it to a learned friend at Madrid, who in due time told him that Philip the Fourth, on the completion of the Pantheon at the Escurial, had made Crescentio, the architect, Marquis della Torre (Marquis of the Tower), the same title which is now borne by Marshal Serrano. This was not only interesting as explaining the beginning of the Epigram, but also as throwing unexpected light on its concluding line, where Jonson, as his "Corollary," tells Inigo—

"We'll have thee styled the Marquis of TOWER *DITCH*."

The other point has reference to Gifford's note at vol. v. p. 217, where he says, "I cannot give the reader the *three names* of the Infanta *Maria* of Spain, but this is plainly an allusion to them." I was myself equally unsuccessful, but found eventually that Gifford had put me on the wrong track. When Jonson called his imaginary personage *Aurelia Clara Pecunia*, the Infanta whom he had in view was not the lady whom prince Charles had sought to win, but her far more celebrated aunt, the daughter of Philip the Second, and governess of the Netherlands, whose names of *Isabella Clara Eugenia*, so exactly chiming in with those of Jonson's ideal princess, I discovered in the notes of the "Discourses held between the Sieurs Rubens and Gerbier," *Saintsbury's Rubens*, p. 69.

F. C.

# GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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ABBOT, Anthony, v. 339.
Acates, v. 190.
Accidence, the, v. 193.
Accommodate, i. 36.
Aconite, iii. 85.
A cop, iv. 84.
Acme, v. 158.
Acts and Monuments, ii. 114; iii. 344.
Adam, iv. 48.
Adam scrivener, iv. 459.
Adalantado, ii. 183.
Adonis' gardens, ii. 153.
Adrop, iv. 66.
Advised, v. 213.
Æsop (player), ii. 483.
Æsculape, viii. 151.
Affects, ii. 264.
Affront, iv. 49.
Agnes le Clear, iv. 414.
Ajax, iii. 439; viii. 239.
Albumazar, iv. 3.
Alchemists (pious), iv. 56.
Aldgate, iii. 340.
Alfarez, v. 353.
Allen, Edward, viii. 191.
Allestree, Richard, vi. 75, 115.
Allobroges, iv. 271.
Aludel, iv. 58.
Amber spoons, iv. 55.
Ambitious ears, iii. 177.
Amboyna, v. 230.
Ambre, ii. 328.
Ambree, Mary, iii. 418.
Amused, iii. 127.
Anabaptist, iii. 383.
Anadem, vii. 77.
Anenst, iv. 83.
Angels, ii. 150.
Angel (bird), vi. 272.
Angry boys, iii. 349; iv. 101.
Anna, St. vi. 444.
Antimasque, vii. 237.
Antiperistasis, ii. 349.
Antonio Balladino, vi. 305.
Antonius, iv. 252.
Apicius, iv. 54.
Apollo (room), v. 215.
Apostle spoons, iv. 363.
Apperil, v. 130; vi. 109, 148.
Apprentice at law, vi. 55.
Apted, ii. 306.
Arcadia, the, ii. 69, 161; iv. 451.
Archbishop of Spalato, v. 233.
Arches, iv. 341.
Archy, v. 228; viii. 28.
Arion, viii. 29.
Aristarchus, ii. 19.
Aristophanes, v. 191.
Arms, to set up, v. 216.
— crossed, ii. 18.
Arride, ii. 51.
Arundel, countess of, vii. 38.
— earl of, vii. 50, 377.
Arsedine, iv. 384.

Arthur o' Bradley, iv. 380.
Arthur's show, vi. 175.
Ashly, sir John, vii. 50.
Assay, to take, vi. 253.
Athanor, iv. 59.
Atone, iii. 438.
Attorney, by, iv. 73.
Aubigny, lord, iii. 3; viii. 273.
— lady, viii. 273.
Audacious, iii. 372.
Augusta, madam, iv. 44.
Augustus, ii. 459.
Aulularia, v. 205.
Aunt, iv. 389; vii. 291.
Austriac lip, iv. 114.
Authentical, ii. 130.
Away with, ii. 310; iv. 379.

Baal, v. 227.
Babion, ii. 225.
Bacon, lord, viii. 424.
Baffle, v. 121.
Bagatine, iii. 213.
Baiards, iv. 82.
Bald coachman, v. 55, 232.
Bale of dice, v. 314.
Balloo, iii. 210.
Balneum, iv. 59.
Banbury man, iv. 340; vii. 401.
Bank-side, ii. 177.
Banks' horse, ii. 144.
Barbers, ii. 425.
Barber of prayers, iii. 384.
Barbican, ix. 26.
Barbing gold, iv. 19.
Barlow, Dr. vi. 18.
Barmy froth, ii. 491.
Barriers, vii. 162.
Bartholomew pig, iv. 376.
Bases, ii. 410.
Basket, iv. 18.
Bason, iii. 398.
Bathing tub, ii. 238.
Battle of Alcazar, ii. 433.
Bawson, vi. 261.
Bay-leaf, ii. 484.
Bay-window, ii. 291.
Beans, to throw, iii. 266.
Bearded jugs, v. 317.
Bear-garden, iv. 346.
— in hand, iii. 170.
Beat bason, v. 384.
Beaten knights, iii. 473.
Beauforts, v. 408.
Beaumont, Francis, viii. 173.
— sir John, viii. 322.
Beaver hats, ii. 233.
Bedford, countess of, vii. 18.
Beech coal, iv. 50.
Beg for a concealment, i. 101.
— for a riot, iii. 449.
— land, ii. 481.
Bellerophon (frag. of), iii. 167.
Bells, morrice, ii. 48.
Below the salt, ii. 243.
Benchers phrase, i. 98.
Benjamin, ii. 325.
Benn, Anthony, viii. 382.
Berlina, iii. 317.
Bermudas, iv. 407; v. 81; viii. 348.
Bescumbers, ii. 493.
Besognoso, ii. 321.
Best plotter, vi. 307.
Bethlem Gabor, v. 237.
Better natures, ii. 516.
Bevill, lady, vii. 19.
Bezoar stone, ii. 180.
Bias, ii. 381.
Bid-stand, ii. 140.
Biggin, iii. 306, 402.
Bilive, vi. 260.
Bilk, to talk, vi. 126.
Bills, ii. 313.
Bill-men, v. 169.
Bindweed, vii. 291.
Bird-eyed, iii. 231.
Bite nose, ii. 174.
Black fellow, ii. 38.
Black-guard, ii. 160; iii. 394; vii. 236.
Black sanctus, viii. 11.

Blanks, ii. 135; v. 76.
Blazon arms, ii. 379.
Blin, vi. 271.
Blinkinsops, v. 339.
Blue waiters, i. 50.
— order, vi. 318.
Blunt, at the, iii. 444.
Blurt, vi. 147.
Board, iv. 210.
Bodin, iii. 260.
Bolanus, ii. 412.
Bolted, iv. 62.
Bolt-head, iv. 50.
Bolton, prior, v. 308.
Bombast (Paracelsus), vii. 234.
Bonnefonius, iii. 337.
Bonnibel, iv. 97.
Bonny-clabber, v. 310.
Book-holder, iv. 345.
Boot, no, i. 20.
Boots, i. 34.
Borachio, v. 42.
Bordello, i. 16.
Bosoms' inn, vii. 266.
Boss, viii. 8.
Boud, iv. 210.
Bouge, vii. 203.
— of court, vii. 410.
Bourd, iv. 210.
Bovoli, ii. 249.
Boy of Burton, v. 127.
— Norwich, v. 134.
Brache, iv. 19.
Bradamante, iv. 68.
Braggat, vii. 362.
Brake, iii. 445; viii. 303.
Branched, v. 399.
Brave, the, viii. 228.
Bravery, i. 11.
Braveries, iii. 347.
Breast, vii. 394.
Breathe upon, ii. 32.
— to, viii. 159.
Bretnor, v. 16.
Breton, Nic. viii. 337.
Bride ale, iii. 378.
Bride's hair, viii. 299.
Bridges, iv. 316.
Brief, vi. 218.
Brize, ii. 416.
Broken beer, vii. 414.
Brome, iv. 341; v. 421; viii. 342.
Brooch, ii. 383.
Broughton, iii. 218; iv. 70, 136.
Brown, W. viii. 331.
Buccleugh, earl of, vii. 379.
Buckingham, marquis, vii. 351.
— marchioness, vii. 369.
— countess, vii. 372.
Bucklersbury, viii. 146.
Budge-row, iv. 356.
Bufo, iv. 81.
Bulled, vi. 240.
Bullions, v. 84.
Bumbard, vii. 203.
Bungy's dog, vi. 154.
Burges, John, viii. 430
Burgullion, i. 106.
Burleigh, lord, viii. 380.
Burratines, vii. 284.
Burroughs, vi. 165.
Burton, vi. 22.
Butt, ii. 173.
Butteries, ii. 503.
Butter, Nath. v. 173.
Butter, v. 177, 218.
Butt-shafts, ii. 348.
Buz, v. 218.
By, i. 131; ii. 143, 482.

Cabbages, iii. 200.
Cadiz, iii. 351.
Cæsar, iv. 253.
Cæsarian madam, iv. 170.
Cake bread, iv. 482.
Calivers, iii. 435.
Callet, iii. 270.
Callot, vi. 27.
Calvered salmon, iv. 55.
Camden, viii. 151.
Camel, ii. 141.

Camouccio, ii. 171.
Camused, vi. 259.
Canary, ii. 25.
Canbury, vi. 181.
Candle waster, ii. 260.
Candour, iv. 179.
Can (know), vi. 15, 200.
Cans (to burn), ii. 230.
Cant, v. 209.
Canter, v. 209.
Caps, little, i. 71.
Caract, i. 70.
Caracts, v. 30.
Caranza, i. 36.
Carcanets, ii. 296.
Cargos, ii. 498.
Carp, the, ii. 318.
Carpet, iii. 441; v. 172.
Carp's tongue, iv. 54.
Carr, Robert, vii. 225.
Carry coals, ii. 169.
Cary, sir Hen. viii. 178.
— sir Lucius, ix. iii.
— Mrs. viii. 226.
Case, ii. 496.
Cassock, i. 59.
Cast, i. 28.
Casting glass, ii. 137.
Castor, iv. 224.
Catsos, ii. 47.
Catullus, iii. 247.
Cautelous, v. 32.
Celia, iii. 247.
Centaurs, ii. 448, 462.
Centumviri, ii. 422.
Ceruse, i. 123.
Chain, ii. 31.
Chambers, viii. 406.
Chancellor's tomb, ii. 117; vi. 453.
Charles I. viii. 436.
Charm, iv. 384.
Charm your tongue, ii. 218.
Chapman, viii. 332.
Chartel, i. 35.
Cheap (market), ii. 385.
Cheat, vii. 414.
Cheater, viii. 190.
Chevril, ii. 382.
Chichester, lady, vii. 39.
Childermas, iv. 409.
Children (of St. Paul's), ii. 212.
China colours, viii. 42.
China shops, iii. 349.
China-woman, iii. 349.
Chioppini, ii. 241.
Chorus, iii. 432; iv. 213.
Christmas vails, iv. 14.
— log, vii. 267.
Christ-tide, iii. 174; iv. 91.
Chronicles, v. 57.
Ciarlitani, iii. 205.
Cibation, iv. 21.
Cimici, vi. 45.
Cinnamus, iii. 160.
Cipi, iv. 233.
Cippus, vii. 361.
Circling, iv. 453.
Citizen, ii. 395.
Cittern, iii. 397; v. 180.
City custard, v. 13.
City-wires, iii. 332.
Civil gown, iii. 451.
Claims Arthur's seat, vii. 150.
Clap dish, i. 42.
Clapper dudgeon, v. 207.
Claridiana, iv. 22.
Cleft, viii. 127.
Cleis, ix. 59.
Clem, ii. 384.
Clifford, lady Ann, vii. 39.
Cloak (for Prol.) ii. 205.
Close and open, ii. 282.
Clothed senate, iv. 272.
Cloth-breech, vi. 133.
Cloth-workers, iii. 391.
Clout, to hit, v. 291.
Clumzie, ii. 491.
Clutch, ii. 492.
Coach-horse, ii. 274.
Coals, ii. 160.

Cob, i. 26, 27.
Cob-swan, iv. 223.
Cock-a-hoop, vi. 212.
Cockatrice, ii. 8, 38.
Cock Lorrel, vii. 391.
Cock-pit, iii. 237.
Cock-shut, vi. 444.
Coffins, v. 197.
Cokely, iv. 423; v. 13.
Cokes, iv. 404; vi. 377.
Coke, sir Edw. viii. 414.
Colby, viii. 359.
Cole, old, iv. 479.
Cole-harbour, iii. 375.
Colliers, ii. 160.
Colours, mistress's, ii. 32, 307.
Come off, ii. 153; vi. 128.
Comfortable bread, iv. 396.
Coming, iii. 222; iv. 248.
Commodity, iv. 104.
Communicate, iii. 62.
Compliments, ii. 29; ii. 315; v. 86.
Concealment, i. 101.
Conceited, i. 68; iii. 27.
Concent, iii. 234.
Concluded, ii. 466.
Conde Olivares, v. 392.
Condition, ii. 17.
Conduct, ii. 71.
Coney-catching, i. 67.
Confederacy, iv. 359.
Confute, v. 136.
Connive, ii. 282.
Constable, Hen. viii. 375.
Constables (tedious), ii. 248.
Contarene, iii. 261.
Control the point, i. 117.
Convert, ii. 221.
Convince, iv. 356.
Cook, viii. 25.
Cope-man, iii. 246.
Cophetua, king, i. 80.
Copy, ii. 61, 98, 307; iv. 7.
Corbet, Vincent, viii. 314.
Coriat, iv. 423.
Coriat's trunk, vii. 202.
Cormorants (servants), ii. 159.
Cornelius Agrippa, ii. 130.
Corn-cutter, iv. 393.
Corn-hoarders, ii. 115.
Corydon, i. 38.
Cosset, iv. 371.
Costermonger, iv. 114.
Costs (ribs), v. 225.
Cothurnal, ii. 491.
Cotquean, ii. 456.
Counsel, ii. 254.
Countenance, ii. 106; iv. 14.
Counterfeit, i. 59; vi. 71; viii. 413.
Counterpanes, iv. 346.
Counters, iv. 15.
Court-dish, v. 356.
Covell, lady, viii. 431.
Coventry blue, vii. 388.
Cox, Capt. viii. 53.
Coystrel, i. 103.
Crack, ii. 211; v. 69.
Cracked in the ring, vi. 70.
Crambo, v. 315.
Cramp, iii. 284.
Cramp-ring, vii. 361.
Cranborne, lady, vii. 145.
Cranfield, lord, vii. 376.
Cranion legs, iv. 372.
Credit, to make, iii. 458.
Cremutius Cordus, iii. 76.
Crewell, iv. 22.
Cricket, to hold, vi. 39
Cripplegate, ii. 15.
Cri-spinas, ii. 396.
Crispinus, ii. 436.
Crites, ii. 226.
Croakers, iii. 272.
Cross, i. 127.
— out ill days, iv. 41.
Crost, ii. 410.
Crow, iv. 51.
Crowd, ii. 217.
Cry Italian, iii. 202.
Cuban ebolition, ii. 93.

Cucking-stool, iv. 401.
Culisen, ii. 35; vi. 370.
Cunning, ii. 400.
— man, iii. 238.
Cupboard, iii. 203.
Curst a while, iv. 398.
Custard politic, v. 197.
Cynthia, ii. 399.
Cyparissus, vi. 441.
Cypres, vi. 356.
Cyprus, i. 24.

Dacus, iv. 343.
Dagger (in the nose), ii. 50.
— tavern, iv. 24, 165.
Dagonet, ii. 138.
Daniel, i. 146; iii. 359; v. 236; viii. 197, 269.
Dargison, vi. 196.
Darrel, v. 127; viii. 422.
D'Aubigny, lord, vii. 99.
Dauphin my boy, iv. 491.
Davis, viii. 154.
Davy, iv. 342.
Daw, v. 111.
Decimo-sexto, ii. 218.
Decker, ii. 493.
Decline, iii. 112.
Dee, Dr. iv. 83.
Deft, ii. 487.
Delate, iii. 221.
Dele, vii. 239.
Demetrius, ii. 436.
Depart, ii. 151.
Dependance, i. 35; v. 118.
Derby, countess of, vii. 18.
Desmond, earl of, viii. 371.
Devant, ii. 328.
Device, ii. 344; vi. 172.
Devil of Edmonton, v. 4, 188.
— (of the play), v. 186.
— tavern, ix. 70.
Diameter, iv. 101.
Diapasm, ii. 328.
Dibble, iv. 392.
Dick Tator, vi. 176.
Diffused, ii. 264.
Digby, lady, ix. 33, 49.
— sir Kenelm, ix. 34.
Dimensum, v. 356.
Ding, iv. 172.
Discipline, iii. 464; iv. 88.
— beauteous, iv. 375.
Disclaim in, iii. 267.
Discoloured, ii. 338.
Dislike, ii. 77.
Disparagement, iv. 434.
Dis'ple, iii. 269.
Distance of hum, v. 258.
Distaste, v. 78.
Do withal, iii. 453.
Dock, iv. 170.
Doctrines, old, iii. 173.
— vi. 50.
Dog-killers, iv. 381.
Dog the fashion, ii. 156.
Dole, of faces, iii. 217.
Dole beer, iv. 14.
Don John, iv. 125.
Doni, iii. 427.
Donne, Dr. viii. 156, 197.
Dop, ii. 323.
Dopper, v. 227; vii. 342.
Dor, to, i. 125; ii. 308.
— ii. 263.
— to give the, iii. 386.
Dotes, iii. 364.
Dotterel, v. 50, 117.
Double clokes, v. 91.
— reader, vi. 75.
Dousabel, iv. 97.
Drake's ship, i. 24.
Drayton, viii. 326, 330.
Drink tobacco, i. 87.
Drink dissolved pearl, ii. 84.
Drone a pipe, ii. 132; iii. 409.
Drowned land, v. 39.
Drummond, viii. 310.
Dryden, iii. 478; viii. 322.
Dry-foot, i. 50.
Dudgeon, v. 207.
Duello, iv. 102.

Dukes, v. 45.
Dun's in the mire, vii. 268.
Dunstan's tavern, v. 157.
Durindana, i. 66.
D'Urfé, v. 370.

Eagle, Catiline's, iv. 257.
Earine, vi. 248.
Eaters, iii. 394.
Echo, ii. 221.
Edmonds, Clement, viii. 214.
Effingham, lady, vii. 19.
Egerton, lord chancellor, viii. 183.
Eggs on the spit, i. 90.
Elder tree, ii. 141.
Elements of Armory, v. 193.
Elephant, ii. 144.
Elesmere, lord, viii. 381.
Elizabeth, countess of Rutland, viii. 186, 267.
Elizabeth, L. H. viii. 225.
Eltham, iii. 463.
— thing, viii. 200.
Emissary eye, viii. 301.
Enfant perdu, ii. 194.
Enghles, ii. 211, 378, 405.
Enginers, iv. 266.
Enginous, ii. 264.
England's joy, vii. 200, 413.
English pale, vii. 224.
Ens, ii. 16.
Entries, vi. 239.
Envoy, iii. 460; viii. 398.
Envy (ill will), iv. 300.
— v. 61.
Epitasis, ii. 116.
Equivocal generation, iv. 65; vi. 64.
Equivokes, v. 82.
Erskine, vii. 100.
Essex, countess of, vii. 145.
Euphorbus, iii. 172.
Euphues, ii. 192.
Euripus, ii. 93.
Eustathius, vi. 250.
Exampless, iii. 57.
Excalibur, i. 66.
Exchange time, i. 71.
Exeter, countess of, vii. 371.
Exhale, ii. 420.
Exhibition, ii. 80, 380; iii. 382.
Explate, viii. 415.
Eye-bright, iv. 155.

Faces about, i. 60.
Fading, vii. 226; viii. 201.
Fagioli, ii. 249.
Faies, vii. 178.
Fairies, ii. 199.
Fairy favours, iii. 459.
Faithful, iv. 45.
— brother, iv. 77.
Falls, iv. 73.
Falser, vii. 92.
Familiar, ii. 182.
Far-fet, ii. 273.
Far side of Tiber, ii. 412.
Farce, to, ii. 178.
Fart, the, iv. 53.
Fast and loose, iii. 266.
Fasting days, i. 80.
Fat folks, iv. 390.
Faun, ii. 463.
Fauns, iv. 223.
Favonius, vii. 290.
Fayles, i. 73.
Fear, i. 94.
Feather, ii. 419.
Feather-dealers, iv. 20, 502.
Feeders, iii. 394.
Feize, iv. 177.
Fennel, vi. 317.
Fenner, vii. 414.
Fere, iii. 373.
Fermentation, iv. 21.
Fern seed, ii. 130.
Ferrabosco, A. viii. 229.
Feuterer, ii. 63.
Fewmets, vi. 239.
Fico, i. 49.
Fierce, ii. 485.

Figgum, v. 144.
Figments, ii. 134, 227.
Filmer, Ed. viii. 341.
Fineness, v. 79.
Finsbury, i. 10.
Fishmonger, vii. 263.
Fishmonger's sleeves, v. 200.
Fiske, v. 16.
Fittons, ii. 227.
Five for one, ii. 70.
Flap-dragons, ii. 357.
Flat-cap, i. 44.
Flawns, vi. 256.
Flea-bitten horse, iv. 454.
Fleet-street, ii. 64; iii. 300.
Flies (familiars), iv. 9.
Flights, ii. 348.
Foist, i. 106; iv. 144.
Foists, iii. 257.
Fond, ii. 20.
Fool, to beg, ii. 100
Fools, vi. 256.
Fool's coat, ii. 91.
Fool of the play, v. 186.
Fool up, v. 167.
Foot-cloth, vi. 370.
For the heavens, ii. 65; vi. 312.
For failing, iv. 171.
Foreman, Dr. iii. 413; v. 16.
Forespeak, ii. 258; v. 216.
Foreslow, ii. 188.
Foretop, ii. 91.
Forks, iii. 261; v. 129.
Forsooth, ii. 442; vi. 467.
Fortunate Isles, ii. 153.
Fortune (play-house), ii. 24.
Fox, iv. 406.
Fox, vi. 12.
Frail, iii. 298.
Franklin, v. 16.
Frapler, ii. 294.
Fraying, vi. 239.
French Crown, ii. 52.
— dressing, i. 88.
— Hercules, iii. 272.
Fresh Mushroom, iii. 371.
Friday, ii. 186.
Frippery, i. 15.
Frolick, ii. 70.
Frolicks, v. 70.
Fullam, ii. 106.
Full stage, ii. 72.
Fulvia, iv. 218.
Fuscus Arist. ii. 419.

Galley-foist, iii. 419.
Gallo-belgicus, ii. 502.
Gamage, viii. 245.
Gamaliel Ratsay, iv. 17.
Gargaphie, ii. 219.
Garrard, lady, vii. 39.
Gazette, iii. 211.
Geance, vi. 155.
Geese, iv. 251.
Gemonies, iii. 100.
Gentleman (to write like), v. 257.
George Stone, iii. 382.
German clock, iii. 417.
Get-penny, iv. 473.
Ghibellines, iii. 432.
Giglot, iii. 120.
Gill, vi. 112.
Gilt nutmeg, vii. 387.
Ging, iv. 152.
Gingle spurs, ii. 6.
Girdle of Venus, vii. 215.
— poetical, iii. 290.
Girds, iii. 373.
Give law, vi. 278.
— (in heraldry), ii. 482.
— words, iii. 188.
Glass, made at Venice, iii. 168.
— (beryl), iv. 16.
Gleek, v. 272.
Glibbery, ii. 490.
Glicks, ii. 358.
Glidder, v. 105.
Globe, iv. 215.
— (play-house), ii. 430.
Gloriously, ii. 67.
Go by, i. 32.

Go less, iii. 239.
God's gift, iv. 98.
G— make you rich, iv. 165; vii. 204.
God's blessing, v. 47.
G— to pay, viii. 58, 150.
Godfathers, in law, v. 132.
Gold-end man, iv. 76.
— weights, v. 338.
Golls, ii. 487.
Gondomar, v. 233; viii. 409.
Gonswart, iii. 209.
Good man, v. 72.
— Fortune, v. 47.
— shame, iv. 249.
— time, i. 24.
Goodyere, sir H. viii. 188.
Goose-green starch, iv. 393.
Gossip, iii. 211.
Gowk, vi. 70.
Gown, serjeant's, i. 134.
Gowry, vii. 399.
Grand Scourge, ii. 62.
Grasshoppers, ii. 512.
— by the wing, iii. 233.
Grecians, live like, iii. 254.
Green's works, ii. 69.
Greene, iii. 428.
Green-goose fair, ii. 426.
Gregory Christmas, vii. 259.
Gresham, v. 16.
Grice, vi. 261.
Gripe, iv. 59.
Groat's worth of wit, iii. 428.
Gross, v. 318.
Groundlings, iv. 346.
Guarini, iii. 235.
Guelphs, iii. 432.
Guilford, lady, vii. 38.
Gulch, ii. 427.
Gull, i. 13.
Gyges' ring, ii. 130.
Gyre, vi. 445.

Hair, red, ii. 400.
— short, ii. 13.
Hair bracelet, ii. 142.
Half-way tree, viii. 191.
Haliclyon, viii. 34.
Hall, a hall! vi. 220.
Hamilton, lord, vii. 378.
Hanger, i. 34; ii. 146.
Happy (rich), ii. 382.
— genius, iii. 6.
Harlot, iii. 303.
Harper, vii. 387.
Harpocrates, iii. 354.
Harrington, v. 42; vi. 43.
Harrot, i. 27.
Harry Nicholas, iv. 177.
Hart of ten, vi. 238.
Hatton, lady, vii. 39, 374.
— sir Christ., vi. 452.
Havings, i. 29.
Hawking, i. 9.
Hay! i. 112.
— on horns, ii. 448.
— iv. 61.
— sir James, vii. 50.
Hear ill, iii. 156; iv. 302, 443; vii. 205.
— well, iv. 13.
Heaven (ale-house), iv. 165.
Hebrew, iv. 78.
Hecate, vi. 264; vii. 113.
Heifer, iii. 374.
Heliodorus, v. 370; vi. 250.
Heliogabalus, iii. 250.
Hell (an ale house), iv. 165.
Herbert, sir Edw. viii. 209.
— lady, vii. 18.
Hercules' cup, vii. 302.
— words of, ii. 13.
Hermes' seal, iv. 62.
Hermogenes, ii. 404.
Herring, i. 26.
Heyden, viii. 233.
Heywood, John, vi. 209.
Hieroglyphics, iv. 83.
Higginbottom, i. 53.
High man, ii. 106.
Hill, Nic. viii. 237.

Hilled, vii. 24.
Hippius, viii. 28.
Ho! ho! v. 7.
Hobby horse, ii. 48.
Hoiden, vi. 159.
Hold thee, iv. 328.
— that will away, iv. 373.
Holden, ii. 141.
— Isaac, iv. 31.
— John, iv. 31.
Hollow coal, iv. 16.
— dye, iv. 43.
Holmby, vi. 452.
Horace, ii. 464.
Horned flood, iii. 246.
Horns, iii. 278.
Horn thumb, iv. 391.
Horse, sir Bevis', i. 79.
— bread, ii. 112.
— courser, iv. 349.
Hospital, Christ's, i. 39.
— v. 375.
Hot and moist, ii. 165.
Hot-house, ii. 47; viii. 148.
House your head, ii. 105.
Houses of Zodiac, viii. 63.
Howard, sir Tho. vii. 50.
— earl marshal, vii. 377.
— lady, vii. 19.
Howe, iii. 376.
Howleglas, ii. 427; iv. 58.
Hudson, Jeff. viii. 100.
Huh! huh! iv. 414.
Hum, v. 14, 258; vii. 226.
Humour, i. 78; ii. 16.
Humourous, ii. 222.
Hunt at force, vi. 252.
— change, vi. 252.
Huntingdon, c. of, vii. 145.
Hurd, vii. 284.
Hybride, v. 343.

Ides, iv. 283.
Idle, iii. 14.
Ill-days, iv. 41.
Ill-sprite, viii. 154.
Imbibition, iv. 60.
Imbroccato, i. 115.
Impart, ii. 103.
Imparters, ii. 8.
Impotently, v. 324.
In-and-in, v. 304.
Inceration, iv. 62.
Inchastitie, i. 131.
Incony, vi. 188.
Incubus, ii. 491.
Indent, v. 197.
Indian fig-tree, viii. 30.
Infanta, v. 217.
Ingenuity, ii. 120.
Ingine, i. 144.
Ingle, iii. 354.
Inhabitable, iv. 308.
Inigo Jones, iv. 383, 423; vi. 216; vii. 140, 315; viii. 106.
Innocent, iii. 334, 392.
Instructed, iii. 422.
Insula Paulina, ii. 100.
Intention, ii. 236.
Intend, ii. 307.
Interessed, iii. 69.
Interloping, vi. 189.
Irish rats, ii. 456.
— costarmonger, iv. 114.
— penance, v. 124.
Irpe, ii. 270, 357.
Invincibly, i. 29.
Island voyage, iii. 351.
Islip, abbot, v. 308.
Italian, the, viii. 219.
— manner, ii. 233.
Italy (diseases of), ii. 415.

Jacob's staff, ii. 5.
James I. vii. 128; viii. 146, 162, 170.
Jason's helm, iv. 49.
Jeerers, v. 239.
Jeering, v. 248.
Jeronymo, i. 33; ii. 214, 431.
Jewel, vi. 447.
Jewels in the ear, i. 127; ii. 20.

Jig, ii. 56; iii. 288.
— the cock, ii. 278.
Johphiel, viii. 63.
Jonson's club, v. 240.
— son, viii. 167.
— songs, vi. 249.
Jug, bearded, v. 317.
Julian de Campis, viii. 66.
Julius Cæsar, v. 152.
Juniper, ii. 6.
— to burn, ii. 254.
Justice hall, v. 138.
— Silence, ii. 164.
Juvenal, iii. 355.

Kelly, iv. 116.
Kemp's shoes, ii. 157.
Kennethie, sir John, vii. 100.
Kestril, iii. 431.
Kind, iii. 25; v. 47.
Kindheart, iv. 342.
King's-head (tavern), vi. 61.
Kirtle, ii. 244.
Kit Callot, vii. 363.
Knack with fingers, iii. 345.
Knights, iv. 55.
Knipperdoling, iv. 78.
Knitting cup, vi. 76.
Kyd, viii. 318.

Laced mutton, viii. 32.
Lade me, v. 23.
Lady o' the Lake, vii. 149.
Laid, iii. 278.
Lamb, Dr. v. 187.
Lancashire, v. 9.
Lance-knight, i. 50.
Lancelot, sir, ii. 61.
Lanier, Nic. vii. 274.
Lapwing, ii. 466; iii. 137.
Lares, ii. 452.
Lattice, i. 91.
Laughter, iii. 175.
Laundering gold, iv. 19.
Law, ii. 382.
Lawyer, ii. 387.
Leaguer, v. 76.
Leer, iv. 349.
— drunkards, v. 395.
— side, vi. 132.
Leese, ii. 163.
Left-handed cries, iii. 394.
Leg, to make, v. 111.
Leges Convivales, ix. 68.
Leiger, ii. 132.
Lemma, ii. 515.
Lempster ore, vii. 325.
Lenox, duke of, vii. 99.
Lepanto, battle of, ii. 275.
Letter of Tiberius, iii. 138.
Lettuce, iii. 294.
Level coil, vi. 173.
Lewd, iii. 203; v. 136.
Lexiphanes, ii. 497.
Lex Remnia, ii. 487.
Leystals, i. 56.
Libanius, iii. 341.
Liberality of Jonson, vii. 140.
License for fencing, ii. 313.
Lick away moths, iii. 226.
Lie in lavender, ii. 92.
Lifting, ii. 217.
Lightly, ii. 239; iii. 238.
Like (to please), ii. 77; v. 5.
Lily, viii. 318.
Limmer, vi. 262.
Lindabrides, ii. 269.
Lions, to see, iv. 127.
Lion whelped, iii. 198.
Lipsius' fly, v. 354.
Little legs, ii. 92, 394.
Loggets, vi. 204.
Lollia Paulina, iii. 249.
London bridge, v. 202.
Longus, vi. 250.
Long stocking, ii. 414.
Look, iv. 170.
Lord of liberty, ii. 3.
Lord's room, ii. 67.
Lothbury, iv. 45; vii. 401.
Love lock, iii. 446.

Lucy, countess of Bedford, viii. 185.
Ludgathians, ii. 34.
Lullianist, iv. 77.
Lully, iii. 208.
Luna, iv. 21.
Lungs, iv. 45.
Lurch o' the garland, iii. 476.
Lusty Juventus, v. 10.
Luxury, viii. 265.

Mab, vi. 443.
Mace (serjeant's), i. 134.
Made (prepared), iii. 44, 222, 277.
Magnificate, ii. 491.
Maintenance, v. 281.
Make, to, i. 136.
Maker, ii. 109.
Make legs, iii. 226.
— on, iv. 241.
Makes, v. 308; viii. 58.
Mallanders, iv. 403.
Mammon, iv. 120.
Mammothrept, ii. 293.
Man with beard (jug), iv. 460.
— of mark, vi. 172.
Mangonize, ii. 434.
Maniples, vi. 25.
Mankind, iii. 470.
Maple face, vi. 145.
Marchpane, ii. 277.
Maries, iv. 106.
Mark, vi. 82.
— St. iii. 179.
Marlow, i. 98; viii. 318.
Marrows, vii. 388.
Marsh, Lambeth, viii. 150.
Marston, ii. 489.
Martin, sir Hen. ii. 365.
Mary Ambree, iii. 418; vi. 133; viii. 75.
Marry gip! iv. 369.
Mass Stone, iii. 199.
Master's side, ii. 181, 195.
Master of the sentences, v. 370.
Mastery, iv. 118.
Material, ii. 476.
Maund, v. 209.
Mauther, iv. 144.
Mayday, iii. 419.
May, Thomas, viii. 334.
Measure, ii. 272; vii. 192.
Meath, v. 14.
Mecænas, v. 411.
Medea, ii. 378.
Mediterranee, ii. 91.
Medley's (ordinary), v. 157.
Meet with, iv. 390.
Meg of Westminster, viii. 75.
Melancholy, i. 63.
Meliadus, vii. 153.
Melicotton, iv. 357.
Memnon's statue, v. 238.
Men, seemed, i. 109.
Merchant (banker), ii. 71.
Mercurial washes, ii. 450.
Mercurius Britannicus, v. 176.
Merlin, vii. 153, 330.
Mermaid, viii. 205.
Metre, i. 96.
Middlesex jury, v. 8.
Middling gossip, v. 35.
Migniardise, v. 221.
Mile-end, i. 111.
Milk of unicorns, iii. 250.
Milvian bridge, iv. 303.
Mirror in hat, ii. 247.
Miscalculations, i. 115.
Misrule, lord of, viii. 4.
Mist of perfumes, vii. 74.
Mistake away, iv. 387.
Mitre (tavern), ii. 171.
Mixen, vi. 165.
Moccinigo, iii. 213.
Modern, ii. 491.
Monopolies, ii. 484.
Monsieur, ii. 79.
Montgomery, earl of, vii. 50.
Month's mind, vi. 50.
Moonling, v. 33.
Moor, the, ii. 433.
More stricter, ii. 14.

Morglay, i. 66.
Morrison, sir Hen. ix. 3.
Morris dancers, ii. 48; vii. 380.
Mortmal, vi. 271.
Moths, ii. 465.
Mot, motte, i. 98.
Motions (puppets), ii. 7, 236; vi. 221.
— (of a clock), ii. 46.
Motley, i. 50; ii. 232; viii. 172.
Mound, ii. 343.
Mounteagle, lord, viii. 175.
Mournival, v. 272.
Much! i. 110; ii. 42; iii. 272; vi. 343.
Muckinder, vi. 165.
Mule, ii. 59.
Mullets, ii. 325.
Mumchance, iv. 448.
Muscovy glass, v. 4.
Musket rest, i. 59.
Muss (mouse), i. 47; iv. 446.
Mycillus, iii. 172.
Myrobolane, iv. 123.

Name of things, iv. 332.
Napkins, ii. 49.
Nativity pie, iii. 174.
Neapolitan lawyers, iii. 287.
Neck verse, ii. 207.
Ned Whiting, iii. 382.
Neophyte, ii. 172.
Nephew, iv. 232, 260; vii. 426.
Nest of antiques, iv. 349.
Neville, lady, vii. 39.
— sir Henry, viii. 212.
Newcastle, earl of, viii. 427; ix. 15.
Neuf, ii. 430.
New disease, i. 48.
New Exchange, iii. 347.
New fellow, iv. 220.
Niaise, v. 27.
Nick, viii. 45.
Nicotian, i. 84.
Night crow, iii. 394.
Nineveh, ii. 19, 64.
Noble, vi. 82.
Noblesse, viii. 206.
Noise of fidlers, iii. 388.
Noises, iii. 403; vi. 134.
No man to, i. 72.
Nomentack, iii. 453.
Nonce, for the, iii. 212.
Noon of night, iii. 126.
Norton, iv. 175.
Not-head, vii. 344.
Nought, to be, vi. 150.
Nullifidian, ii. 325.
Nupson, i. 111; v. 51.

Oade, ii. 393.
Oath, legal, i. 75.
Oaths, i. 9.
Obarni, v. 14; vii. 226.
Obsession, iii. 311.
Odling, ii. 7.
Oes, vii. 71.
Oil of talc, iv. 90; viii. 258.
Old doctrine, iii. 173.
Once, ii. 521.
Oracle of the bottle, v. 251.
Ore of Lempster, vii. 325.
Oriana, vi. 446.
Orient, iii. 190.
Ostend, iii. 410.
Osteria, iii. 220.
Otter's cups, iii. 414.
Outcry, iv. 229.
Outis, viii. 65.
Outrecuidance, ii. 309.
Overbury, sir Tho. viii. 216.
Ovid, iii. 407.
— banished, ii. 460.
Owlspiegle, vi. 262.

Pages, v. 312.
Pagginton's pound, iv. 426.
Paint, to, v. 62.
Painting posts, ii. 231.
Pair of cards, vii. 264.
Palm, ii. 494.

Pan, v. 41.
Paned slops, ii. 288.
Pantalabus, ii. 428.
Pantalone, iii. 215.
Panther's breath, ii. 329; iii. 250.
Paplewick, vi. 236.
Paracelsus, iii. 209; iv. 68.
Parallel, iii. 63.
Parcel, ii. 498.
Parget, iii. 458.
Pargetting, ii. 358.
Parlous, iv. 74.
Parted, ii. 5, 117.
Partrich, iii. 277.
Passage, ii. 30.
Passion, i. 141.
Patoun, ii. 133.
Patrico, iv. 409.
Patronage, iv. 273.
Pauls's, ii. 8.
Pavin, iv. 130.
Pavy, Sal. viii. 221.
Pawlet, lady, ix. 40.
Peace and pease, ii. 127.
Peacock's tail, iv. 51.
Pease, vi. 84.
Pedant, ii. 239, 271.
Pedarii, iii. 16.
Peel, iv. 413.
Pembroke, lord, iv. 185; vii. 374.
Pembroke, lady, viii. 324.
Pencil beard, ii. 294.
Penelope, iii. 410.
Pennant, vii. 315.
Penny almanac, ii. 41.
Penshurst, viii. 243.
Peppercorn (race-horse), iii. 335.
Periphrasis (of a fool), ii. 37.
Perpetuana, ii. 261.
Perspicil, v. 161.
Persway, iv. 405.
Pestilence, ii. 413.
Pestling, iii. 389.
Peter, lady, vii. 38.
Petition (of rights), vi. 59.
Petrarch, iii. 235.
Petreius, iv. 301.
Petronel, iii. 435.
Phere, iii. 373.
Philosopher's wheel, iv. 59.
Philostratus, viii. 259.
Phlegon, i. 145.
Phœnix (tavern), v. 158.
Phormus, ii. 22.
Picardil, v. 52.
Pick tooths, ii. 124.
Pict-hatch, i. 16; ii. 8; iv. 46; viii. 150.
Pictures for ballads, iv. 426.
Pieces, v. 78.
Piece, vi. 82.
Pie-poudre court, iv. 382.
Pie, sir Robert, viii. 432.
Pigeons, the, iv. 167.
Pigmies, vii. 304.
Pilchers, ii. 421.
Pimlico, iv. 155.
Pindaric Ode, ix. 7.
Pinnace, iv. 386.
Piso, iv. 256.
Plague, iii. 334.
Plaise mouth, iii. 392.
Planet-struck, i. 118.
Plants (feet), vii. 179.
Plat, sir Hugh, viii. 384.
Plays, historical, v. 56.
Playwright, viii. 203.
Plough with my heifer, v. 317.
Plover, iv. 463.
Plumed swan, iv. 51.
Pod, ii. 141; iv. 473; viii. 200.
Poet ape, viii. 173.
Poetry, art of, ix. 276.
— defence of, i. 148.
Points, v. 404.
Point-devise, vi. 180.
Pokahontas, v. 214.
Poll, ii. 156.

Pomander chains, ii. 52.
Pommado, ii. 239.
Pond (Smithfield), iv. 401.
Popular, ii. 30.
Porpoises, to see, iii. 140.
Porta, viii. 195.
Portague, iv. 41.
Portcullis, ii. 108.
Porter (great), vi. 57.
Porter's lodge, vii. 416.
Portland, earl of, ix. 31.
Possess, i. 32, 107.
Possession, iii. 311, 435.
Post and pair, vii. 263.
Poult-foot, ii. 463; vii. 234.
Practice, iii. 313; iv. 269.
Precise, iii. 357.
Precisianism, ii. 137.
Predominant, ii. 91.
Present, v. 93.
Prest, ii. 319.
Prevent, iv. 57.
Prickles, viii. 42.
Prime, viii. 216.
Primero, ii. 30; iii. 239.
Prince Henry, vii. 158.
Print, in, ii. 79.
Private, iv. 252.
Proctors, i. 42.
Progress, iii. 359.
Projection, iv. 49.
Prologue, armed, ii. 372.
Proper, ii. 136, 164.
Properties, iv. 237.
Protest, i. 23; ii. 161.
Proteus, viii. 27.
Provant, i. 66.
Provide, iii. 139.
Providing, iii. 158.
Provost (in fencing), ii. 318.
Prynne, vi. 22, 67.
Puck, vi. 279.
Puckfist, ii. 36, 480.
Pudding tobacco, ii. 243.
Puff-wings, ii. 441.
Puffin, iv. 109.
Pulpamenta, ii. 194.
Punk, iv. 386.
— devise, iv. 160.
Puppy (race-horse), iii. 335.
Purbeck, lady, vii. 373.
Purchase, iv. 150; v. 86.
Pur-chops, vii. 263.
Pur-dogs, vii. 263.
Pure, the, iv. 53.
Pure laundresses, ii. 441.
Puritans, iv. 78.
Purl, viii. 302.
Purse-net, iii. 389.
Put out on return, ii. 70.
Pyrgus, ii. 420.
Pythagoras, iii. 172, 354; vii. 338.
— glass, vii. 14.

Quail, iv. 463.
Quaking custard, ii. 501; iii. 164.
Quar, vi. 26.
Queasy, iii. 18.
Queen Anne, vii. 364.
Quested, vii. 386.
Quiblins, iv. 149.
Quickset beard, ii. 187.
Quinquennium, vii. 356.
Quintain, viii. 125.
Quodling, iv. 23.
Quote, iii. 196.

Rabelais, iv. 12.
Radcliffe, sir John, viii. 195.
Ragioni di stato, ii. 230.
Rake up, iii. 158.
Ram alley, v. 200.
Ramp, ii. 490.
Rash, to, ii. 145.
Ratcliffe, Margaret, viii. 164.
Ratsbane, i. 86.
Raw rochet, iii. 244.
Ray, vi. 259.
Ready, to make, i. 33.
Real, ii. 63.

Rebatu, ii. 274.
Receipt reciprocal, ii. 132.
Red letters, iv. 17.
Reed, iv. 281.
Reformado, i. 81.
Regiment, v. 351.
Register, iv. 58.
Relief, vi. 275.
Religion, ii. 352.
Religious, iv. 254.
Remora, ii. 418.
Render the face, ii. 226.
Reprove, i. 84.
Resiant, iv. 292.
Resolve, i. 32, 75; vi. 375.
Resolved, v. 65.
Respectively, ii. 176.
Rest of a musket, i. 59; ii. 135.
Retrieve, v. 222.
Return, to deal on, ii. 5.
Revels, ii. 110, 165; vii. 277.
Reverence, vi. 139.
Revie, i. 101.
Rheum, i. 78.
Rhinocerote nose, viii. 158.
Ribibe, v. 8.
Rich, lady, vii. 18.
— sir Robert, vii. 100.
Riddle, vii. 201.
Ride, to, iv. 465.
Ridley, vi. 18.
Rimee, viii. 195.
Ring, to take, viii. 444.
Ring noon, vi. 145.
Ripley, George, iv. 77.
Rippon spurs, v. 171.
Risse, iv. 245.
River hawking, viii. 249.
Robert, earl of Salisbury, viii. 176.
Robinson, Dick, v. 69.
Roe, sir John, viii. 158, 160.
— William, viii. 181, 227.
— sir Thomas, viii. 201.
Rogue (beggar), v. 268.
Romans, die like, iii. 254.
Rook, iii. 187.
Rosaker, i. 86.
Rose, in the ear, ii. 68.
Rose painters, v. 255.
Roses, iii. 357; v. 19.
Rosicrucians, viii. 66.
Round, to walk the, iii. 438; iv. 96.
— gentlemen of, i. 81.
Rouse, iii. 405.
Rovers, ii. 348.
Row, the, v. 88.
Rudyerd, sir Ben, viii. 223.
Ruff, to thaw, ii. 99.
Ruffle, of boot, ii. 147.
— it, ii. 272.
Rug gown, ii. 110.
Rushes, ii. 119, 256.
Rutland, countess of, vii. 370.
Rutter, Joseph, viii. 336.

Sabella, ii. 415.
Sackville, sir Ed. viii. 345.
Sacrament, iv. 208.
Sadness, ii. 440.
Sadly, iii. 288.
Saffi, iii. 255.
Saguntum, ix. 9.
Sail-stretched, ii. 12.
Salathiel Pavy, ii. 214.
Salisbury, iii. 359.
— earl of, viii. 166.
Salt, viii. 169.
— to preserve him, iv. 447.
Salts, v. 63.
Sampsuchine, ii. 325.
Sankre, lord, vii. 99.
Sanna, ii. 309.
Sapor pontic, iv. 77.
— stiptic, iv. 77.
Satin sleeve, ii. 410.
Saturnals, iv. 259.
Savi, iii. 255.
Savile, sir Hen. viii. 198.
Savory, v. 16.
Say, ii. 128.

Say (try), ii. 521; iv. 40; v. 163.
Says, viii. 150, 302.
Scanderbeg, i. 20.
Scan verse, iii. 173.
Scarabs, ii. 465.
Scarlet cloth, iii. 234.
Scartoccio, iii. 206.
Scene, iv. 196.
Scenery not in use, ii. 370.
Scoto, iii. 204.
Scotomy, iii. 184.
Scourse, iv. 419.
Screaming grasshopper, ii. 515.
Scroyles, i. 10; ii. 446.
Sea-weed, vi. 276.
Seal, to, i. 55; viii. 417.
Seam-rent, ii. 83.
Search to the nail, vi. 72.
Secure, vi. 37.
Seel, iv. 227.
Selden, viii. 351.
Seminaries, iv. 382, 442.
Sempronia, iv. 216.
Sepulchres, iii. 258.
Serene, iii. 248; viii. 161.
Sericon, iv. 81.
Serjeant, ii. 102; iii. 439.
Sermons, ii. 408.
Serpent, iv. 254.
— in Sussex, vii. 336.
Servant-monster, iv. 349.
Servant, i. 96; iii. 400.
Services, ii. 8.
Sesterce, ii. 423.
Sets (plaits), iv. 126.
Set up a side, iii. 401.
Several, ii. 478.
Shaft, ii. 173.
Shake the head, i. 99.
Shakspeare, viii. 320.
Shape, v. 332.
Shelf, viii. 251.
Shelton, sir Ralph, viii. 233.
Sheriff's post, ii. 117, 231.
Shine, ii. 352.
Shining shoes, i. 44.
Short hair, iv. 436.
Shot-clog, ii. 191; v. 250.
Shot-shark, ii. 172.
Shove groat, i. 81.
Shrove Tuesday, iii. 342.
Si quisses, ii. 88.
Sick-man's salve, iii. 428.
Sickness, iii. 343; iv. 9.
Side, v. 399.
Sidney, sir Philip, viii. 244.
— lord Rob. viii. 277.
— William, viii. 277.
Siege, iii. 28.
Sieve and shears, iv. 16.
Silenced brethren, iii. 357, 377.
Silent rhetoric, ii. 92.
Silius (his death), iii. 73.
Silk hose, i. 20.
Silver feet, vii. 33.
Silvester, Josh. viii. 231.
Sim, old, ix. 87.
Simper-the-cocket, vii. 360.
Single money, iv. 169.
Single, ii. 73; vi. 342.
Sir Ajax, iii. 439.
Sir reverence, vi. 139; vii. 321.
Sister-swelling, v. 63.
Skelder, ii. 7.
Skeldering, ii. 375.
Skelton, viii. 72, 74.
Skills not, vi. 148.
Skogan, viii. 72.
Sleep on either ear, vii. 172.
Slighten, iii. 151.
Slip, i. 59; vi. 71.
Slips, viii. 413.
Slops, i. 103; iv. 96.
Slot, vi. 239.
Small voice, ii. 432.
Smelt, ii. 247.
Snottery, ii. 491.
Snuff, in, iii. 438.
Snuffers (to sell), ii. 393.
Soggy, ii. 114.
Soil, to take, iv. 360.
Sol, iv. 21.

Solecism, iii. 306.
Somers of Nottingham, v. 127.
Somerset, sir Thomas, vii. 50.
Soria, iii. 264.
Sort (rank), i. 23.
Sort (company), i. 31.
Soundless, ix. 54.
Sourer sort, vi. 243.
Sovereign, ii. 192.
Sovereignty, v. 330.
Spanish needles, v. 11.
— stoup, iv. 130.
— sword, i. 53.
Spar, v. 206.
Sparta, dog of, vi. 450.
Spartan, ii. 134.
Speak at volley, v. 249.
Sped of loves, vi. 123.
Spencer, sir Robert, vi. 448.
Spenser, ix. 194.
Sphynx, iii. 379; vii. 185.
Spill it at me, v. 376.
Spinet, vi. 441.
Spinther, iv. 329.
Spire, iv. 215.
Spittle, the, i. 16; viii. 398.
Spruntly, v. 100.
Spur, sound, ii. 48.
— gingle, ii. 48, 80.
— leathers gnawn, iii. 266.
— royal, iv. 108.
Spurs, gilt, ii. 64.
Squib, Arthur, viii. 412, 429.
Squire (square), vi. 191.
Stab arms, ii. 280.
Stabbing arms, ii. 357.
Stabbed Lucrece, ii. 320.
Stale, iv. 264; vi. 384.
— to, i. 41; ii. 206.
Stalk, to, iii. 80.
Stamel, viii. 124.
Starched beard, ii. 138.
State, ii. 314; vii. 80.
Statelich, iv. 75.
Statist, ii. 245.
Statues, painted, vi. 103.
Statuminate, v. 345.
Statute against players, ii. 379, 429.
— of sorcery, iv. 19.
Steeple of St. Paul's, v. 10.
Stephens, John, viii. 332.
Steward, lady Arabella, vii. 37.
Stewart, lord steward, vii. 378.
Stews, a, i. 41.
Stickler, ii. 315.
Stoccata, i. 37.
Stone jugs, vii. 355.
Stool, on the stage, ii. 210.
Stoop, iv. 178.
Storks' bill, ii. 309.
Stote, iv. 386.
Stound, vi. 442.
Stramazoun, ii. 146.
Strange woman, iv. 395.
Strangled an hour, iv. 153.
Stratford o' the Bow, v. 335.
Streights, iv. 407.
Strenuous vengeance, ii. 492.
Strigonium, i. 64.
Stroke, vii. 79.
Stroker, vi. 78.
Stuart, sir Fran. iii. 328.
Students of Bears-college, ii. 513.
Subtle, viii. 99.
— lips, iv. 231.
Suburb humour, i. 25.
Suffolk, earl of, viii. 180.
Sun-bright, iii. 249.
Susan, countess of Montgomery, viii. 207.
Sweat night-caps, ii. 110.
Sweet Oliver, i. 93.
Swinnerton, viii. 410.
Sylla, iv. 189.

Tabarine, iii. 205.
Tables, ii. 86, 99; iv. 451.
Taint a staff, ii. 53, 169.
Take in, i. 64.
— up, ii. 34.

Take with you, ii. 173; vii. 190.
Take, viii. 290.
Talc, oil of, iv. 90.
Tall man, i. 117; ii. 139.
Tankard bearer, i. 23.
Tarleton, iv. 344.
Tarquin, iv. 261.
Tatius, v. 370; vi. 250.
Tavern token, i. 28.
Tawney coat, ii. 426.
Tell, cannot, i. 118; ii. 409; iii. 105.
Tempest, to, ii. 473.
Terms of law, ii. 7.
Terra firma, iii. 206.
Tertias, v. 353.
Testament of love, v. 386.
Teston, i. 102.
Theban, learned, viii. 44.
Theobalds, vi. 476.
Theobald, vii. 341.
Thewes, viii. 121.
Thing done (a game), ii. 287.
Thirdborough, vi. 125.
Thread the needle, ii. 50.
Threaves, iv. 155.
Three farthings, i. 42.
Three-piled, i. 71.
Three souls, ii. 486.
— pound thrum, iv. 12.
Throng, v. 180.
Thumb ring, v. 3.
Tiberius, iii. 95.
Tibert, viii. 238.
Tick-tack, i. 73.
Tidings, iii. 297.
Time (tune), v. 169.
Tinder boxes, iii. 263.
Tire (head dress), ii. 352, 409.
— on, ii. 444; iv. 242.
Titan, iv. 255.
Tithon, vii. 294.
Titivilitium, iii. 416.
Titus Andronicus, iv. 348.
Tobacco, i. 83.
Tod, viii. 49.
Token, iv. 419.
Toledo, i. 53.
Toothpicks, v. 130.
Torned, v. 64.
T'other youth, iii. 359.
Touch, viii. 244.
Tower, the, i. 122.
Toy, to mock an ape, i. 97.
Trains of Kent, vi. 143.
Tralucent, vii. 72.
Travels of the egg, ii. 50.
Treachour, i. 130.
Trick arms, ii. 97, 379.
Trig, iv. 146.
Trinidado, i. 83.
Tripoly, come from, iii. 455; viii. 218.
Triumph (playhouse), ii. 430.
Triumphed world, iii. 17.
Triumphs, viii. 88.
Troll, i. 21.
Trowses, v. 161.
Truchman, ii. 315.
Trundle, John, i. 21.
Trundling cheats, v. 362.
Trunk (Coryat's), vii. 202.
Trunk, iii. 343; vii. 338.
Trunks, round, iv. 96.
Tucket, vi. 323.
Tudesco, vi. 29.
Tumbler, ii. 385.
Turkish discipline, iii. 353.
Turned, v. 66.
Turnmill-street, i. 16.
Turn Tippet, vi. 355.
Turnpike, v. 221.
Turquoise, iii. 15.
Tusk, iv. 392.
Two in the hundred, v. 189.
Two-penny room, ii. 24.
— ward, ii. 195.
— tearmouth, ii. 426.
Twelfth caract, iii. 190.
Twelve score, iii. 145.
Twire, vi. 263.
Tyburn, v. 123.

Ulen spiegle, iv. 58, 71; viii. 70.
Umbre, ii. 328.
Uncouth, iii. 88.
Under favour, v. 19.
— meal, iv. 446.
Undertaker, iii. 328.
Unequal, iii. 227.
Unicorn's horn, ii. 180.
— milk, iii. 250.
University show, iii. 170.
Unkindly, iii. 18.
Unready, iv. 375.
Unrude, ii. 126.
Up, kill, ii. 43.
Upsee Dutch, iv. 142.
— Freeze, iv. 142.
Up tails all, i. 30.
Urn, ii. 495.
Uses, vi. 50.
Usquebagh, vii. 226.
Utopia (England), vi. 337.

Vadian, vi. 176.
Vail, to, ii. 175, 426.
Valentine, vi. 123.
Vallies, vi. 161.
Valois, iii. 247.
Vapour, ii. 101; iv. 396.
Vapours, iv. 455.
Varlet, i. 128; iii. 303.
Velvet cap, iv. 357.
Vennor, v. 13.
Venue, i. 37.
Verdugo, iv. 99.
Vere, lady, vii. 19.
— sir Horace, viii. 193.
Via sacra, ii. 407.
Vice, the, iv. 40; v. 9.
Vie, i. 101.
Viliaco, ii. 171.
Vincent (herald), v. 343.
Vindicta! ii. 431.
Viol de gambo, ii. 119, 446.
Virgil, ii. 475.
Vitruvius, vi. 209.
Volee, v. 249.
Vomit pins, iii. 312.
Vorloffe, v. 275.
Voyages, book of, iii. 296.
Vulcan, ii. 456.
— execration upon, viii. 399.
Vultures, iii. 80, 138.

Wage-law, v. 277.
Walden, lord, vii. 50.
Walk knave! vi. 101.
Walsingham, vii. 19, 39.
Ward, the pirate, iv. 169.
Wardship, iv. 434.
Ware, lord de la, viii. 434.
Warre, Thomas, viii. 339.
Was, he, iv. 330.
Watch, iii. 15.
Watchmen, iv. 344.
Waterworks, iv. 47, 105.
Waxen epitaph, iv. 44.
Wealthy witness, viii. 187.
Wedlock, ii. 445.
Weever, viii. 154.
Well-torned, v. 64.
Welt, iii. 451.
Wench, iii. 409.
Weston, lord Rich. ix. 18, 19.
— Jerome, ix. 22.
What is he for a, ii. 105; iii. 384.
— do you lack, vi. 5.
Whêr, v. 401.
Where, iv. 286.
Whetstone, ii. 208, 234; iv. 370.
Whiff, the, ii. 8.
While, v. 19.
White of an egg, vi. 342.
— money, ii. 150.
Whitefriars, iii. 269.
Whitemane, iii. 335.
Why when! i. 139.
Williams, lord keeper, vii. 375; viii. 435.
Willoughby, lord, vii. 50.

Windmill, the, i. 16.
Windsor, lady, vii. 38.
Wind-sucker, iii. 352.
Wine of raisins, v. 44.
Wing, ii. 99.
Winny, iv. 415.
Winter, lady, vii. 38.
Wise woman, vi. 255.
Wish to, ii. 289; iv. 229.
Wit, to keep warm, ii. 241.
Witchcraft, v. 143; vii. 128.
Witches, vii. 129.
Withal, to do, iii. 453.
Without (beyond), iii. 42.
Wither, George, viii. 7.
With peace, v. 51.
Witness, vi. 87.
Wolf, to see, ii. 193.
— enters, ii. 244, 247.
Wolf's hair, to pluck, iv. 360.
Wood, iv. 92.
Woodcock's head, ii. 121.
Woodcocks, ii. 144.
Woolsack (ordinary), iv. 165.
Worcester, lord, vii. 376.
Word, the, ii. 98; iv. 444; viii. 156.
Worms, ii. 369.
Worsted, iv. 22.
Wretchock, vii. 355.
Wright, Thomas, viii. 338.
Write in family, iii. 180.
Writing tables, ii. 86.
Wroth, lady Mary, iv. 5; vii. 19; viii. 208, 376.
— sir Robert, viii. 248.
Wrought shirts, ii. 146.

Yellow coat, iii. 350.
— doublets, iii. 357.
— starch, v. 14.
Yeoman feuterer, ii. 63.
Yet, ii. 224.
York (herald), v. 343.

## NOMINAL INDEX TO THE "CONVERSATIONS."

AITON, Sir Robert, 379.
Alexander, Sir William, 379.
Ariosto, 367.
Arlotte, mother of William the Conqueror, 406.
Arthur, King, 377.
Aubigny, Earl of, 371, 389.

Bacon, Sir Francis, 394.
Bartas, Du, 366, 370.
Beaumont, Francis, 378, 382, 386.
Bedford, Countess of, 372, 399.
Bonefonius, 370, 398.
Boulstred, Mrs., 372, 414.
Bowes, Sir H., 407.
Buchanan, George, 407.
Butlar, 403.

Calvin, John, 376.
Camden, William, 388, 390, 391, 398, 411.
Campion, Thomas, 365.
Cardan, Jerome, 406.
Casaubon, Isaac, 405.
Chapman, George, 367, 380, 386, 390.
Charles, Prince, 403.
Coriate, Tom, 413.
Cotton, Sir Robert, 390.

Daniel, Samuel, 365, 366, 378, 385.
Davies, Sir John, 383, 398, 413.
Day, John, 368, 380.
Dekker, Thomas, 368.
Democritus, 403.
Devereux, Walter, 408.
Dod, Rev. Mr., 405.
Donne, Dr., 367, 371, 373, 374, 375, 376, 383, 401, 411.
Drayton, Michael, 366, 378, 382, 383.
Drummond, William, 373, 409.
Dyer, Sir Edward, 387.

Elizabeth, Queen, 389, 395.
Essex, Earl of, 381, 397, 400, 408.
Essex, second Earl of, 400.

Fairfax, Edward, 366.
Field, Nathan, 379.
Fletcher, John, 370, 380, 386.
Fraunce, Abraham, 369.

Guarini, 370, 411.

Hall, Bishop, 411.
Harington, Sir John, 367.
Henry VIII., 387.
Henry IV. of France, 402.
Henry, Prince, 375, 404.
Herbert, Sir E. (of Cherbury), 371, 375.
Heyward, Edward, 410.
Heywood, John, 383, 407, 408.
Hippocrates, 377.
Homer, 367.
Hooker, Richard, 377.
Horace, 366, 371, 377, 379, 401.

James I., 398, 401, 404.
Jones, Inigo, 393, 403.
Jonson, Ben, *passim*.
— his father, 387.
Jonson, his grandfather, 387.
— his mother, 391.
— his son, 390.
— his wife, 389.
Juvenal, 366, 377.

Leicester, Earl of, 395.
— Countess of, 395.
Lisle, Lord, 387, 396.
— his daughter, 396.
Lucan, 370, 411.

Marcellinos, 412.
Markham, Gervase, 380.
Marphorius, 402.
Marston, John, 379, 385, 390, 391.
Martial, 366, 373, 377, 379, 411.
Mary, Queen of England, 387, 407.
— Queen of Scots, 381.
Middleton, John, 380.
Minshew, John, 368.
Monsieur (of France), 395.
Murray, Sir James, 390.
Musæus, 386.

Northampton, Earl of, 393.
Northumberland, Earl of, 402.

Overbury, Sir Thomas, 380, 385, 386.
Owen, John, 386.

Pasquil, 402.
Pembroke, Earl of, 392, 397.
— Countess of, 384, 397, 399.
Perron, Cardinal de, 370.
Persius, 377.
Petrarch, 370.
Petronius Arbiter, 371, 376.
Phaer, Thomas, 367.
Philip II., 395.
Piercy, Sir G., 407.
Pindar, 377.
Plautus, 401.

Plinius Secundus, 366, 376, 412.
Plymouth, Mayor of, 407.

Quintilian, 377.

Raleigh, Sir Walter, 366, 381, 384, 391.
— Lady, 392.
— Walter, 391, 392.
Roe, Sir John, 378, 382.
Ronsard, 371.
Rutland, Countess of, 385, 386, 395, 399.

Salisbury, Earl of, 393, 396.
Saville, Sir Henry (*note*), 397.
Scaliger, Joseph, 405.
Sculler, The, 398.
Selden, John, 377, 391, 410.
Shakspeare, William, 368, 385.
Sharpham, Edward, 368.
Silvester, Joshua, 366.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 366, 377, 384, 385, 387, 395, 398, 411.
— Lady, 395.
Somerset, Earl of, 399.
Somerset, Countess of, 399.
Southwell, Robert, 381.
Spencer, Gabriel, 389.
Spenser, Edmund, 366, 375, 380.
Stirling, Earl of, 477.
Stow, John, 409.
Suetonius, 377.
Suffolk, Lord, 378.
— Lady, 399.

Tacitus, 366, 376, 377, 397, 410.
Tatso, 366.
Taylor, John, 398, 410.
Twyne, Thomas, 367.

Virgil, 367.

Walsingham, Sir Francis, 407.
Warner, William, 367.
Wilkes, Rev. William, 385.
Worcester, Earl of [mistake for Leicester], 387.
Wotton, Sir Henry, 374, 404.
Wroth, Lady Mary, 396, 399.
— Sir Robert, 396.

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